SEPTEMBER
1944

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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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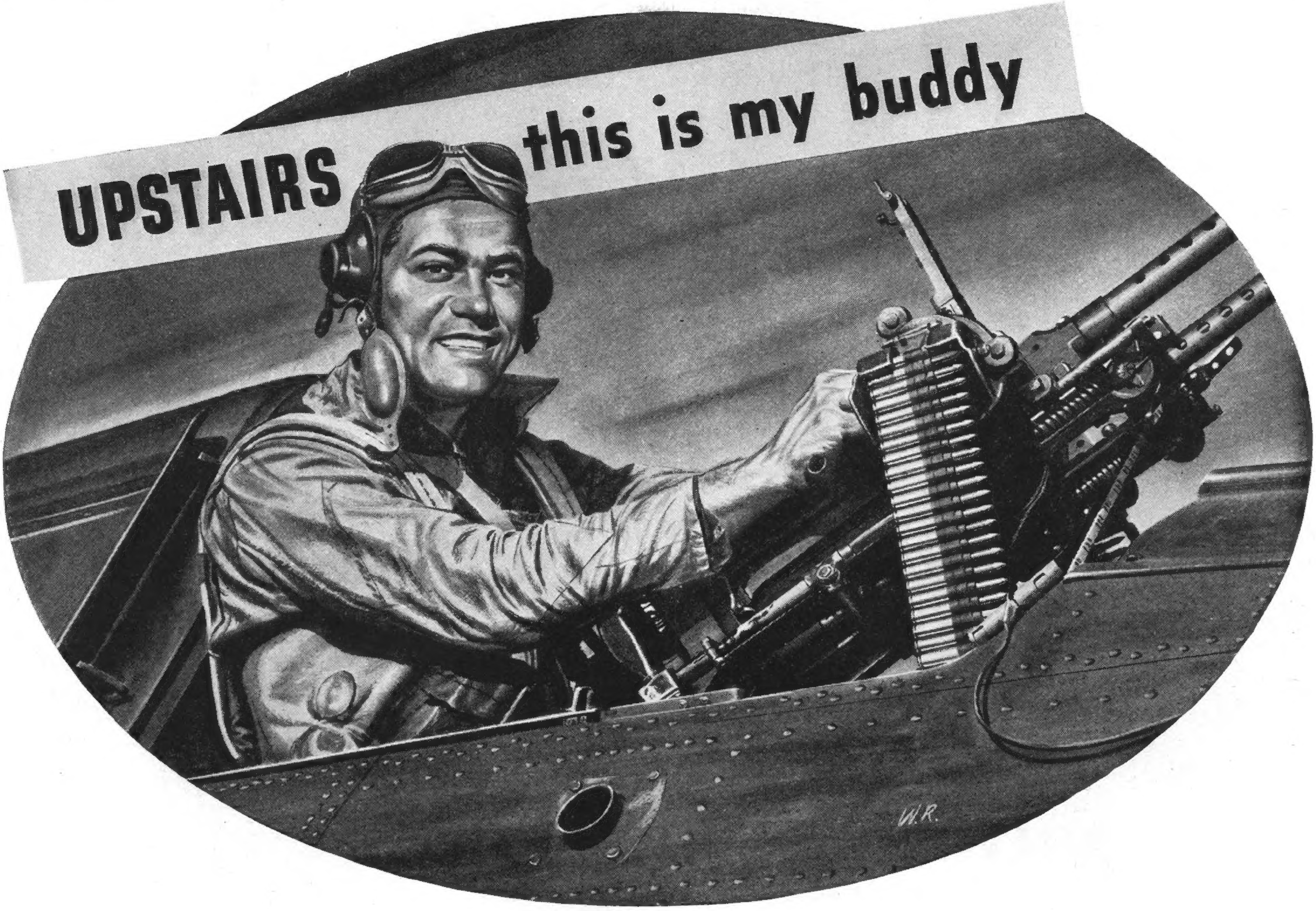
UPSTAIRS this is my buddy
W.R.

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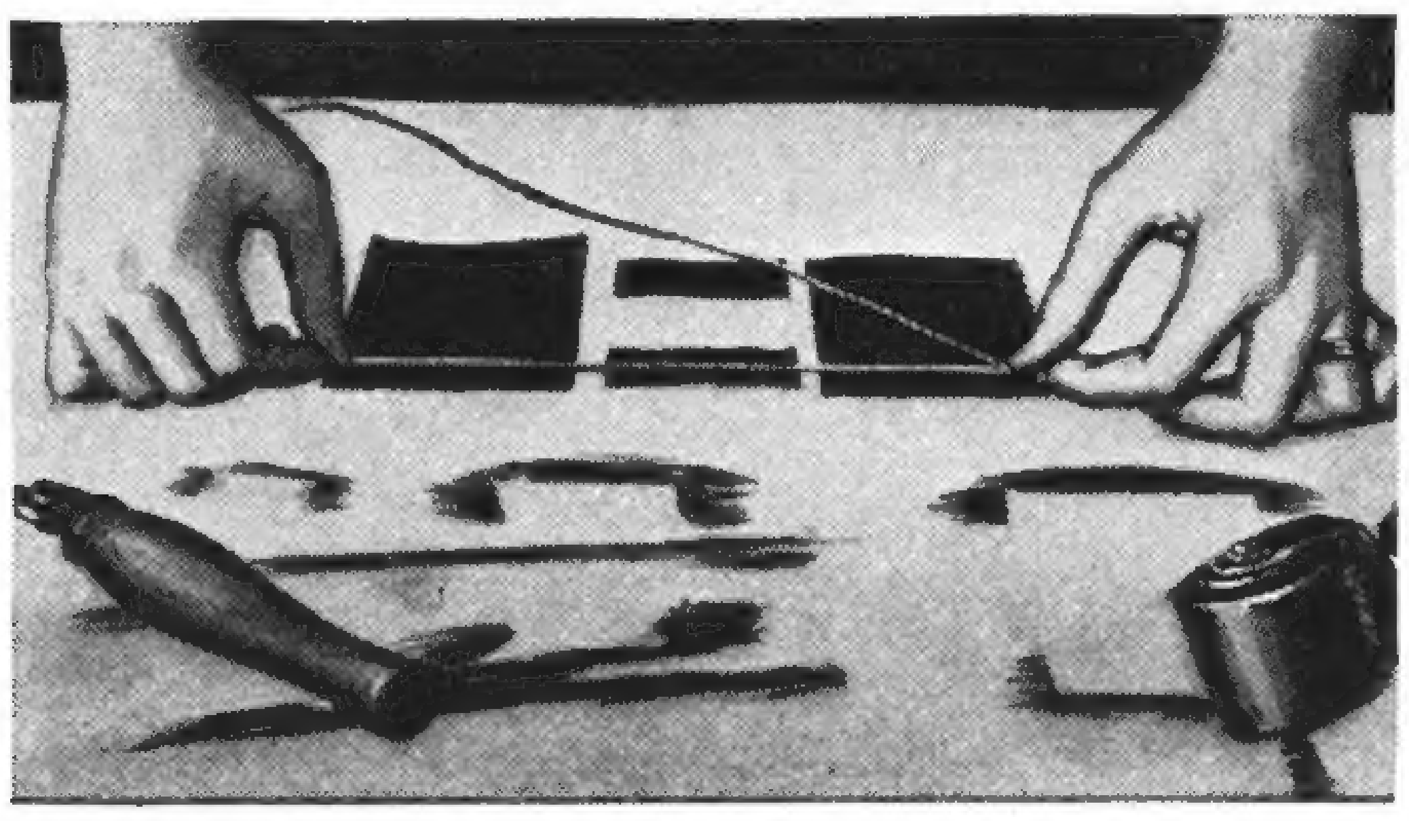

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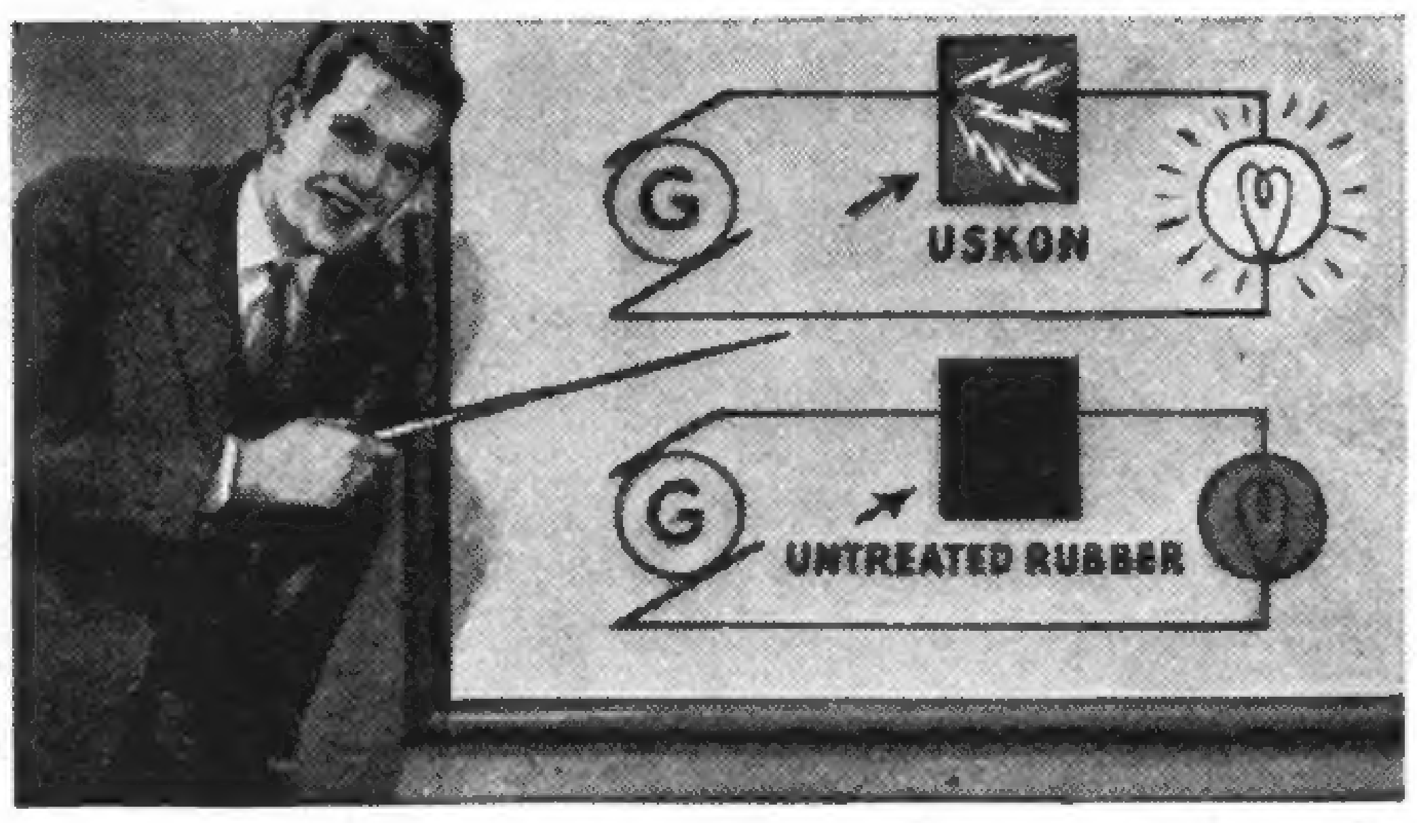

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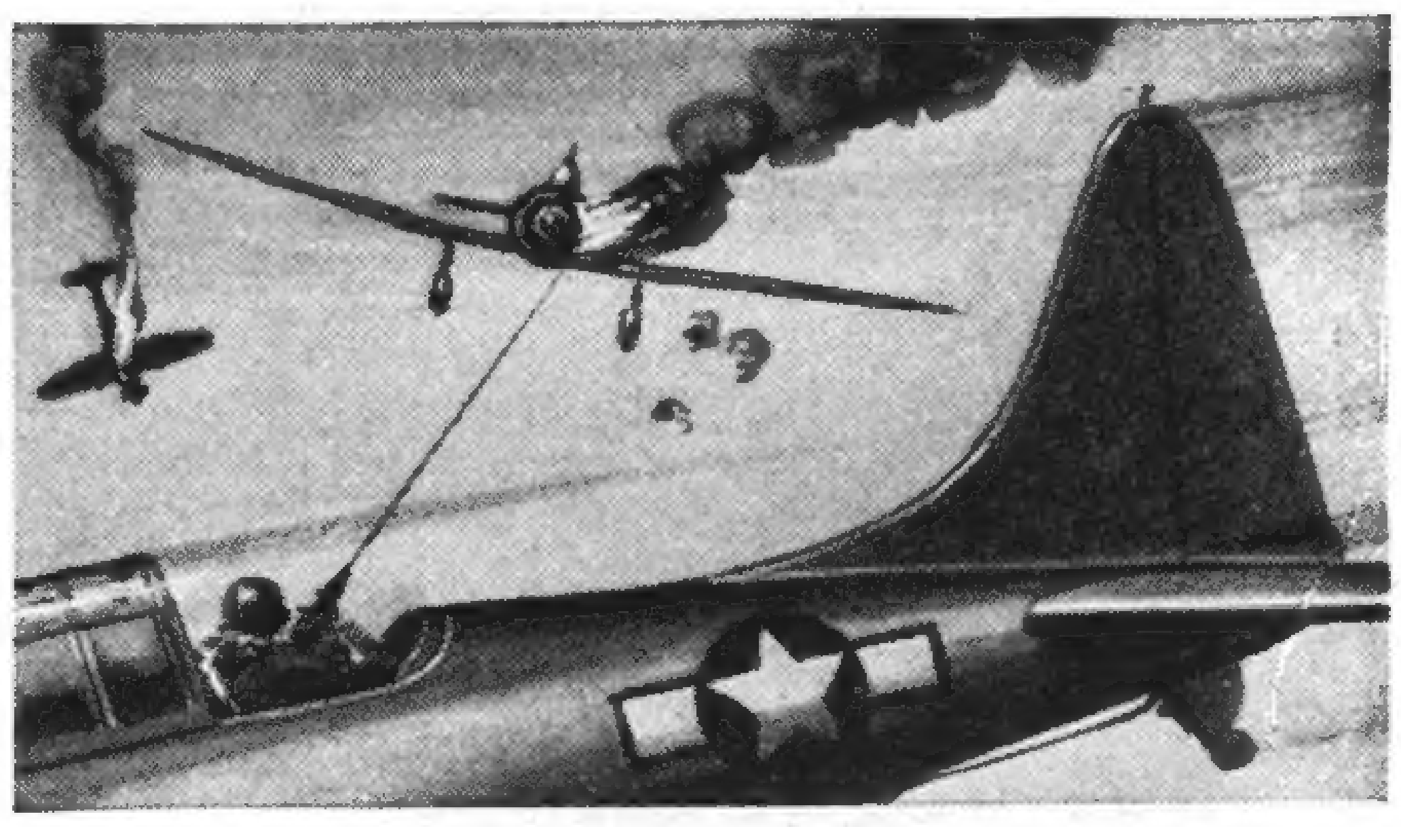

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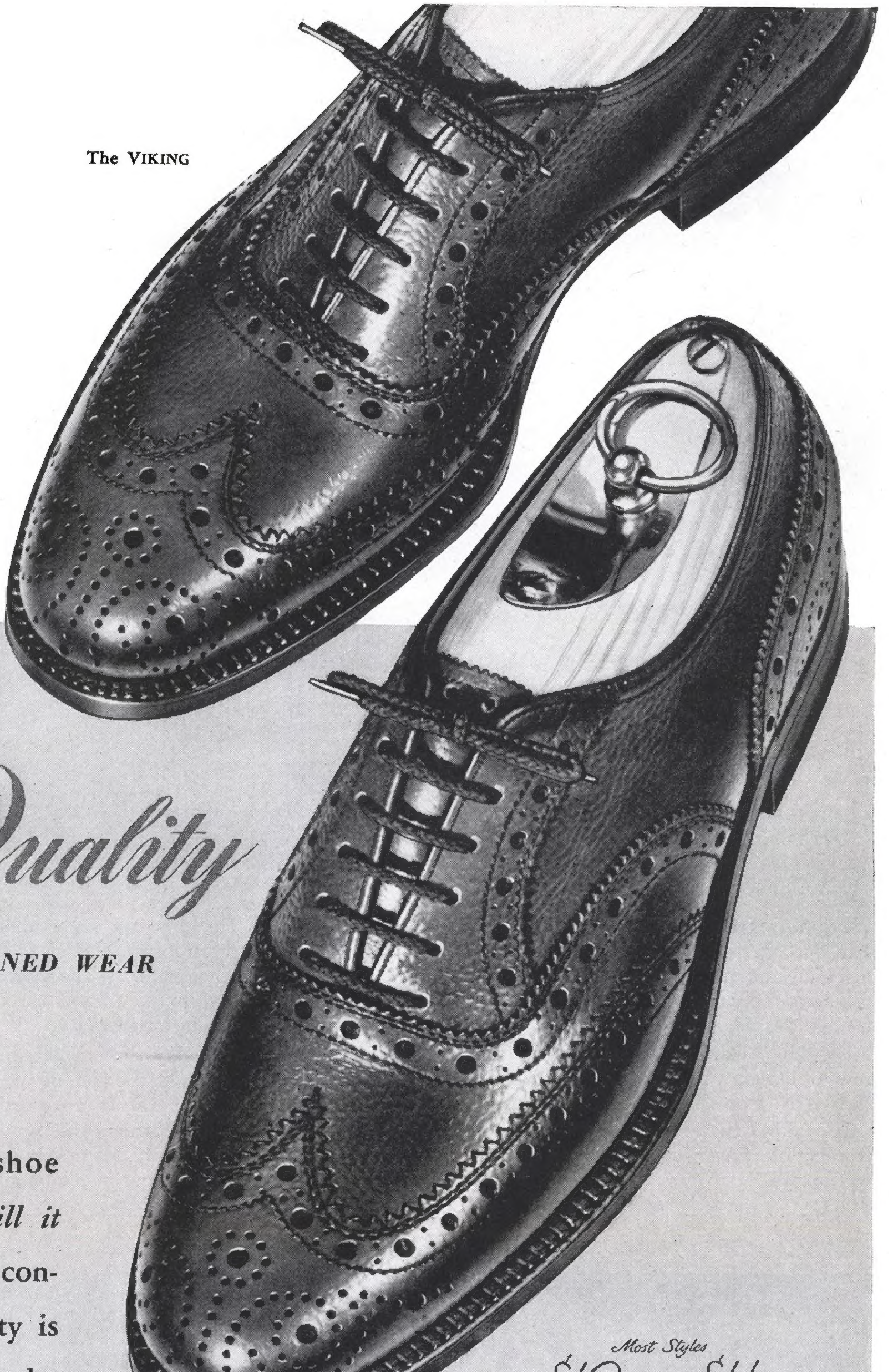

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Changing Your Address?

Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the subscription department one month before they are to take effect. Both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given.

ESQUIRE
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EDITORIAL: Apology to Manhattan's Commissioners of Borough Works

If you've been reading this magazine at all regularly for any considerable length of time, then you cannot have helped noticing how much less frequently we have had occasion, of late, to devote this space to the begging of pardons, the correction of mistakes or misstatements, and the offering of apologies. Veteran readers know what a busy corner this used to be, with a sweeping-up job to be done, month after month, after one kind of editorial accident or another. But we've been spared most of that, for a long time now, because our Research Department has been steadily expanded and perfected in its function.

These researchers of ours are now so well organized that they cover every last page of every issue with a veritable mesh of checking and cross-checking, going to unimaginable lengths to verify and authenticate every least detail of every item, whether of fact or fiction, with a thoroughness that leaves nothing whatsoever to the imagination. Brought up, as we and Esquire have been, in the slap-happy school of journalistic individualism, we are always impressed, and sometimes almost oppressed, by this ever-present never-ending perpetual motion process of checking. But this month we have an instance, apparently, of the fact that there never can be too much checking. For this month we have received two letters, either of which would seem to be sufficient to make us go stand in the corner, after donning the dunce's cap.

Here they are, one at a time. First, from Charles W. Williams, Asst. Commissioner of Borough Works, of the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York:

"In the second paragraph of the article *The Sporting Scene* in your issue of July 1944, the author, Herb Graffis, says:

'Horrible Souvenirs of New York's abandoned Sixth Avenue L..... were taken from the maimed American battlers in the Far East.'

"This statement is without foundation, is based on hearsay, and is an unfair reflection upon New York City and especially upon former President of the Borough of Manhattan, Stanley M. Isaacs, whose office awarded the contract for the demolition, and upon the contractor for the work.

"On past occasions the falsity of the rumor which you have repeated as fact has been pointed out. Unfortunately, misstatements and loose talk are very difficult to exterminate completely once they have been spawned.

"Three years before Pearl Harbor, when the Sixth Avenue Elevated was torn down, President Isaacs took action to see that the scrap did not go to Japan or to any other Axis belligerent, as is shown by the attached photostatic copy of an extract from the contract for the Sixth Avenue Elevated's demolition, entered into December 19, 1938.

"The Harris Structural Steel Company, contractors for the work, have verified the fact that the scrap did not leave the country. Inspectors followed the shipment to its final destination, and a committee from the City Council, created for the purpose, satisfied themselves as to its disposal in furnaces in our own country.

"If you have any authentic, verifiable information to prove I am wrong, I ask you to produce it; if not, I must call upon you to publish a correction promptly and prominently in fairness to the City of New York and to men who actually blocked the shipment of scrap to the Axis when others were only talking about it."

And here is the second letter, from former Borough President Stanley M. Isaacs:

"My attention has been called to a statement in an article *The Sporting Scene* in your July 1944 issue that said that steel particles from the Sixth Avenue L reached Japan and were used against our boys in their battle in the Far East. This is wholly untrue, and I must send you this emphatic protest.

"The matter of the demolition of the L was in my charge, as President of the Borough of Manhattan, and when the contracts were signed in December, 1938, I included a provision that the steel and other scrap material would not be exported. I have in my possession, signed by Thomas Harris, Secretary of the Harris Structural Steel Co., Inc., the contractors who demolished the L., affidavit showing that 98% of the wrought iron and structural steel was sold to the Bethlehem Steel Company, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and delivered there as scrap for remelting purposes only; 1.9% was sold to W. Ames & Company, a New Jersey dealer, for remelting purposes, also for domestic use; and .1% to an individual for use in a New Jersey garage. The lead and copper and copper wire were also delivered to various local dealers. Not a bit of any of the scrap went to Germany, Italy, or Japan.

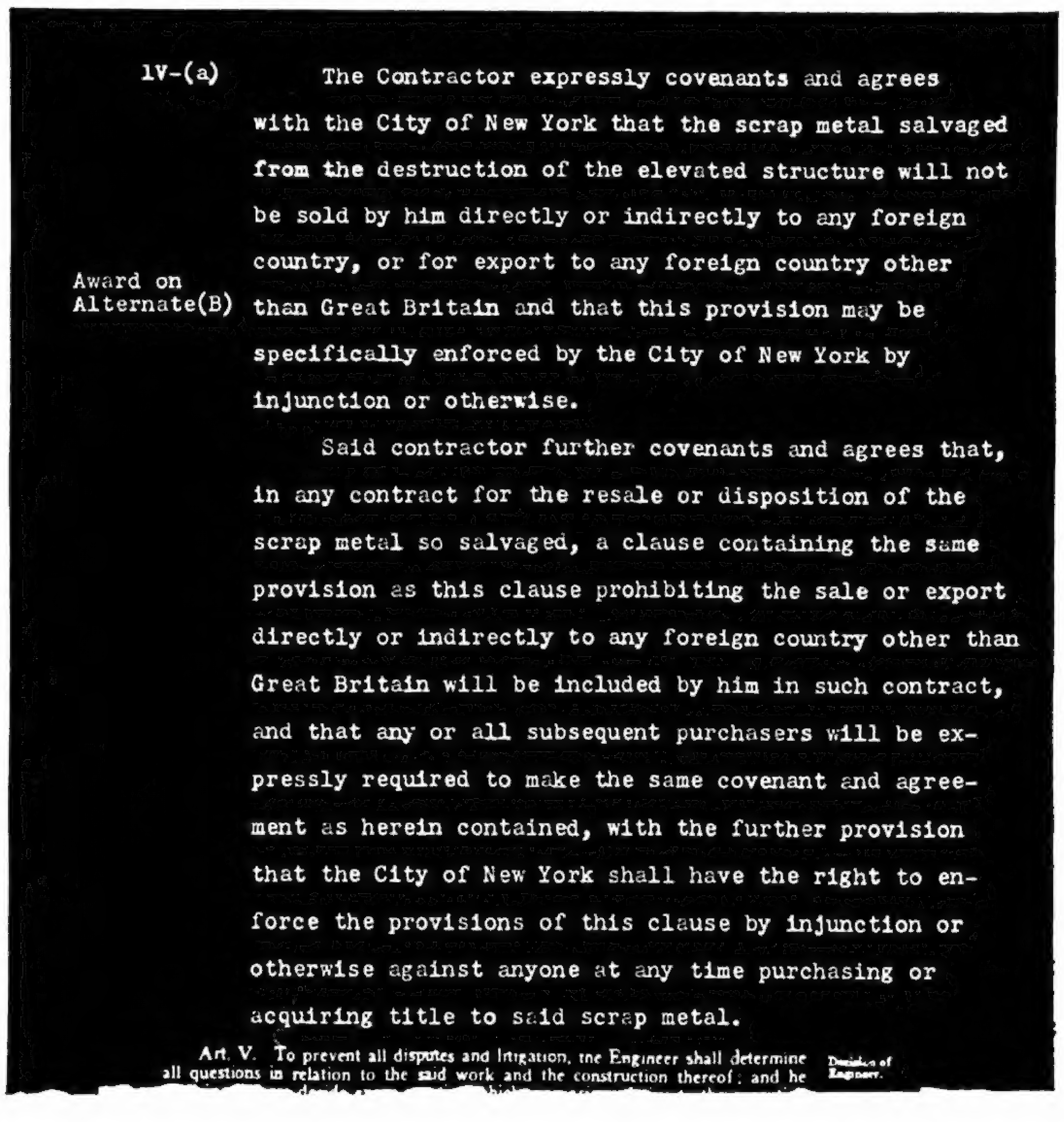
"Frankly, I was proud of this foresight some three years before Pearl Harbor, because it was through my personal initiative that the contract was approved by the Board of Estimate in this form, and because I bitterly resented the fact that we were shipping scrap steel and oil to a nation which I believed was hostile to us, and where I was sure that some day the material would be used against us. Accordingly, I think it only fair that you retract the statement, and I should be grateful for evidence of such retraction if you agree that the request is justified."

That the request for a retraction is justified would seem to us to be self-evident, and as for authentic, verifiable information, we are quite content to accept, as such, the conclusive documentation afforded within these two letters and the photostatic exhibit attached.

Accordingly, with no reservations of any sort whatsoever, Esquire hereby officially apologizes to the official family of the Borough of Manhattan as a whole, and in particular to its past President, Stanley M. Isaacs as an individual, and wishes to offer its congratulations, belated but nonetheless sincere, for their exceptional forethought and foresight in forestalling the sale of their scrap to Japan at a time when, in this respect, the theme song for the rest of the nation might well have been "Everybody's Doing It."

* * *

That the retraction of this one statement in no way invalidates the worth or truth of Herb Graffis' article as a whole would be readily conceded, we feel sure, by both Messrs. Williams and Isaacs. For the unfortunate reference to the Sixth Avenue L was obviously not meant to be specific but generic, like the rest of the sentence in question. For clarification, let us restate it, as a whole and in relation to its context: "Horrible souvenirs of New York's abandoned Sixth Avenue L (*and bloody bits of junked American automobiles*) were taken from the maimed American battlers in the Far East. But the exports of munitions weren't the exports of primary importance to nations that were drawing long range beads on the opulent United States. It was the export of American sports coaches and their methods that resulted in developing the enemy's warring strength to the degree that nearly brought them a quick victory. War demands manpower before munitions."



IV-(a) The Contractor expressly covenants and agrees with the City of New York that the scrap metal salvaged from the destruction of the elevated structure will not be sold by him directly or indirectly to any foreign country, or for export to any foreign country other than Great Britain and that this provision may be specifically enforced by the City of New York by injunction or otherwise.

Award on Alternate(B)

Said contractor further covenants and agrees that, in any contract for the resale or disposition of the scrap metal so salvaged, a clause containing the same provision as this clause prohibiting the sale or export directly or indirectly to any foreign country other than Great Britain will be included by him in such contract, and that any or all subsequent purchasers will be expressly required to make the same covenant and agreement as herein contained, with the further provision that the City of New York shall have the right to enforce the provisions of this clause by injunction or otherwise against anyone at any time purchasing or acquiring title to said scrap metal.

Art. V. To prevent all disputes and litigation, the Engineer shall determine all questions in relation to the said work and the construction thereof; and he

Decision of Engineer.

Herb Graffis then went on to detail the unwitting contributions to the Japanese war effort made by American athletic coaches, notably Elwood and Franklin Brown, in developing the physical fitness of the Japanese. Here, too, he meant no condemnation of the motives involved, being careful to point out that there "was nothing but the principle of brotherly love that actuated Elwood and Franklin Brown when they went into the Orient as Y.M.C.A. athletic directors." He pointed out, too, that "their genius was not intended to be monopolized by the militarists. But, like the brothers Wright and the airplane, the Browns' contributions were misapplied by the war lords."

In short, there was no more intended criticism of the Borough Authorities of Manhattan than of the makers of American automobiles, or the well-intentioned American athletic coaches, or, indeed, of the brothers Wright for inventing the instrument that made possible the particular form that Infamy chose to create the horror of Pearl Harbor.

* * *

If we know the workings of the composite mind of our Research Department, and we think we do by now, we can probably reconstruct fairly well the manner and method of their checking of the particular sentence in question. Having accepted the statement as a truism, that is as a fact that everybody knows (and certainly everybody knew that we were shipping great gobs of scrap to Japan), they undoubtedly checked it about like this. Is New York spelled right, that is as two words and not either as one word or as a hyphenated word? Yes. Check. Was New York's Sixth Avenue L abandoned? Look this up. Yes. Check. Was it the Sixth Avenue L, not the Third, Fourth, or Seventh? Look this up. Yes. Check. Is the colloquial designation of the Elevated better grasped when written as the L or the El? Look this up. Consult various authorities. Most guide books and directories show it as L. But there was an article in *Vanity Fair* in 1930 entitled *Desire Under the El.* How about that? Oh, but the article was a parody of an O'Neill play of similar-sounding title. As an authority a parody is obviously not reliable. Discuss this at a conference. Check.

Think we're kidding, don't you? Well, we are, sort of. But that's the system, and you'd be surprised how well it works. As we said before, they go to unimaginable lengths to check every last sentence in Esquire, with a thoroughness that leaves nothing, absolutely, to the imagination. Sometimes we wish it did.

For instance, the time the whole joint resounded to the frantic equivalent of "stop the presses! this can't go through! it's inaccurate! it refers to a Coast Guard activity that nobody in the Coast Guard ever heard of! hold everything!" This major emergency arose over the following innocuous little paragraph that was destined to appear on page sixty-five of the August, 1943 issue, in an article called *Honest Work for Yachtsmen,* concerned with the volunteer activities of various boat owners who had turned their express cruisers over to the Coast Guard: "Because of her high speed *Marlin* usually did per patrol duty alone. In any decent weather she could be fifty miles offshore in two hours. That was her station and it was more like an outing than a wartime patrol."

That "per patrol," that threw everybody. Harried Coast Guardsmen had to hold the phone while our researchers insisted that they simply had to find somebody who had ever heard of "per patrol," but nobody ever had. Nobody has yet, but a simple change of one letter saved the day and let the presses roll. No prizes of any value at all will be offered to any reader over seven who figures out what that one letter-change was!

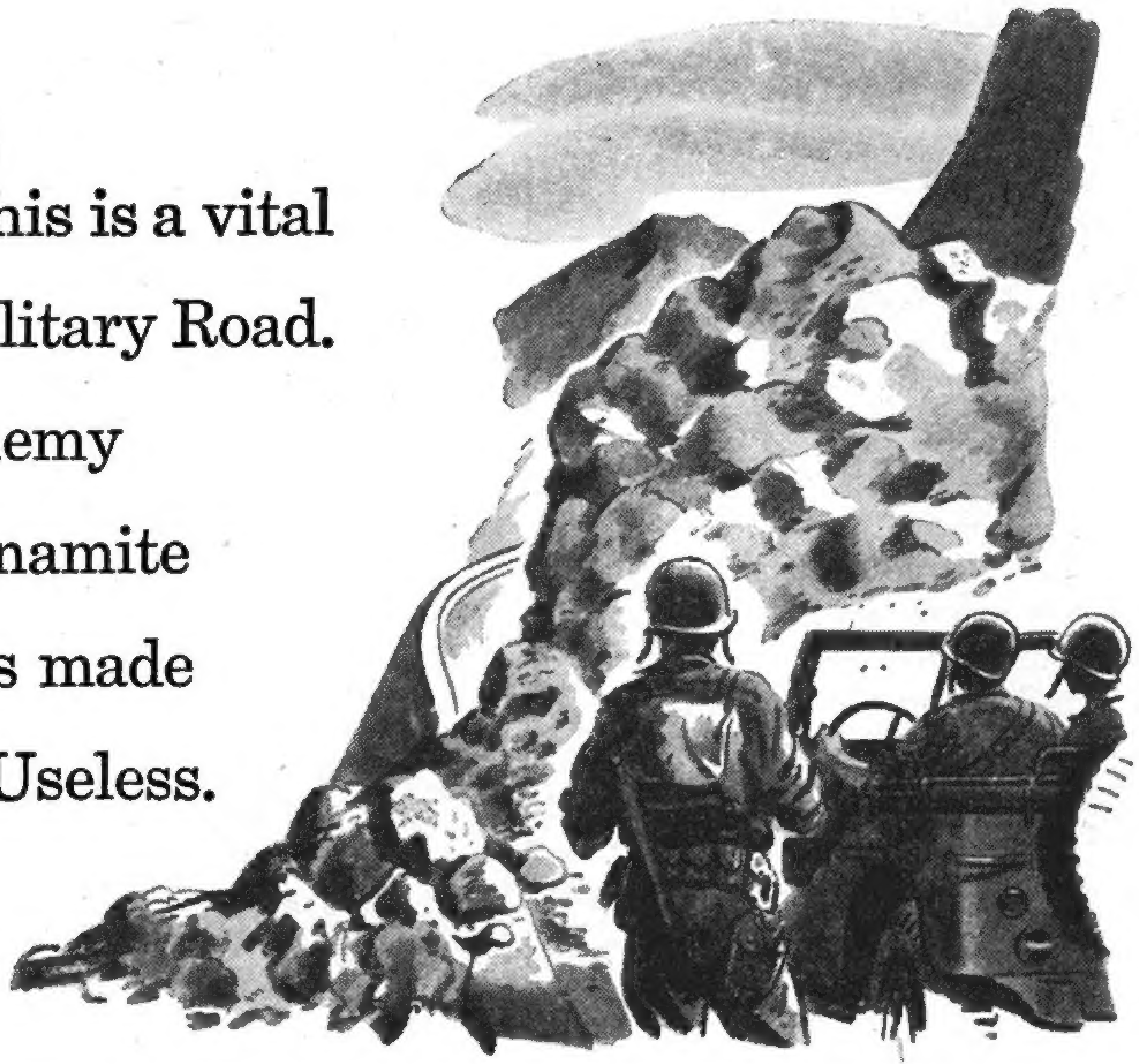
Or if you don't believe that one, turn to the last paragraph in the third column on page fifty-seven of this very issue. You see there where it says "There was also an oblique-angle poker, a broom, several wires and shovels." Well, of course it's easy now because we've told you, but there was a bad day around here when this issue darn near didn't get to press because one frantic researcher couldn't find "a brook" listed in any of the G.I. implement lists, and obviously we couldn't go to press without finding out from somebody, somewhere, just what "a brook" might be. Of course, lots of Supply Sergeants have had the same trouble, and got paid less for looking, and they tell us it's hard to find *any* implement in one of those G.I. lists, but we finally took a deep breath and decided to call this one a broom without any more checking at all.

But you believe us, now, don't you, about how thoroughly everything in every issue is checked?

* * *

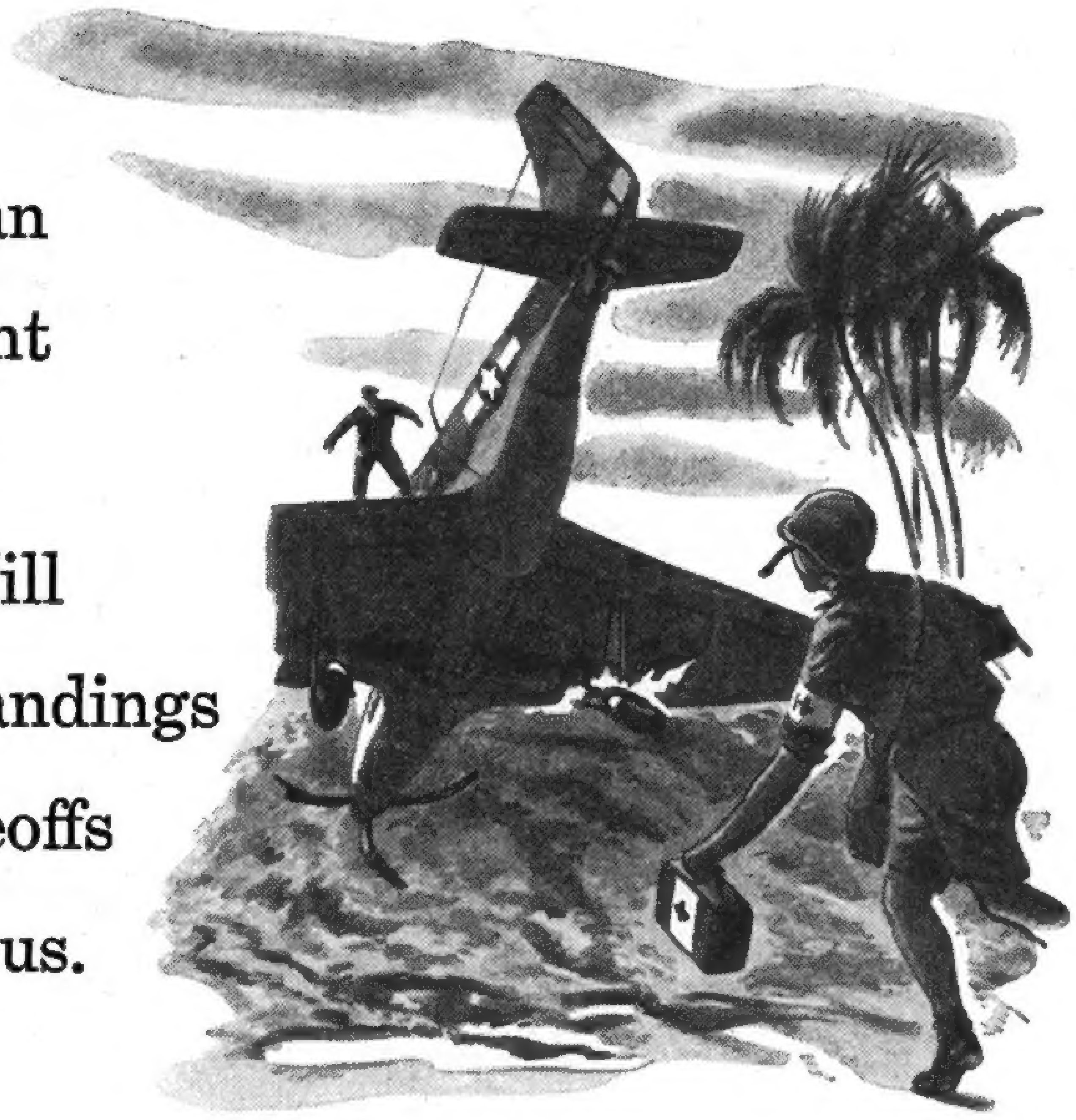
To get back to New York and its Sixth Avenue L, for the reference to which we apologize, we see a certain sense of poetic justice in the fact that the official family of Manhattan, which had the foresight to forestall the sale of its scrap to the Japs away back in December of '38, three years before Pearl Harbor, has again shown the same brand of foresight in playing host to the All-American Boys' Baseball Game, of which the end-aim is a new stress on physical fitness for the nation's youth, so that if the shadow of another war should in the future again darken this country's horizon, our youngsters will not again be "like the shoemaker's children unshod," as Graffis complained so bitterly in the article in question. And for our part in that game, as a plan to provide increased facilities for the development of the physical fitness program of the Federal Security Agency, we would like to remind Manhattan's city fathers that our hearts are in the right place even if, as in the instance they complained of, our facts aren't! ++

This is a vital Military Road. Enemy dynamite has made it Useless.



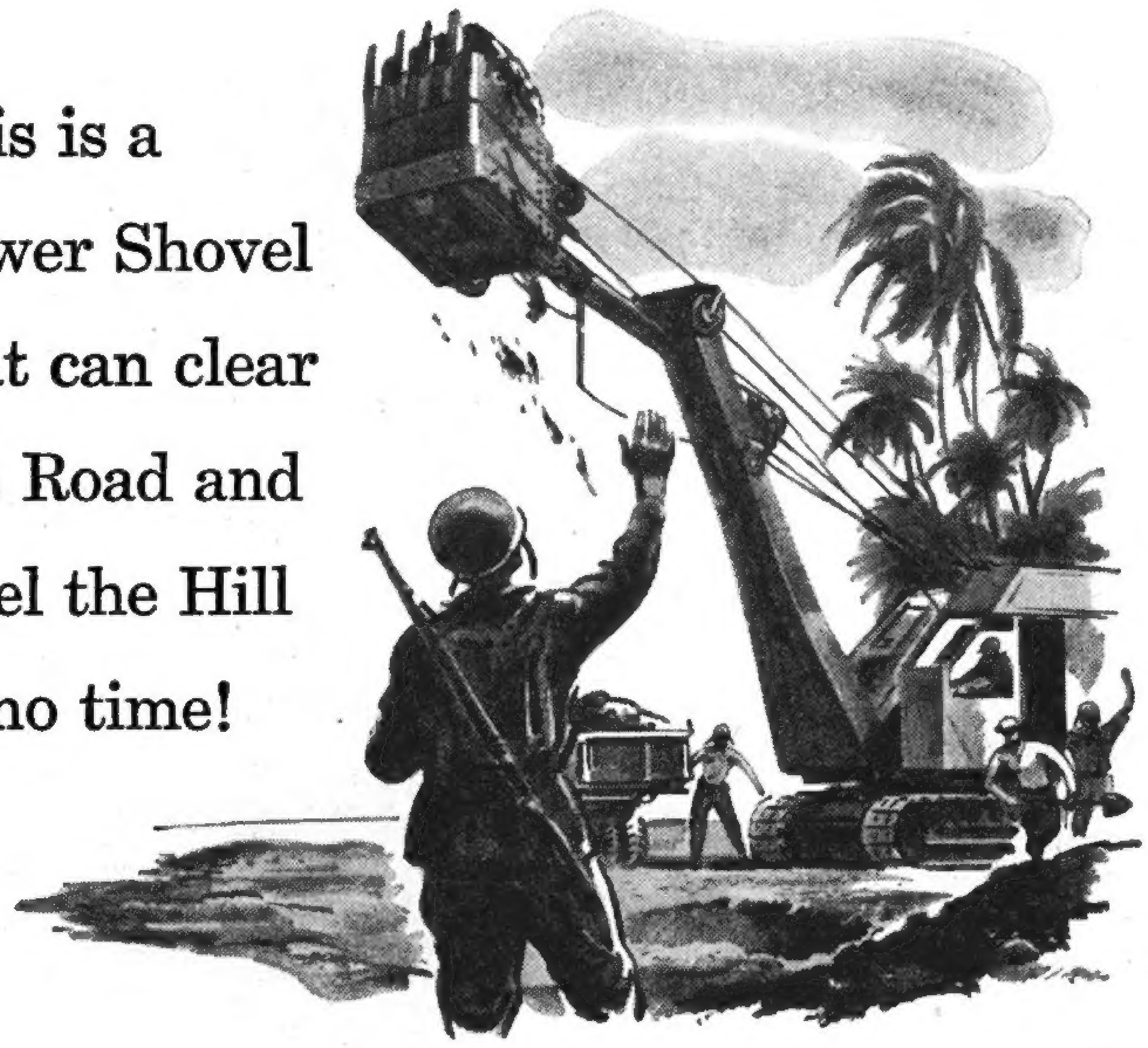
1.

This is an important Airfield. A low Hill makes landings and takeoffs Dangerous.



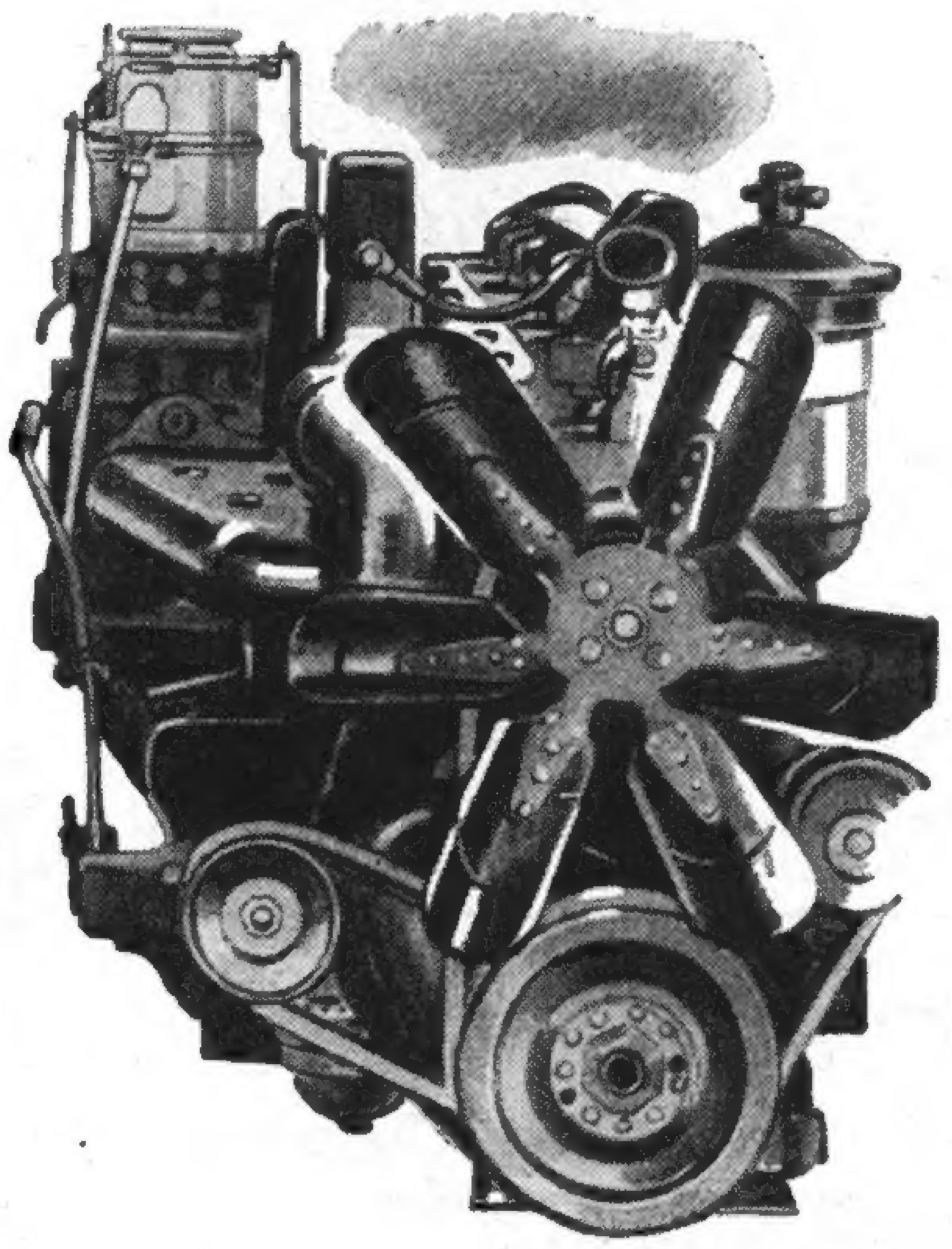
2.

This is a Power Shovel that can clear the Road and level the Hill in no time!



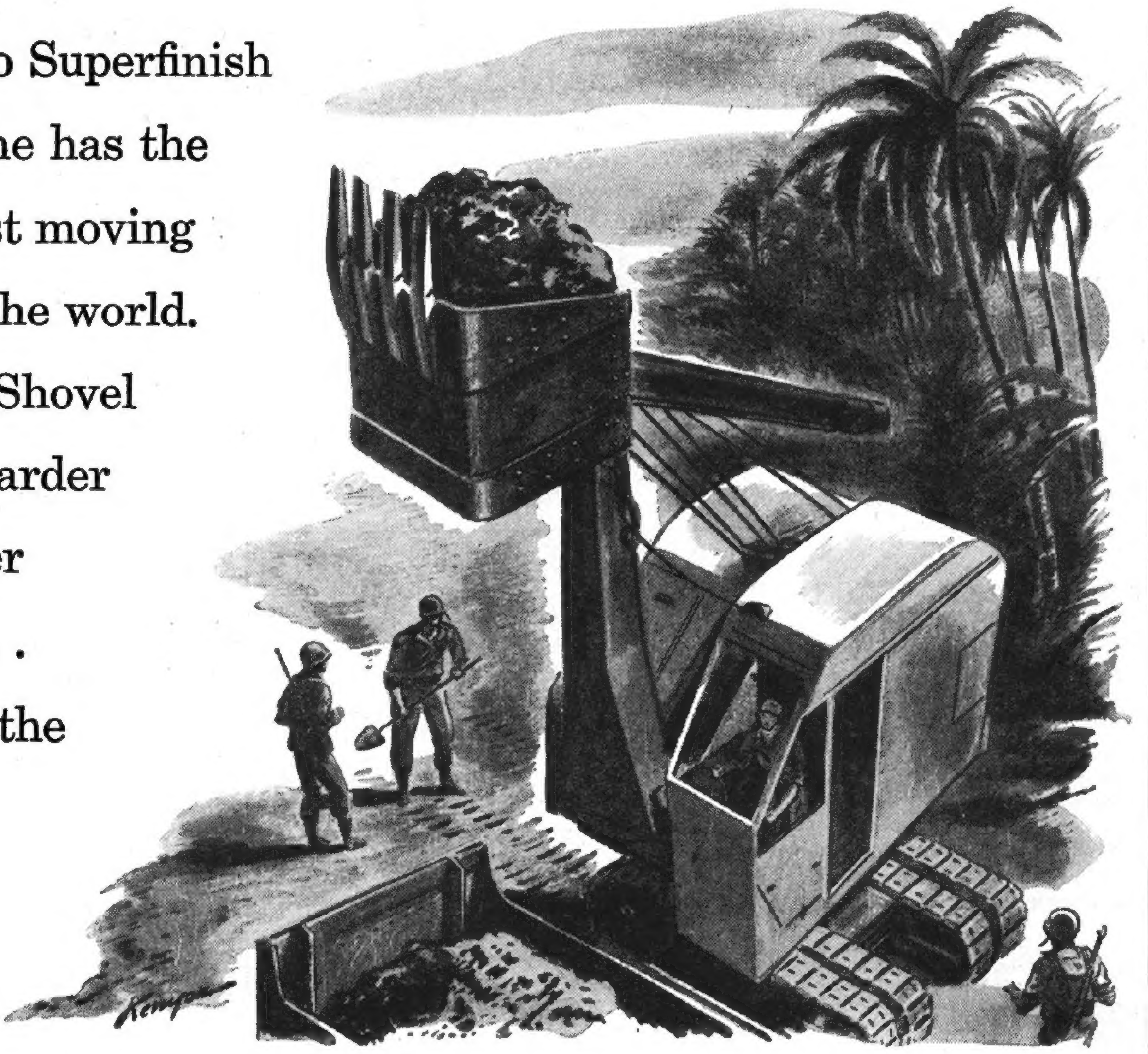
3.

Its power comes from a mighty Chrysler Industrial engine that's Superfinished like the engine in your Chrysler car.



4.

Thanks to Superfinish this engine has the Smoothest moving parts in the world. Now the Shovel can dig harder with fewer repairs . . . speeding the road to Victory!



5.

Superfinish was developed in 1935 by Chrysler Division

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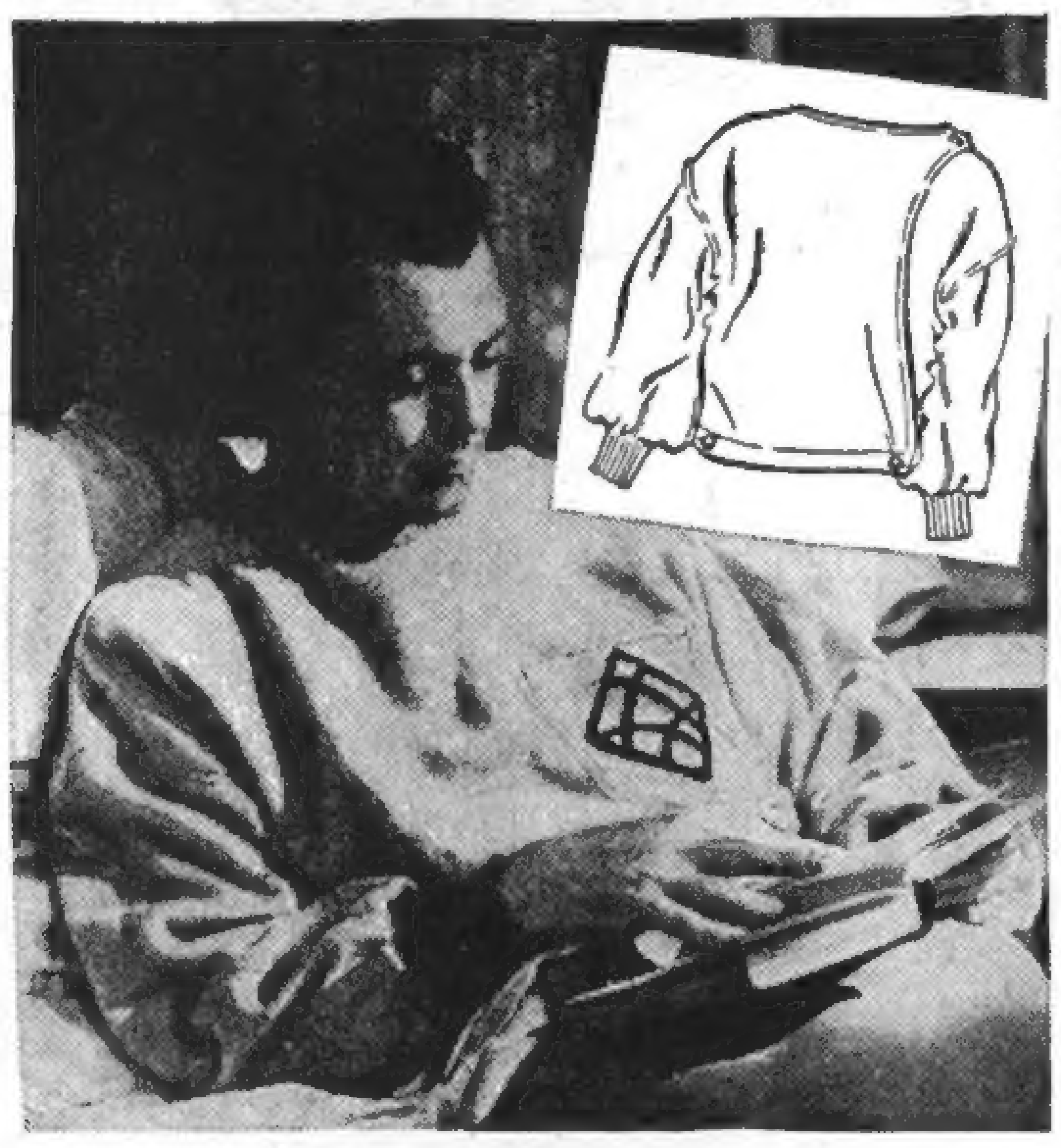

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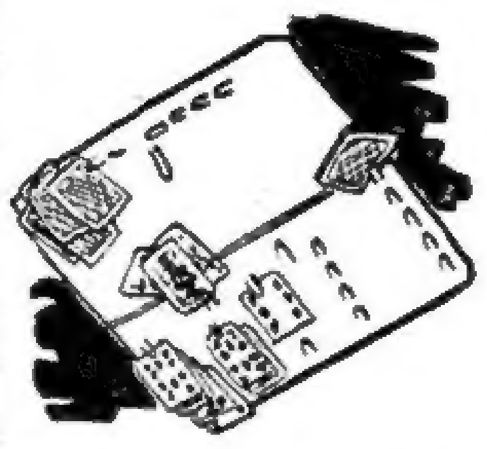
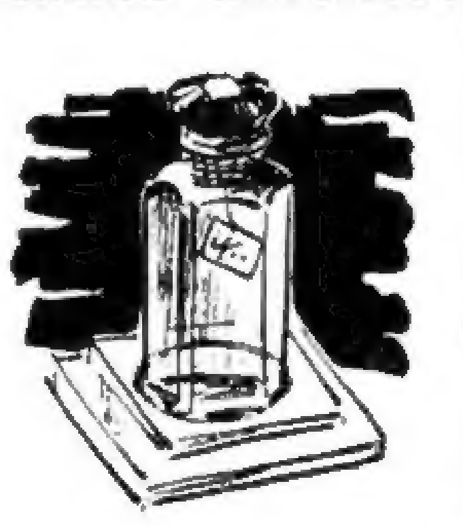
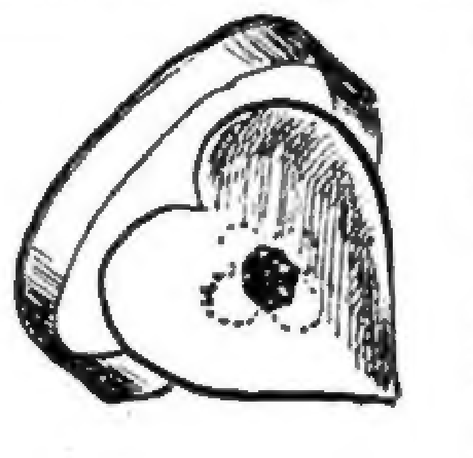


BRIDGE AL FRESCO. Know somebody back home who is a bridge addict? Might send one of those new enameled metal bridge boards which allows the game to go on in the teeth of a gale caused by nature or the electric fan. The board is equipped with a series of ingeniously arranged clips under which you slip the cards, mooring them —but good.



GET HEP TO "HYPNOTIC". Every mail brings us requests for perfumes destined to captivate Les Femmes. Strictly in the Orchid and Caviar class is a fragrance called "Hypnotic", so insinuating, one whiff puts you in a trance. This precious Odeur is done up in a museum piece bottle . . . a woman's head and shoulders molded in crystal and decorated with a gold necklace. A shade expensive, but it will pay dividends. Another perfume, so new it's right out of the chemist's cauldron, is a provocative fragrance called, significantly, "If". It's a pungent bouquet blend, spicy and audacious, imprisoned in a magnificent gift package. The crystal bottle is tagged with a real Sterling silver charm engraved with the name, "IF". The charm can be detached and worn on her charm bracelet.



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Ranger

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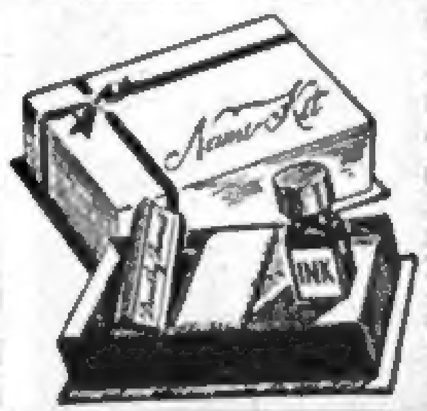

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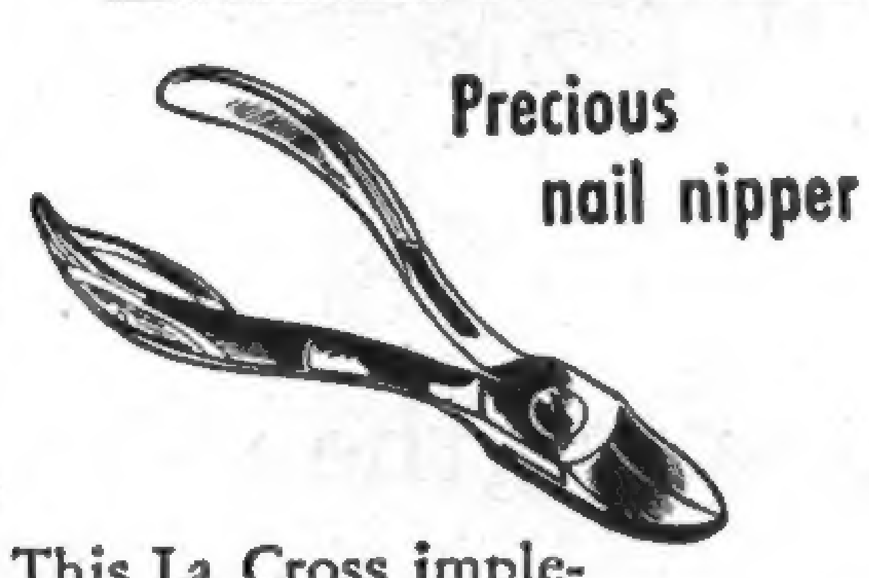

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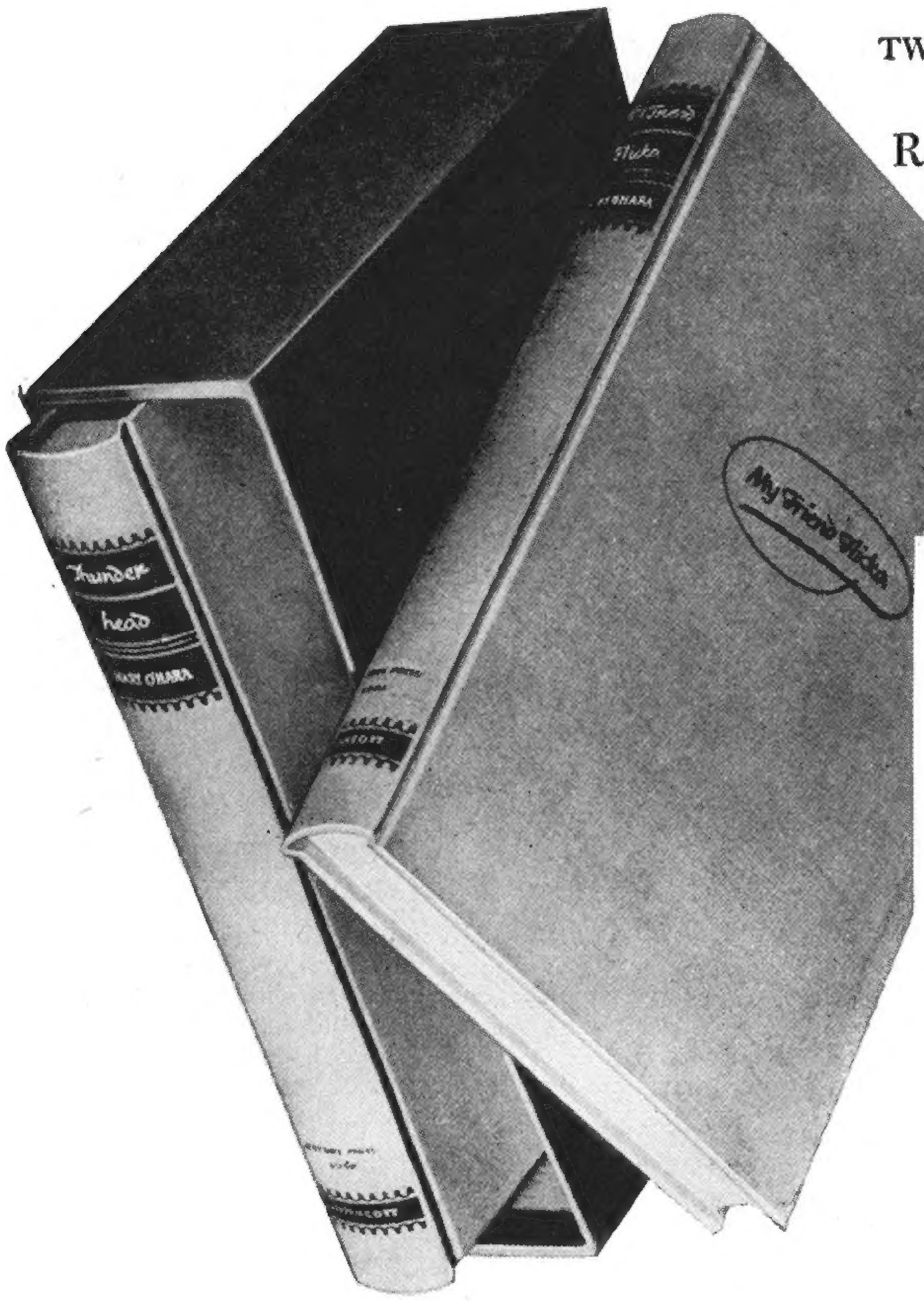
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN STEUART CURRY



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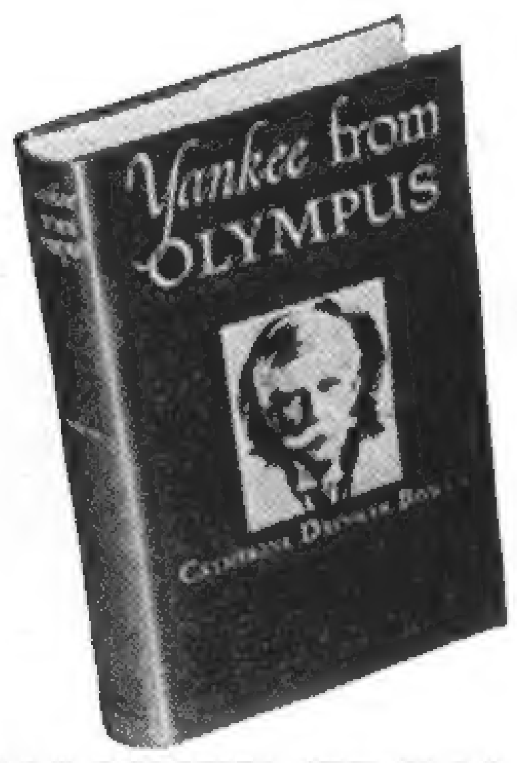

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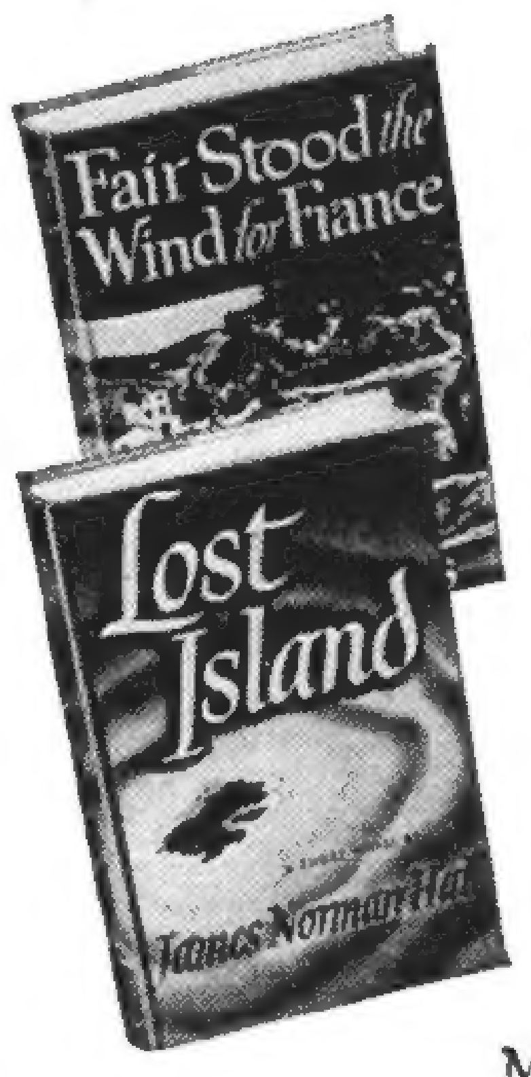

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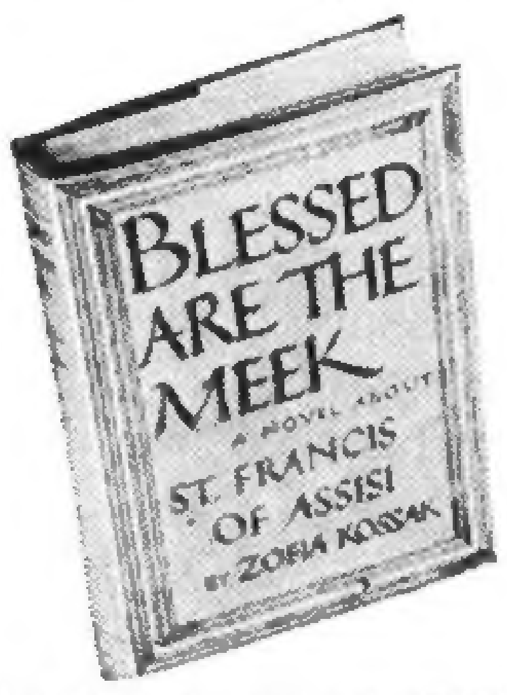

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FIRST CALL FOR AN ESQ. COOK BOOK

I very seldom write fan mail and less frequently give advice; however, after having drooled through your various and sundry descriptions of savory dishes, while enjoying my meat and beans, delicately wrapped in tin, I came to the conclusion that some one should make an effort to preserve those wonderful recipes for future reference when things are off the point system and breakfast, dinner and supper hasn't seen a tin can. Why don't you publish an Esquire cook book and include all of those recipes and discussions that have appeared in your articles. I have saved many of them and can testify that they have been "kitchen tested" and that they work. Retain some of the sparkle of your articles in the book.

If you don't think that your department isn't important you should drop in on a bull session among the G.I.'s sometime. In spite of all the stories about the conversation being about "them dames" ninety per cent of the conversation hinges around one subject—Food. I have heard a Texan comparing notes with a New England Boiled Dinner and a Geecheo Crab Stew having words with Lentil Soup from Brooklyn. I think that I could write a book about recommended places to eat throughout the U. S. and I wouldn't have to leave camp.

Sincerely,

Overseas Maj. J. M. Paim, MCFS

TELLING NEW ORLEANS TO MOVE OVER

In the July editorial you say San Francisco is just about the only city more crowded than New Orleans.

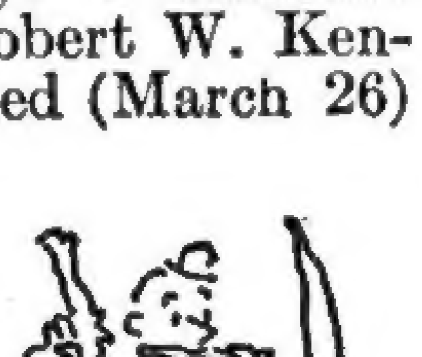
Well, if you ever go to San Diego, prepare yourself with portable bed, rations, a copy of Esquire to read and just hope you find a place in some park to put all that stuff. If you plan to go to a movie or get a cab or ride the street cars and buses, carry along a club to clear your way. Other than that, life goes on as usual.

Sincerely,

New Orleans, La. R. H. Beacham

ARPAIAN ADDENDA

Take Off the Rose-Colored Glasses by Lt. Arpaia is the best statement yet of the average G.I.'s feelings—but there are worse and more dangerous things afoot than chiseling and ingratitude and complacency. F'rinstance—Attorney General Robert W. Kenny, of California, warned (March 26) the California State Sheriff's Association that unless "the Government" took steps to stop our fighting men from sending home battle souvenirs " our efforts of fifty years in disarming the public may have proven futile". Attorney General Biddle's advice to the Chicago Federal Court (May 1, 1944): "Particularly in time of war the court should not substitute its judgment for that of the Executive."



The governments of history have been first government by laws, then by regulations, then by edict. To have government by edict, the people must be unable to revolt; therefore, they must be disarmed. A people disarmed is a people in slavery, as witness the conquered nations of the world today. Are we in America to be thus disarmed? Must we accept the theory that he who governs is necessarily wiser than those who are governed? Are we to win the war only to lose Democracy? These matters at home need looking into. . . .

Sincerely,

Neil C. Terhune, Pvt., AUS
Bloomington, Ind.

ARPAIAN AWGWAN

With reference to Lt. W. H. Arpaia's article *Take Off the Rose-Colored Glasses*, may I suggest that servicemen and civilians choose sides to determine which group can write the most obnoxious articles on individual persecutions. So far the lieutenant takes all honors. Granted, the man has seen and experienced the hell of war and has been persecuted by the minor few of 130,000,000 people who also persecute their fellow workers. For that reason should we condemn all civilians, or condemning the few, should we hang them? On the same token then, we should condemn the entire service for the small minority of servicemen who insult and abuse civilians on the street, in bars and other public places. Or for example, the many moral charges, battery and just plain murder that has been committed by servicemen. If stations of life were changed, these civilians made soldiers and soldiers made civilians would continue to abuse the other faction. Human nature, Lieutenant. A change of clothing will not change a disposition.

I wonder if the lieutenant has forgotten only five and six years ago, when he was undoubtedly a civilian, how the civilians then in majority actually despised servicemen. "Sailors, Marines and Dogs—Keep Off the Grass," "Men in Uniform Not Admitted," were signs frequently and conspicuously posted and "good" girls were never seen with servicemen. I enlisted, voluntarily, for a cruise of four years in the Navy, not the Reserves, and was honorably discharged prior to actual hostilities. But, of course, during that period sailors didn't expect recognition for such small services as being available cannon fodder in case of war. Nor did the eight dead Marines, killed on the *U.S.S. Wyoming* when a five-inch battery exploded, expect a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor as their shroud-covered bodies were carried aboard the *U.S.S. Relief*. My! My! How a minority reaching a majority hates a minority.

Frankly, I am very happy to give up this heavenly life of milk and honey, of overtime, whiskey and women, to enjoy the post-war benefits the government is effecting for servicemen.

Yes, Lieutenant, a few war workers, and war plants now hire many returned war veterans, need urging to work harder and buy more Bonds. On the other hand, I believe a few servicemen were urged to fight through an act of Congress. It seems both the lieutenant and Esquire could have aided home front moral by not printing one man's biased opinion.

And speaking of civilians "chiseling," is our Navy officer, and gentleman, taking advantage of a situation created by war to "chisel" a few literary dollars into his own pocket by writing an article that will undoubtedly agitate disunity between servicemen and civilians? Or is the Lieutenant chagrined because he did not make the front page as did Major Bong and that no one laid a carpet of roses in his path on his triumphal return to the States?

W. M. Bloomingdale
Los Angeles, California

ARPAIAN AMEN

History always repeats itself, as I had much the same experience as Lt. Arpaia back in 1917 around Washington, D. C.

I started in the Army at Vancouver Barracks, Washington. That country was a serviceman's heaven; anyone going to the fine Multnomah Hotel in Portland, Oregon, in uniform, regardless of rank, could get a good room with a shower for $1.00 a night and in all the dining rooms one third was deducted from all meal prices.

Spent about three months around Washington and anyone in uniform was looked on as a gold mine; one of the hotels there put six of us in one room one night and soaked us the special rate of $3.00 each.

One store on Pennsy Ave. tried to charge me $7.50 for winter union suits that a civilian bought for me for $3.50 per suit.

A fair officer's outfit ran close to $1,000 and one could spend more if one wanted to. A French officer told me to go slow as I could do better over in France and later I bought a better uniform there for about $47.50 than I could have bought in Washington for $135.00. I bought a better pair of leather puttees in Vancouver, Washington, for $3.50 than I could have bought in Washington for $20.00.

It did not take me long to find out that it was expensive to be patriotic.

After one experience like yours with tips to waiters I got hard-boiled and told them to bring on the eats and that they could go to hell for tips and it worked, as I told one headwaiter that I did not go into the Army to support his kind.

When we got tied up in town overnight we soon learned that we could get a good cot at the Turkish baths for fifty cents.

Some one in either Spokane or Coeur d'Alene soaked a poor Farragut Boot $70.00 for a watch that a local jeweler said was not worth putting five cents into for repairs.

Good luck,

Erle P. Dudley,
Ex-Capt., Engrs., AEF No. 1
Kellogg, Idaho

GUIDEPOST FOR ESQ'S FUTURE JAZZ BOOKS?

Never have I read a more ambitious and sincere collection of articles and data than in the Esquire Jazz Book. It may surprise you that for me one of the most telling statements was the footnote at the bottom of page 25: ". . . any honest artistic attempt to utilize and extend the material found in original Blues forms represents a legitimate and widely recognized use of such musical sources. Being indigenous to our country, the sincere jazz composer has every right to draw upon these original sources. No musicologist would deny that right nor could he, historically, maintain any other position."

I wonder if you realize the full implication of that statement. That way lies the future of American music.

Our music will become a real factor in the musical world when it can compete on an equal basis with the best European masterpieces, classical and modern. As an analyst, let me assure you that in harmony, melody and rhythm, American popular music of today surpasses any European masterpiece from Hydan to Stravinsky.

The service which Esquire is doing for American music is both laudable and dangerous. Because of your literary importance and integrity, (mailman Walker's opinion notwithstanding) your authoritative voice is going to wield much influence and it is with regret that I find so much importance given to musicians who, while they have done much to further American song, have done so unwittingly and without any conscious effort or sacrifice toward that end.

It seems to me that more mention should have been made of currently active musicians and certainly more effort made to anticipate the future. It is the function of the analyst not only to state the facts but also to uncover the facts *behind* the facts, thereby pointing the way for their talented but less articulate brethren.

American musical glory lies in the future, not in the past. Therefore, let us stop this nostalgic reminiscing of yesterday with its gawdy bawdy houses and look forward to tomorrow with its plain but towering and majestic skyscrapers. I do not believe that the yearning in a spiritual like *Swing Low Sweet Chariot* springs from the same source as that which springs from a *St. Louis Blues*. It is one thing to yearn for God. It is another thing to yearn for a floosie, even though she be a good one.

In raising my weak voice in mild protest I am thinking of this and coming generations of young aspiring musicians. Are they to be made to believe that all one has to do to become a musical great is to fool around an instrument, cut short one's literal education, run away from home, gypsy from here to there, playing in dives, keeping late hours and mixing with questionable characters? Are years of study necessary? Even good present-day jazzmen prove the answer to be in the affirmative. Observe in your excellent biographies that as a rule, the perennial favorite has had a substantial education both *literal* and *musical*, while the flash in the pan is "all talent" which means that sooner or later he'll go back to pants-pressing.

Sincerely yours,

New York, N. Y. Otto Cesana

ESQ'S YOUNGEST CHARACTER WITNESSES

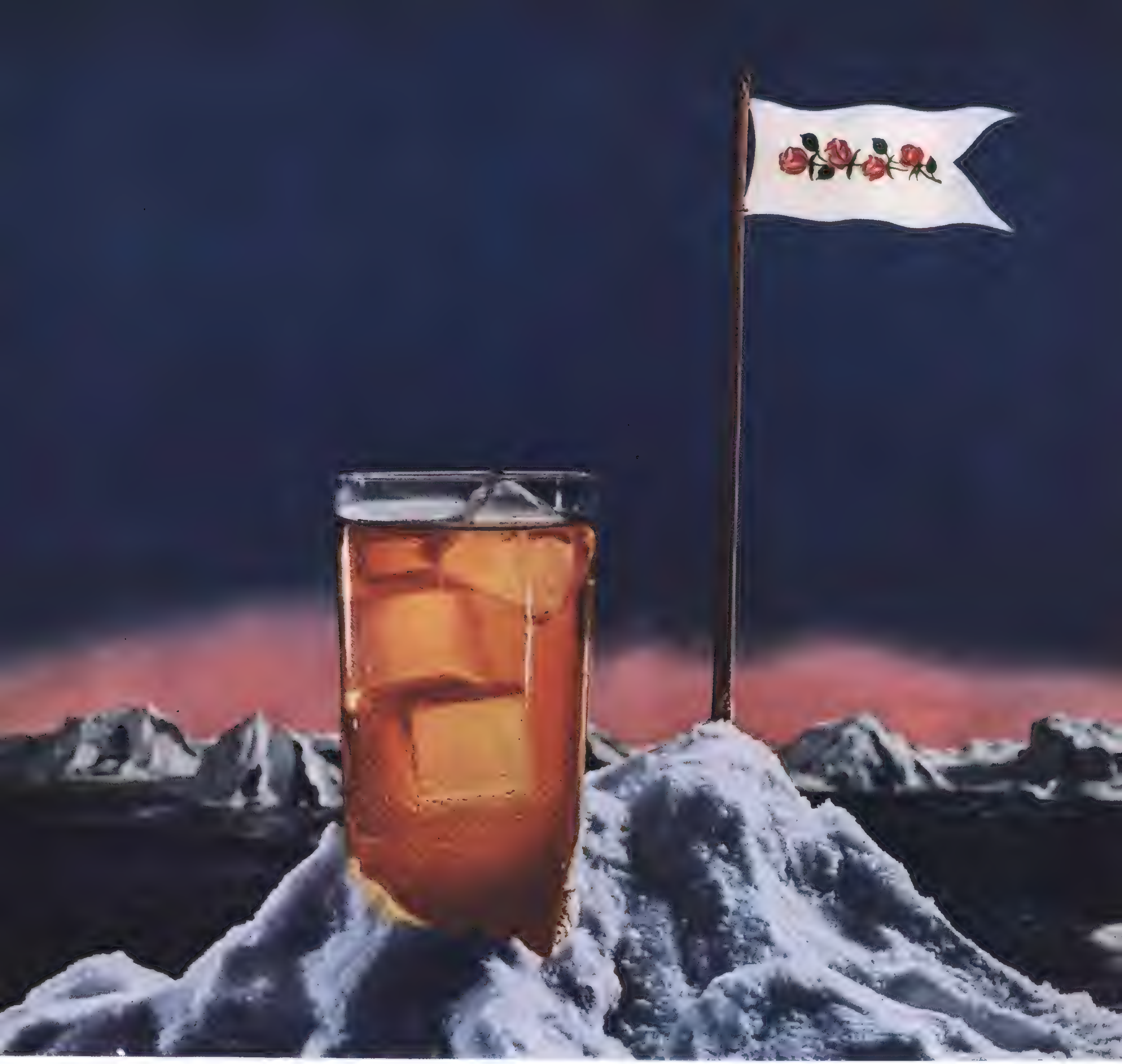
If you have any readers of your magazine younger than the three and four-year-olds shown in this photograph I would like to know about it.

My son and his boy friend get quite a kick out of your publication but lest Mr. Varga gets a swelled head I would like to add that illustrations of trains, dogs, boats, etc., in your advertisements have greater appeal for my two models than jokes and drawings of pretty girls.

If you would care to add this photo to your file of information proving that your magazine is not indecent or offensive you are perfectly at liberty to do so since neither of my models gives two hoots as to what the post office thinks and their parents are glad of anything to keep them out of mischief.

Yours truly,

C. D. Woodley
Toronto, Ontario, Can.



Great Arctic Discovery

IF YOU'VE EVER sipped a tall, iced Four-Roses-and-soda on a summer's day, you know how superbly cool and refreshing it can be.

And if you haven't — well, we believe there's no time like today to make this great arctic discovery for yourself.

Of course, there's a national whiskey shortage and you may sometimes find that your favorite bar or package store is out of Four Roses. If this happens, we're genuinely sorry; but we assure you that we're doing everything possible to distribute the supply of Four Roses so that everybody can get a fair share.

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Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
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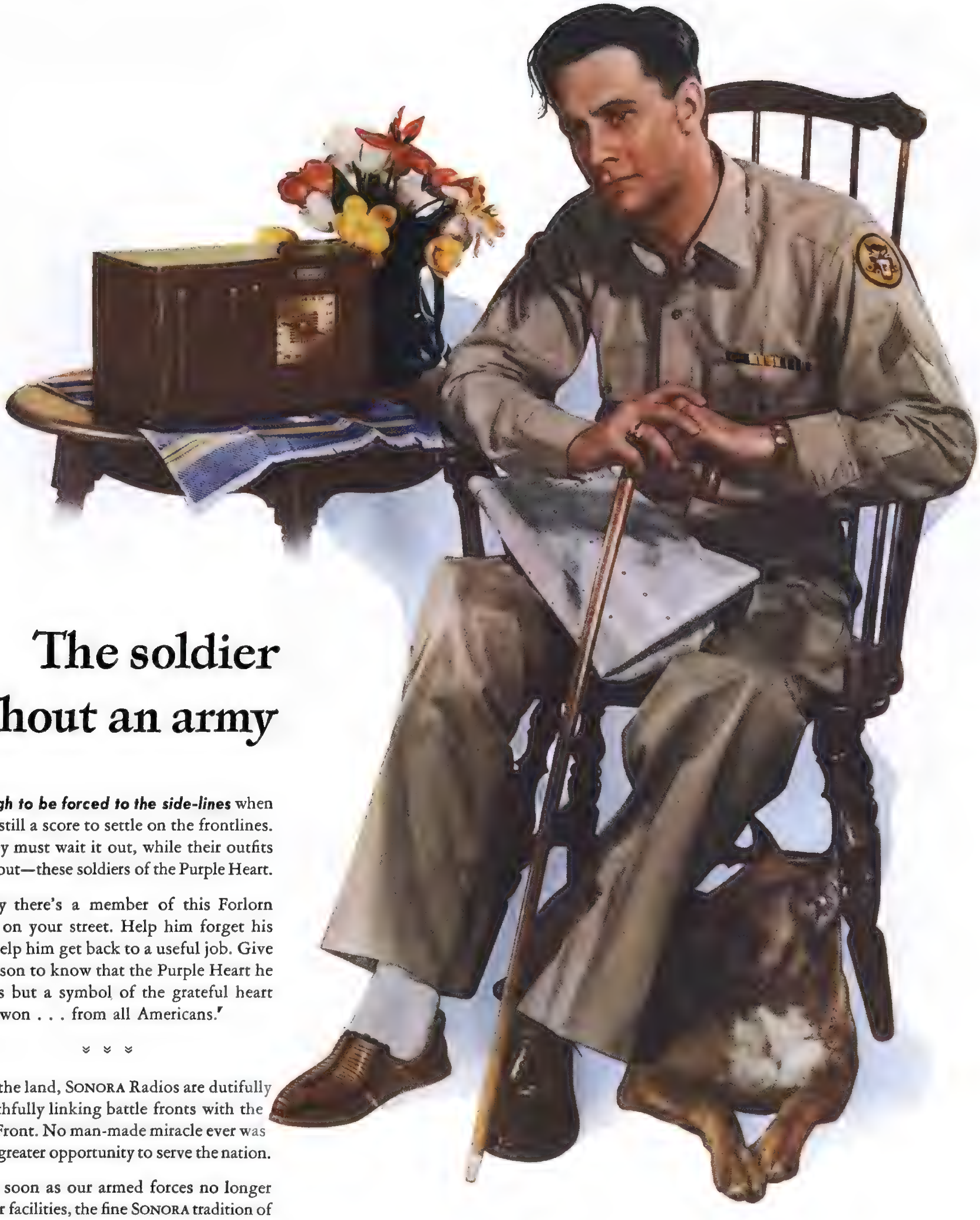

The soldier without an army

It's tough to be forced to the side-lines when there's still a score to settle on the frontlines. But they must wait it out, while their outfits fight it out—these soldiers of the Purple Heart.

Possibly there's a member of this Forlorn Legion on your street. Help him forget his pain. Help him get back to a useful job. Give him reason to know that the Purple Heart he wears is but a symbol of the grateful heart he has won . . . from all Americans.

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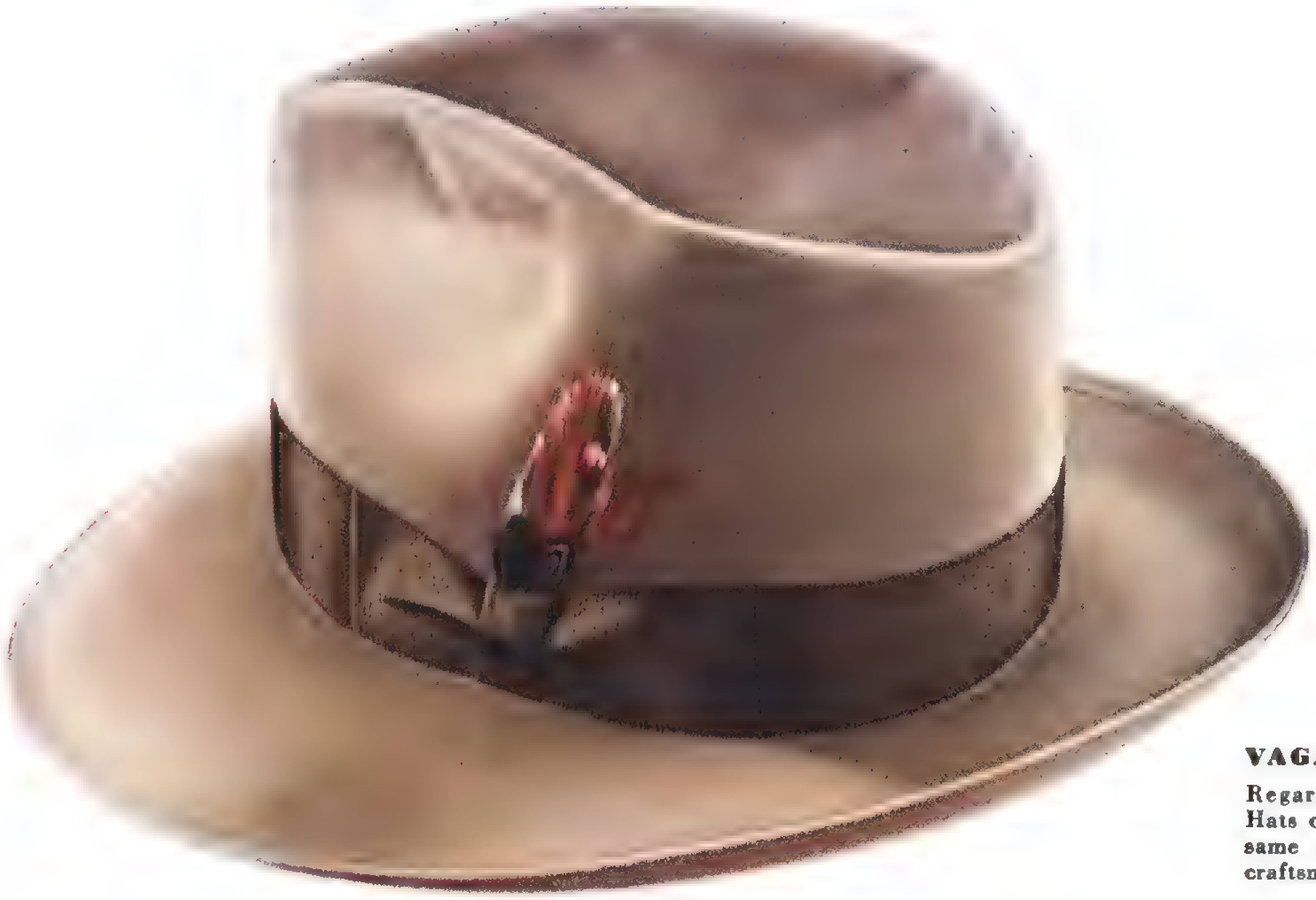

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RESERVE

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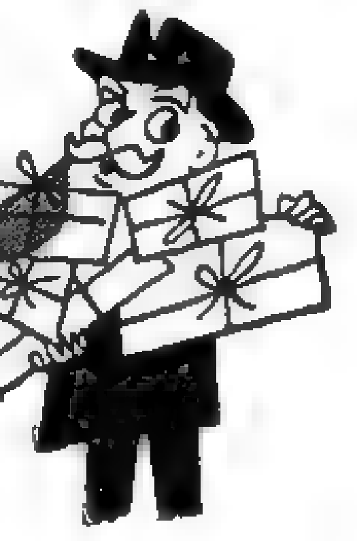
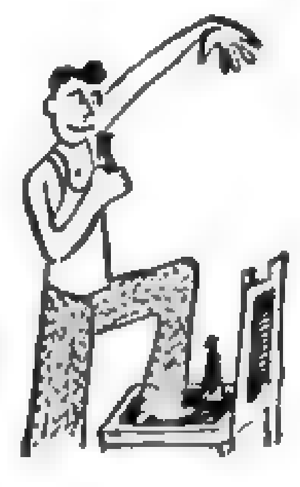
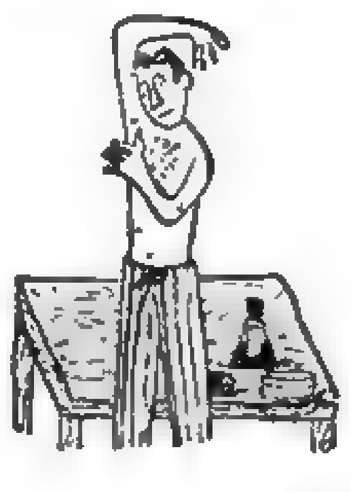
Talking Shop with Esquire



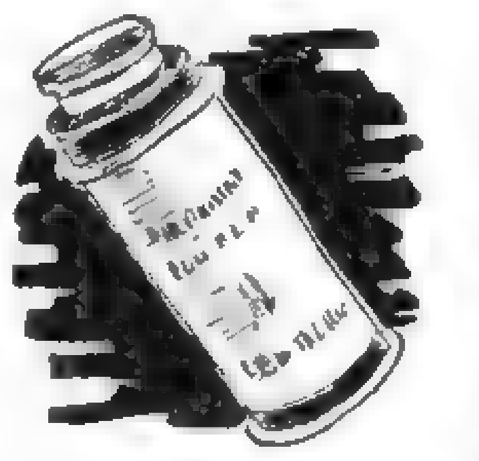
WATCH YOUR P.Q. (perspiration quotient). Are you the fellow who says: "*I* don't need a deodorant . . . soap an' water's good enough for me". That's what *you* think, bud. You may take countless showers, and still be no rose. There are 900 sweat glands to the square inch on your form divine, and the normal male exudes from 1 quart to 3 quarts of perspiration a day . . . which gives you an idea of what you're up against! Perspiration has a mighty offensive odor, particularly in confined places. The under-arm glands contain more odoriferous substances than the other sweat glands. When these babies go into action, nothing but a trip to the cleaners can save your clothes.



GET THE DEODORANT HABIT. No matter whether you work at a desk or on a dock, whether you're a GI or a GOP . . . you need a deodorant which should be as much a part of your daily grooming ritual as brushing your teeth. You can use a *deodorant,* which simply *neutralizes* odors without stopping perspiration. Or an *anti-perspirant,* a strong astringent which should actually check perspiration from 1 to 3 days. The anti-perspirant contracts the sweat glands at point of application so that the secretion is deflected to some other part of the body. Stopping perspiration has been proven unharmful . . . so don't get any screwy ideas about that.



HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT? You can buy your deodorant or anti-perspirant in liquid, cream or powder form. Liquid fans claim that this form of anti-perspirant provides more lasting protection against odor and moisture. Cream users like the quick convenience of this form which vanishes at once, doesn't rot or stain clothing. Those who object to smearing cream on their fingers use a powder deodorant.



FANCY PACKAGES. You can even buy your deodorants in decorative jars and bottles to match your favorite toiletry sets.

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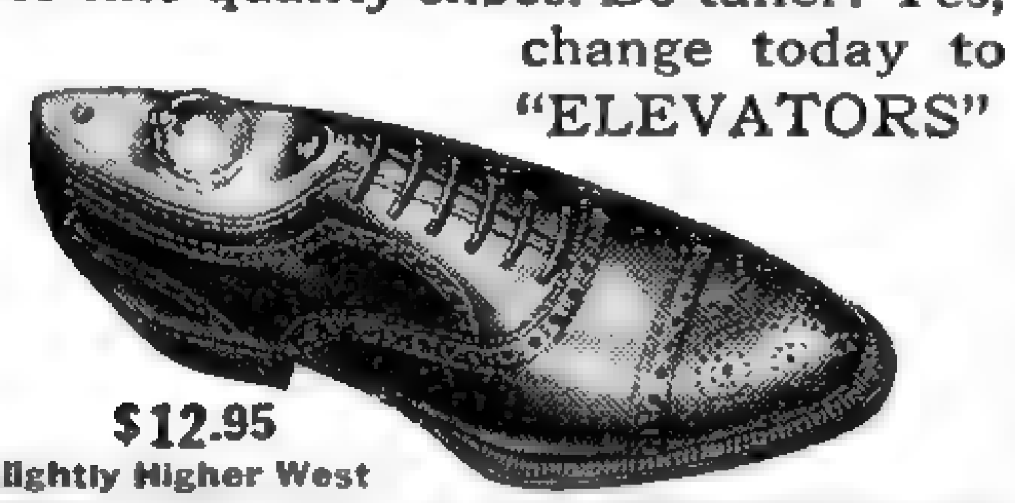

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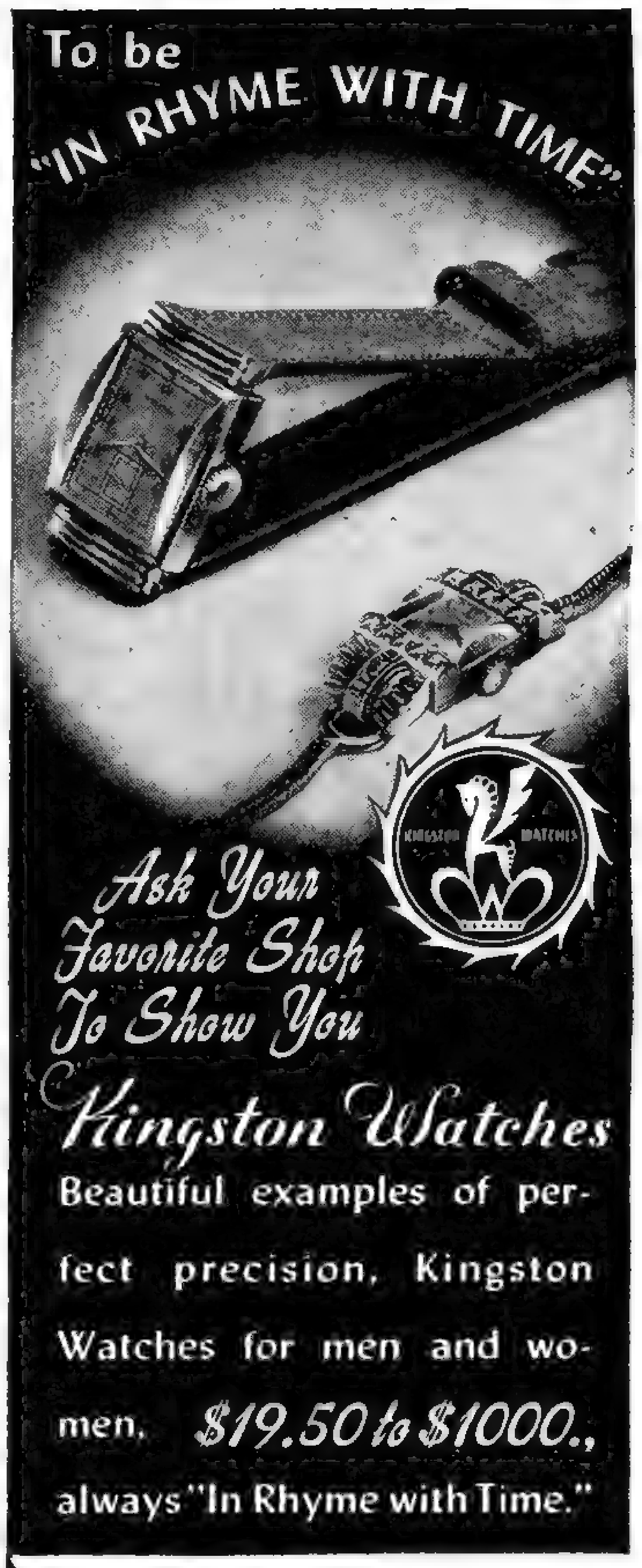

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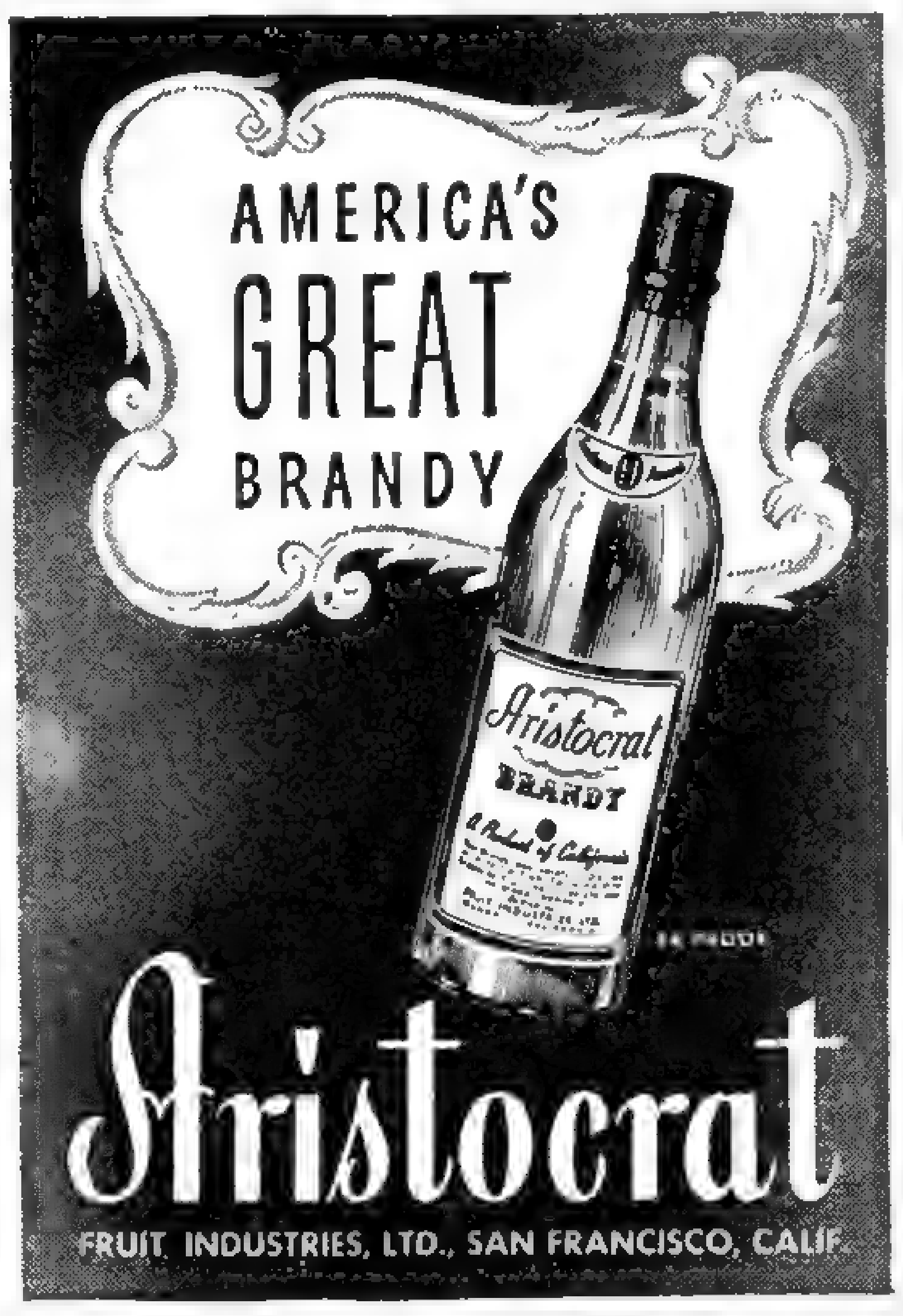

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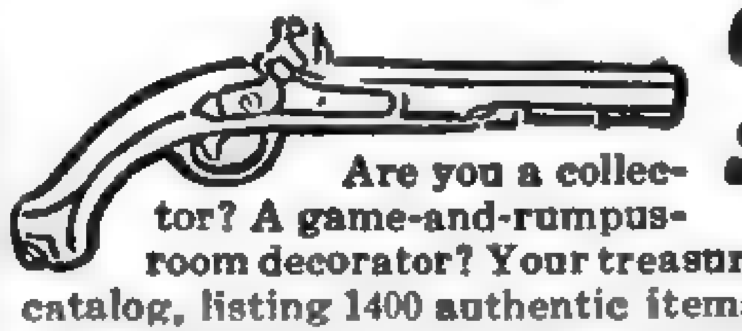

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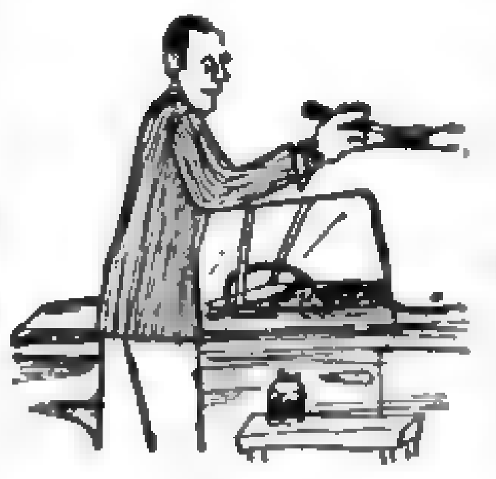
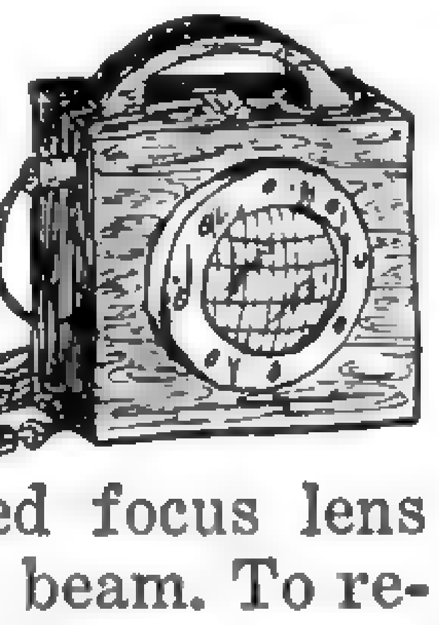
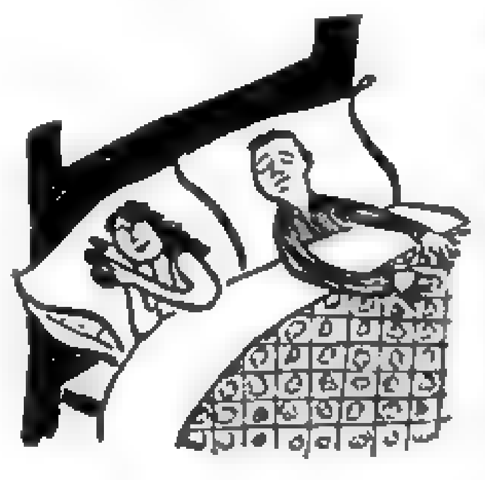


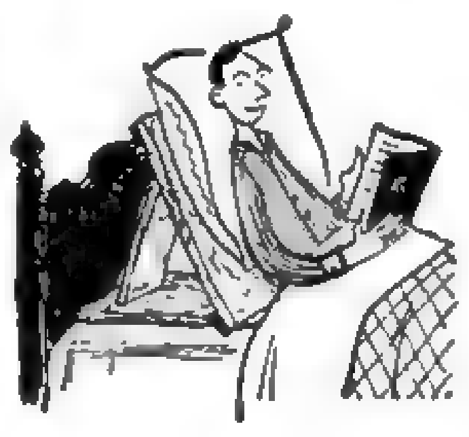
RECHARGEABLE LIGHT. A handy addition to any household equipment is this ingenious portable light with its own rechargeable power plant. Set in an oak case (size 7½ x 7½ x 3¼) and weighing barely 4½ lbs., its 5-inch fixed focus lens projects a powerful beam. To recharge, simply plug into cigar lighter in your car . . . recharging life should be 1600 hours, an equal of about $80 worth of flashlight cells, according to the makers.



FUN IN BED. What do you know . . . somebody (an irate husband, most likely) has designed a pillow which conceals a small loudspeaker, which when hooked up to an ordinary bedside model radio, delivers airwave messages directly into the ear which reclines upon the pillow . . . leaving the party of the second part in utter peace and quiet. Fine thing with invasion news going on in the wee small hours.



SPINE SUPPORTER. Like to read in bed? Treat your spinal column to a lightweight fibre back rest which operates like an easel, and folds up flat to a one inch thickness. If you're addicted to eating in bed, you hook a handy 8″ square utility pocket under your mattress so it hangs down within arm's reach. Fill same with your pipe, tobac, snack (if you must) pad and pencil or button. Oh yes, it has a waterproof lining.



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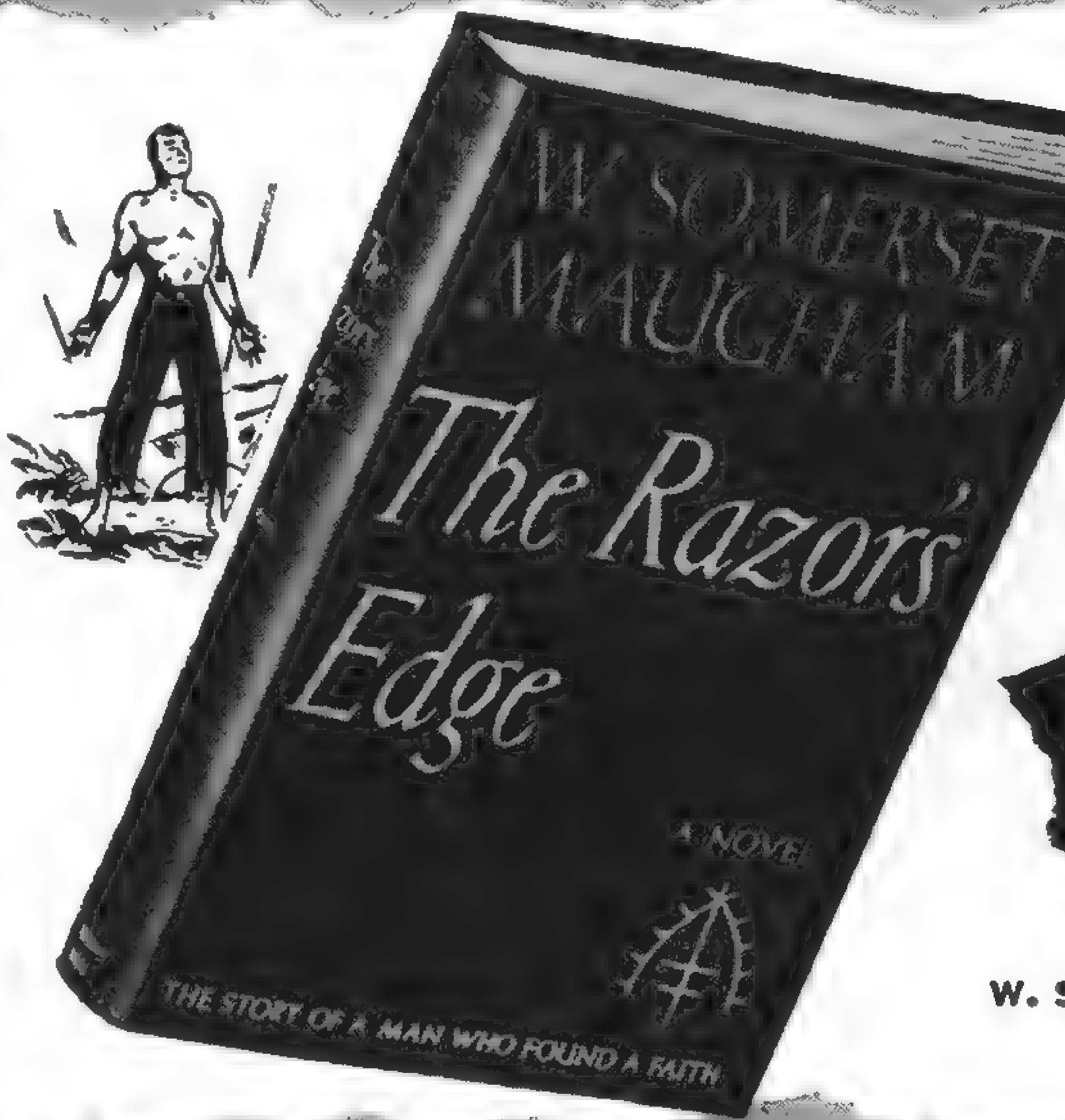

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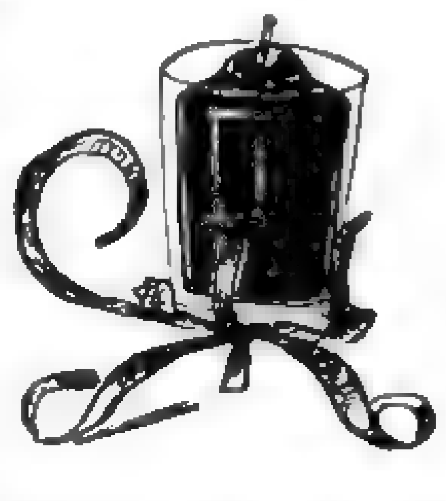
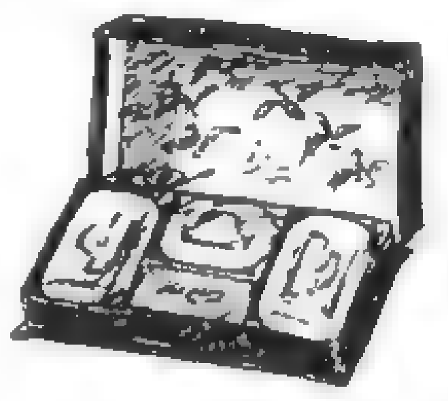
Talking Shop with Esquire

MOSQUITO OUSTER. Might as well cater to your own comfort whilst visiting, with a gift of a pair of fat, squat citronella candles which come in handsome wrought-iron holders. The candles will burn for 15 hours, and savvy mosquitoes have long since learned to shy away from this lethal fragrance. And speaking of bugs, have you tried those wooden guards which can be attached to the bottom of screen or ordinary doors to prevent flies, mosquitoes and other insects from wafting in? The guards close up any size gap up to one inch; work perfectly on warped doors or slanting, uneven floors. May be had in 30, 32 and 36-inch sizes.



"BREAD-AND-BUTTER" GIFTS. Do not sneer at the idea of offering *soap* as your weekend tribute. Your hostess will fawn over a box of expensively and lavishly scented soap, each cake lovingly wrapped in white satin, tied with satin ribbon. The soap itself is French milled and made of rare, imported oils. A collector's item! Or how about a box of custom-made monogrammed soap . . . each cake bearing the name of our host or hostess, the name of their country place or any appropriate insignia (including the military). The soap comes in various colors and the design can be imprinted in contrasting color which lasts as long as the soap. And for your host, a box of 3 large cakes of soap, each molded with a cameo-like impression of a wild duck in flight. The scent? Fresh and tangy and a favorite with sportsmen.



"I'VE BEEN ROOKED". Party people have taken up "Rook", a revival of the turn-of-the-century card favorite. In the early nineteen hundreds, Rook became a nationwide craze in the wake of a wave of crusades against "saloon" cards (the evangelists' disapproving term for bridge cards). The name of the game (played with numbered cards in various colors to indicate suits) is thought to stem from a particularly crafty variety of crow, which gave rise to the colloquial phrase, "to be rooked". Another ancient revival is "Pit", a noisy trading game . . . at its best when played after a few rounds of beverages.

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***OCULENS SUNGLASSES** Meet U.S. Army specifications for absorption of infra-red and ultra-violet rays! Filter out sunglare without squinting, blurring or masking your vision—and without changing color values. Smartly styled for sports, beach, and street wear. Get a pair today.

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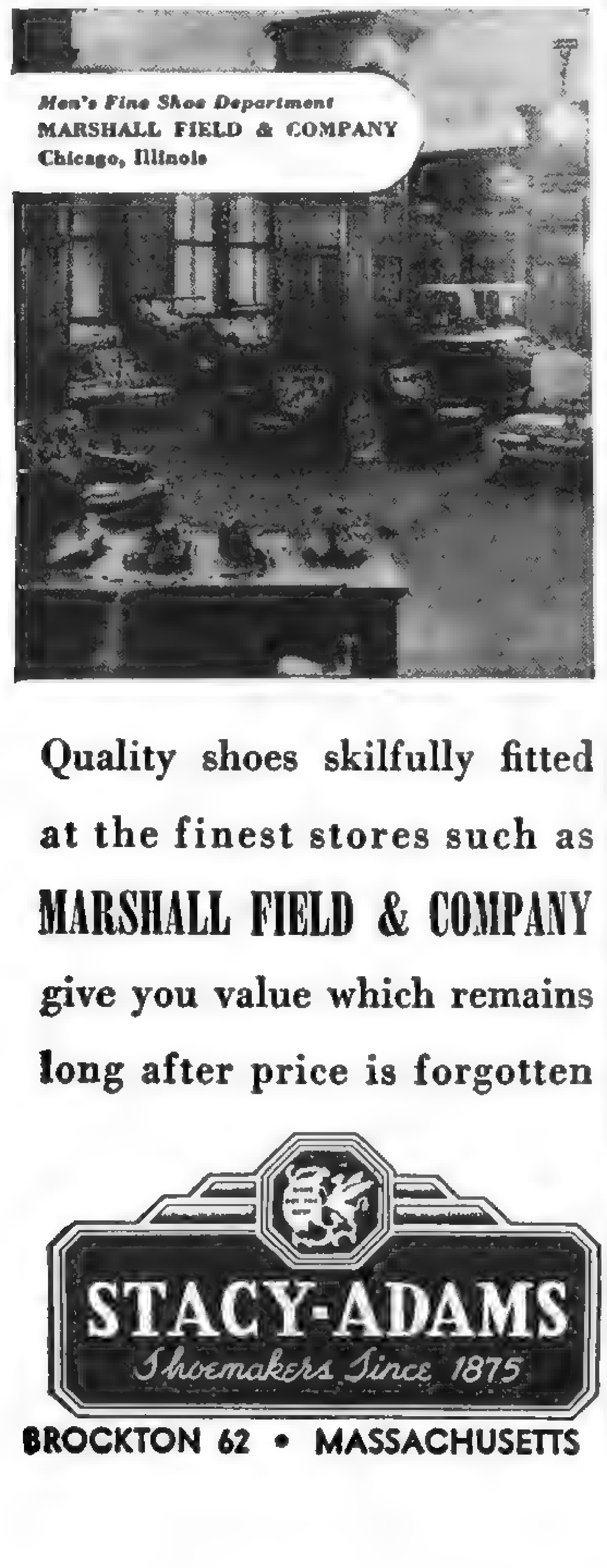

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8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD TABLE
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A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable play-table for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only $34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

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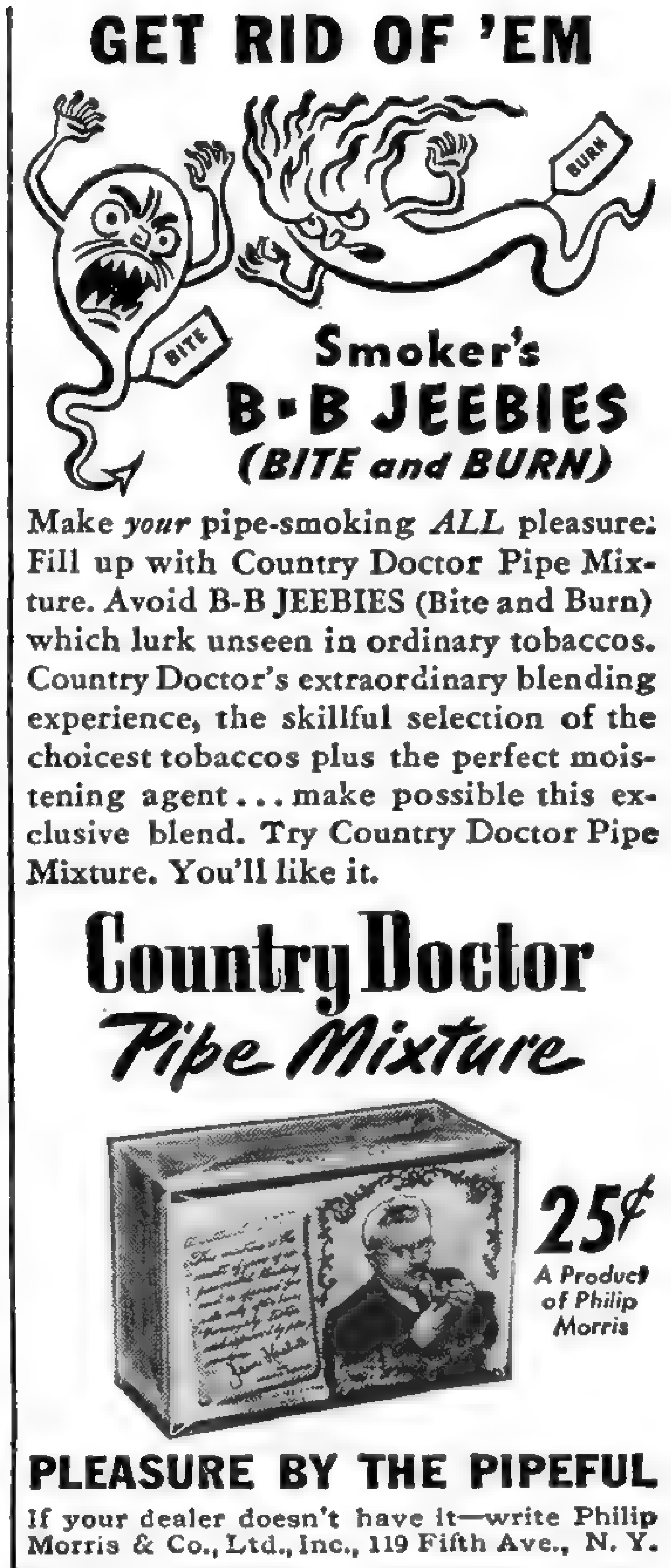
Headquarters for game room equipment, accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. **Write for: "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!**



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Country Doctor
Pipe Mixture
25¢
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Use LEXOL regularly to make your shoes wear longer. LEXOL keeps the leather strong and pliable, prevents cracking, takes any polish or whitener.
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FOR MEN OF ACTION
MARXMAN PIPES ease the tension . . . the strain of battle, the breakneck pace in office and factory. Men of action depend on MARXMAN PIPES *to relax.*

Enjoy the smoothness, the cool and satisfying sweetness of a MARXMAN. Every pipe is bench-made by expert craftsmen from aged, selected briars. MARXMAN PIPES are made in all popular styles and also in many exclusive shapes. Look for »MARXMAN→ on the next pipe you buy.

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Featherweight at
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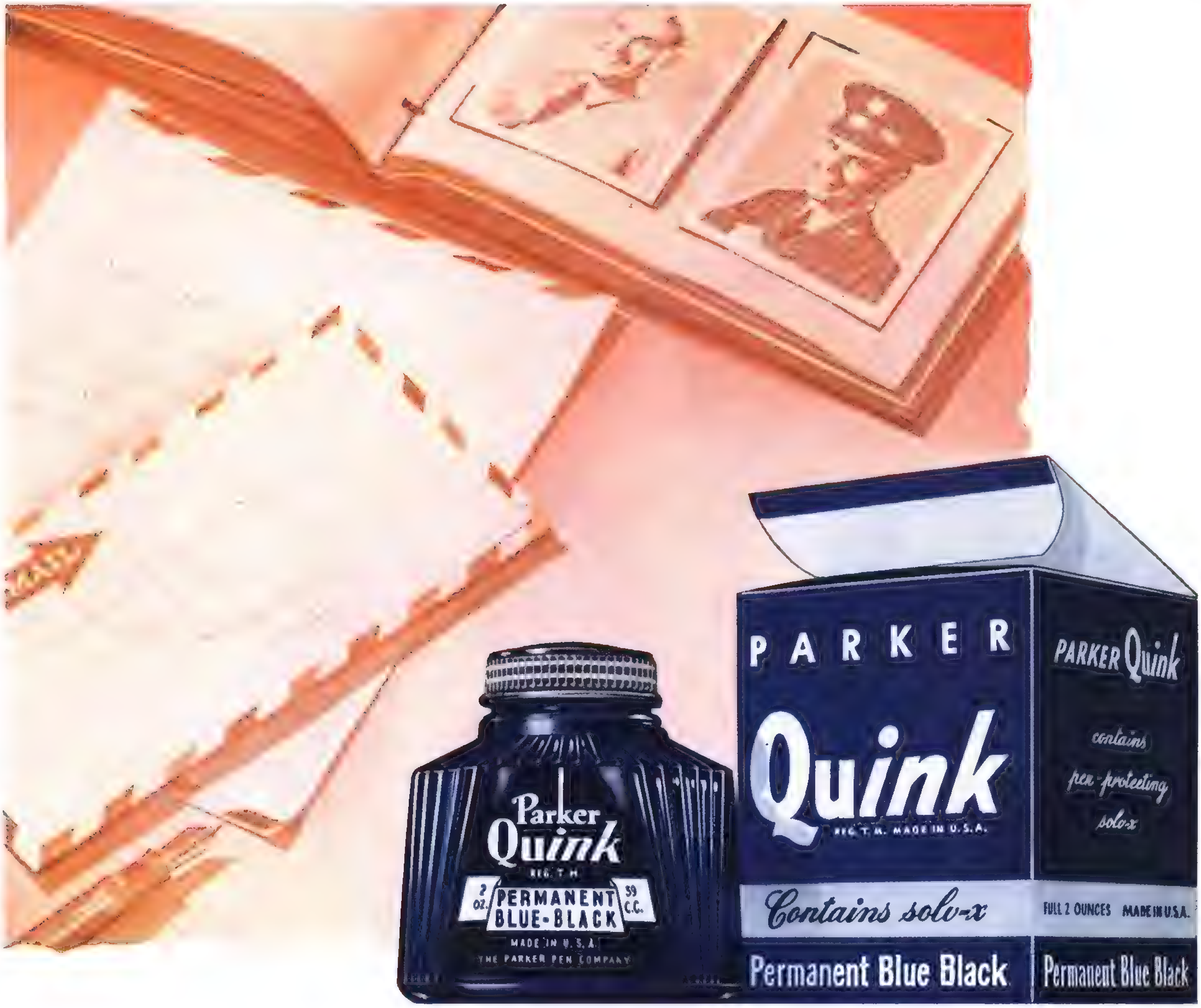
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Quink
REG. T. M.
2 OZ.
PERMANENT
BLUE-BLACK
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MADE IN U.S.A.
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
PARKER
Quink
REG. T. M. MADE IN U.S.A.
Contains solv-x
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PARKER Quink
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solv-x
FULL 2 OUNCES MADE IN U.S.A.
Permanent Blue Black

To keep pens trouble-free – this new, protective ink!

Parker scientists add SOLV-X to every bottle of Quink! . . . protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. *Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.*
2. *Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.*
3. *Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.*
4. *Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.*

Copr. 1944, The Parker Pen Company

Solv-x in Parker Quink safeguards all metal and rubber parts—actually cleans your pen as it writes!

Why risk that precious pen of yours? Why take chances on its breaking down—just when you need it most?

Give your pen the protection it deserves by filling it with Parker Quink today. Every drop of it contains *solv-x*—an exclusive ingredient developed by Parker scientists.

Solv-x in Parker Quink stops most pen troubles before they start! It prevents the metal corrosion and rubber deterioration always caused by high-acid inks. It dissolves and flushes away the gum and sediment left by ordinary inks—actually cleans all makes of pens as it writes.

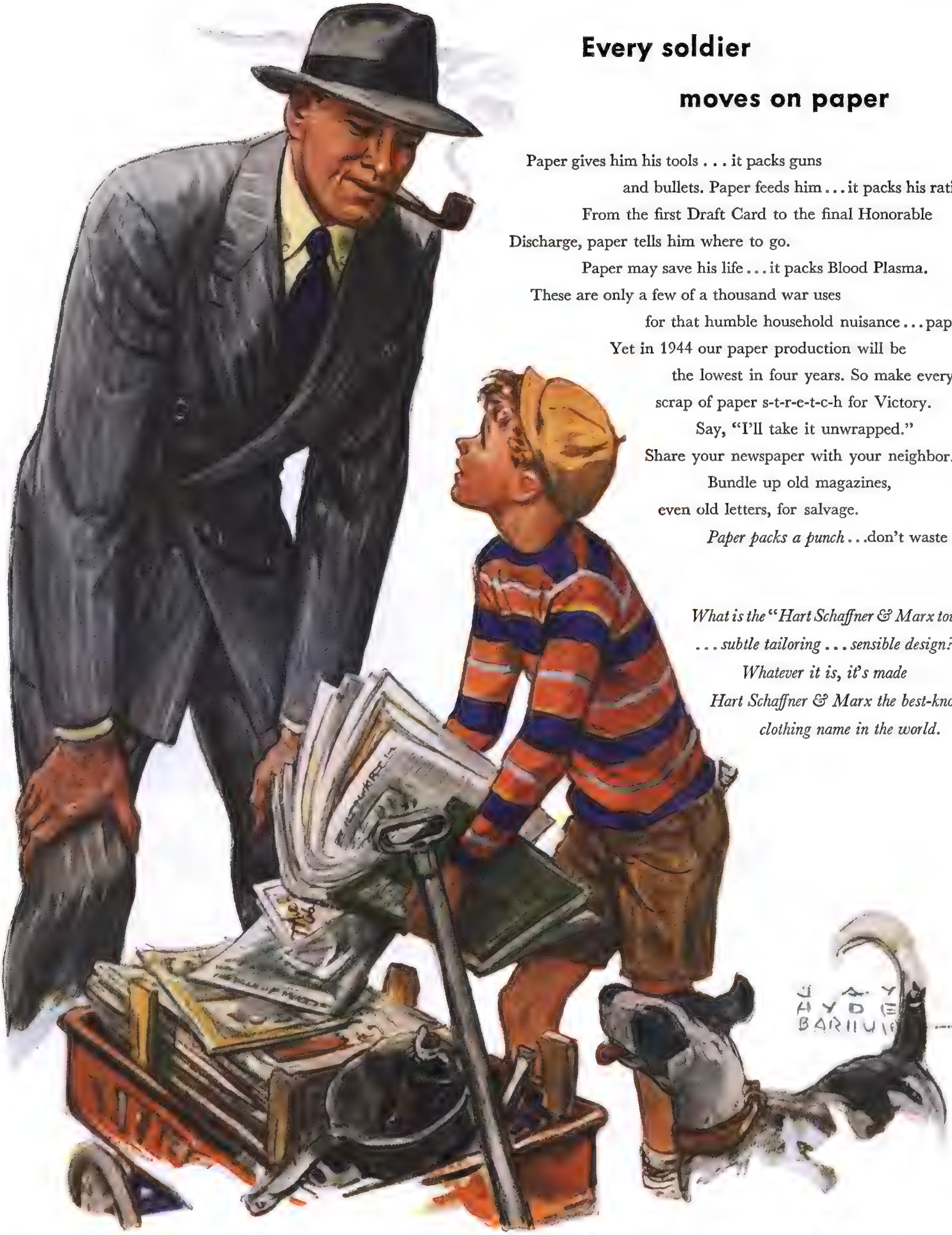
Yes, this brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying Parker Quink is more than just an ink. It's a superb writing fluid—that does what no ink ever did before. Get a bottle today. You pay nothing extra for Parker Quink. Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

★ ★ ★

"MICRO-FILM BLACK" is the all-purpose black ink. *Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-Film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts.*

Make Your Dollars Fight—Buy War Bonds Now!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x!



Every soldier moves on paper

Paper gives him his tools . . . it packs guns and bullets. Paper feeds him . . . it packs his rations. From the first Draft Card to the final Honorable Discharge, paper tells him where to go. Paper may save his life . . . it packs Blood Plasma. These are only a few of a thousand war uses for that humble household nuisance . . . paper. Yet in 1944 our paper production will be the lowest in four years. So make every scrap of paper s-t-r-e-t-c-h for Victory. Say, "I'll take it unwrapped." Share your newspaper with your neighbor. Bundle up old magazines, even old letters, for salvage. *Paper packs a punch* . . . don't waste it!

What is the "Hart Schaffner & Marx touch" . . . subtle tailoring . . . sensible design? Whatever it is, it's made Hart Schaffner & Marx the best-known clothing name in the world.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

The Trumpeter Label . . a small thing to look for . . a big thing to find

Painting the Town with Esquire

FUGITIVES from Pistol-Packing Mama will find no comfort at Radio Frank's Knight Club (70 East 55th)—not while Nikki Nikolai, babe from Siberia, is around flipping bayonet-sized bowie-knives off her lip to spike folding money placed as bait for her prowess. Fortunately the Three Feminine Notes (violin, piano, and bullfiddle) do soothe, despite outbreaks of community singing. Lightsome Connie Verlen taps for the eyes. Songstresses Penny Palmer, Joan Nagel, and Mary Murray warble in all moods, and the eight singing waiters, led by mine host Frank Bessinger himself, unleash spirituals. Food under the administration of maître Joe du Pierrot is reliably toothsome. Décor is ingenious. In consequence, this place's steady popularity – six years of it – puzzles nobody.

INTIMATELY elegant new chow spot that is gathering raves: Pagliaccio, operated by jovian Jim Auditore, urbane blond Gene wielding the menus . . . with electric guitarist Andy Padova and his men on the job, the Dean Cornwell muralled Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick is functioning as a handsome showcase for the tunewares of composers in the armed forces – Andy having discovered as a camp tourer that inspiration is rife and rampant. So come listen to the latest from the furthest outpost . . . East Side's lack of a smart Chinese restaurant has been remedied by the blossoming forth of a very good one indeed at 142 East 53rd, hosted by epicurean philosopher Freeman Chum and bearing his name on the canopy. Here egg rolls crackle under the fork, butterfly shrimps luxuriate in pungent sauce, and steaks are celestialed or just plain charcoaled as you prefer. And there are wines, a bar, and a beauteous greeteress whose name we guessed was Lotus Blossom. It's Pearl . . . Efficiency: Chef at Leon & Eddie's borrows Eddie's lyrics to cook with.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

The world's most famous *Quality* Dry Gin

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Imported from England

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

RONRICO*

Best RUM *bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

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Swanee Pride LIQUEUR

Delicious STRAIGHT or MIXED

THE TOAST OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

M.S.WALKER, INC.
Boston, Mass.

RECOMMENDED RECIPES FOR GENUINE *Jamaica Rums*

JAMAICA COLLINS

Mix ⅓ jigger of lemon or lime juice, ⅔ jigger of sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add plenty of cracked ice, fill with soda, stir briskly and serve immediately.

Rigid centralized quality controls of all Jamaica Rums assure you that wartime pressures have forced no compromise with Jamaica's always superior standards.

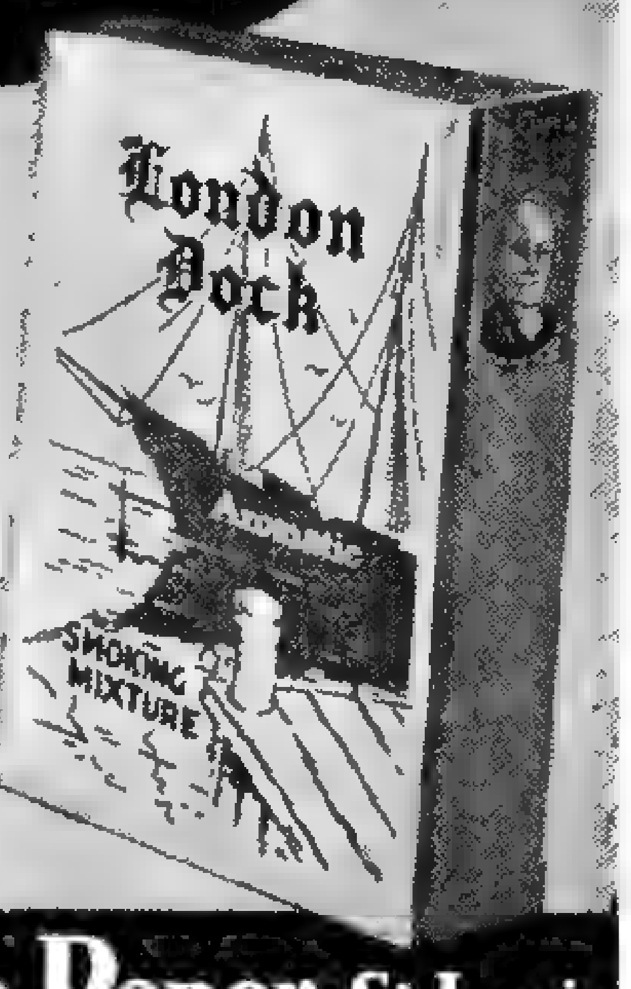
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

"Land at last— and what d'ya know— London Dock Tobacco!"

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

2 Ounce Package
40¢
$300 per lb.



Sample?
Send 10¢ to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
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Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

"I can *relax* at the Plaza"

Unusually big rooms, quiet corridors and the Park outside your window, combine to give you a much desired sense of peace and security. No wonder more and *more* busy executives are stopping at the Plaza when in New York. *Rates from $6.* C. N. Hilton, *President*

•

Facing Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, New York

The PLAZA

Painting the Town with Esquire

G. I. Joe and his gal must have liked the looks of Broadway's bright lights, judging by the way they have taken that area over and are nightly packing it solid to the curbs. The obtaining of a beer at a bar is a siege operation, especially at the Bar of the Hotel Astor which all the United Nations seem to be trying to get into at once. This hostelry's program for a "quiet summer" has been Harry James and his orchestra, followed by Tommy Tucker, and now swing-and-swayster Sammy Kaye. So it is lucky the air-conditioned Astor Roof holds 800 at a session.

SHORELEAVERS taking their heart interests for a row on the lawn-locked seas of Central Park are confronted with post-cruise refreshment facilities anyway they head, ranging from the Zoo's *terrace des tray-toters* (geared for slim budgets), to the expansive Tavern-on-the-Green, over westward, which functions hospitably from cocktail time on. Cornered at Central Park South and 6th Ave., looms the lush Hotel St. Moritz, come-hithering with the sidewalk tables of its Café de la Paix, out of which percolate the dinner and supper music of magnetic violinist Danny Yates and his men, and the intimate pianistics of Frederic Bonn. Indoors and out, it's a smooth harbor to drop anchor in.

ANKLE hypnotist Les Brown, his sax and his big band, are congesting the grandiose-gorgeous Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania, with allureful Doris Day doing the thrushwork . . . Explorers of Greenwich Village encounter a chipper little oasis at 21 East 8th St., entitled Ed Winston's Tropical Bar, themed with a rum drink called the Tropicola. Food specialties include Southern fried chicken, barbecued spareribs, and Mexican chili con carne. To Texans this spot is a little chunk of home . . . In the theatre zone an ever popular bargain in entertainment and quenchment is to be had by hitting Jimmie Dwyer's Sawdust Trail (156 West 44th), where there's no door and practically no intermissions, even the waiters being vaudevillians . . . If you crave a whiff of the ocean mingled with the fragrance of hot dogs, steamed clams, and suds, there's Coney Island (nickel ride on the subway)—boardwalk, sideshows, Luna Park, and all.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Makes the
BEST RUM COLLINS*
you ever tasted!
MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
"Planters' Punch" brand—97 Proof

*Easy to make: Fill tall glass with Ice. Add juice of Lemon—teaspoon Sugar—jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum. Fill with carbonated Water. Decorate with Maraschino Cherry and thin slice of Lemon. Serve with straws. Remember, for the most delicious flavour,

The Rum Must be MYERS'S

*For free illustrated recipe book, write:
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc. Sole Dist. in U. S. A.
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AIR CONDITIONED
NO COVER OPEN SUNDAYS
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
REVUE 9-12-2:15 A. M.
DINNER $1.75
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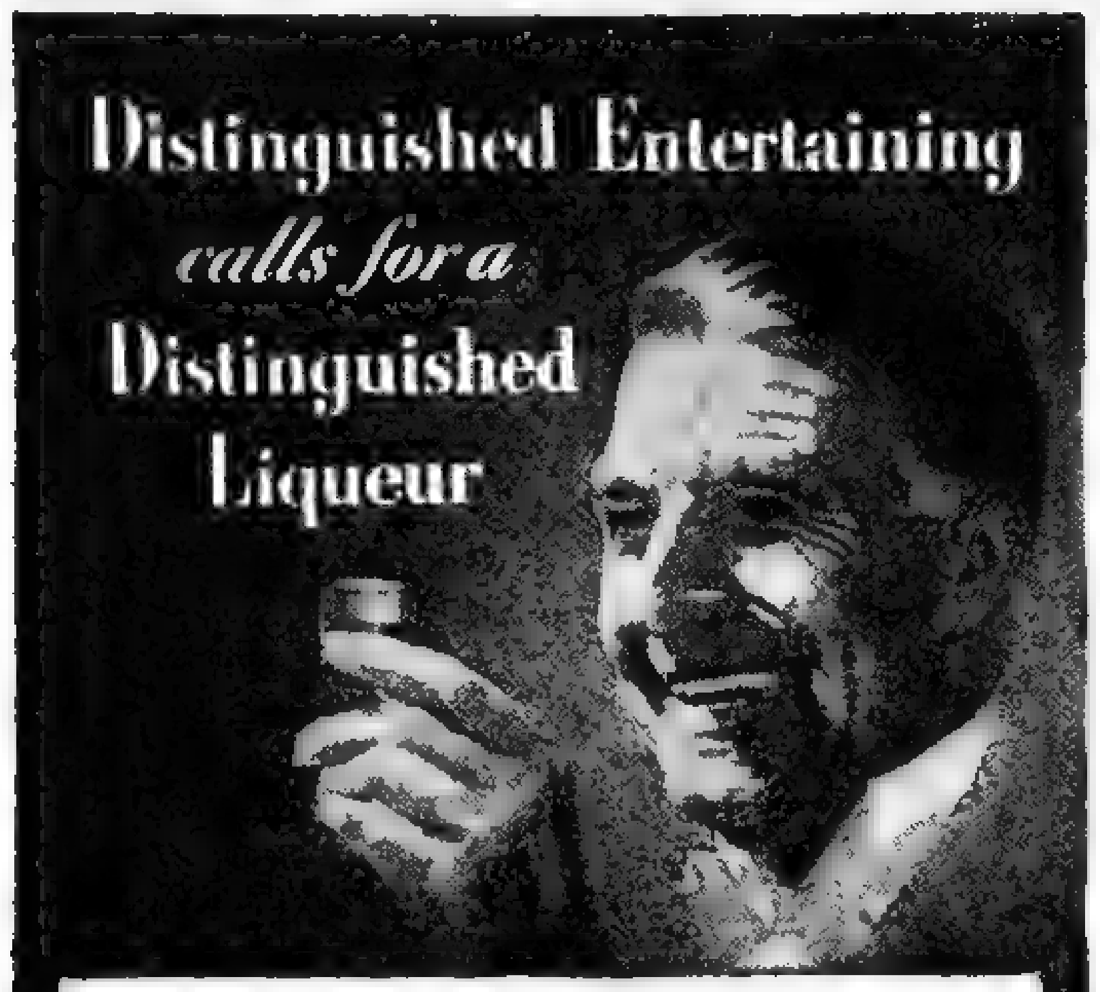

Distinguished Entertaining
calls for a
Distinguished
Liqueur

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER Liqueur

Its flavor suggests *all* the qualities you have liked best in liqueurs—tang, delicate bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. Its 249-year-old name, de Kuyper, is your best guide to quality.

National Distillers Products Corp.
New York • 86 Proof

For a Most
Enjoyable
Year 'Round
Drink
LAIRD'S & SODA
164th Anniversary

86.4 proof.
AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY OF BRANDY DISTILLERS
LAIRD & CO. SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.

EDDIE
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GLORIFYING THE
AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR
LEON & EDDIE'S
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A·1
SAUCE
ONE Sauce for ALL!

Not just for meat. Not just for fish. Not just for fowl, beans, salads and egg dishes. *It's A·1 for all!*

Ask for it when dining out. Keep it on the table at home. *Not rationed.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc. Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that
makes the DISH

Croix Royale Fruit Brandies served after dinner, leave your guests with a delightful glow of well-being

CROIX
ROYALE
(say Croy Royal)
Fruit Brandies

APRICOT
KIRSCHWASSER
PEACH
SLIVOVITZ
84 Proof

Fresh ripe fruits grown in the famed San Joaquin Valley distilled in Old-Fashioned potstills, give Croix Royale fruit brandies their unique ultra-fine flavor. Plum, Apricot, Cherry, Peach.

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO., FRESNO, CALIF.
Growers • Producers • Bottlers

ENJOY
Van
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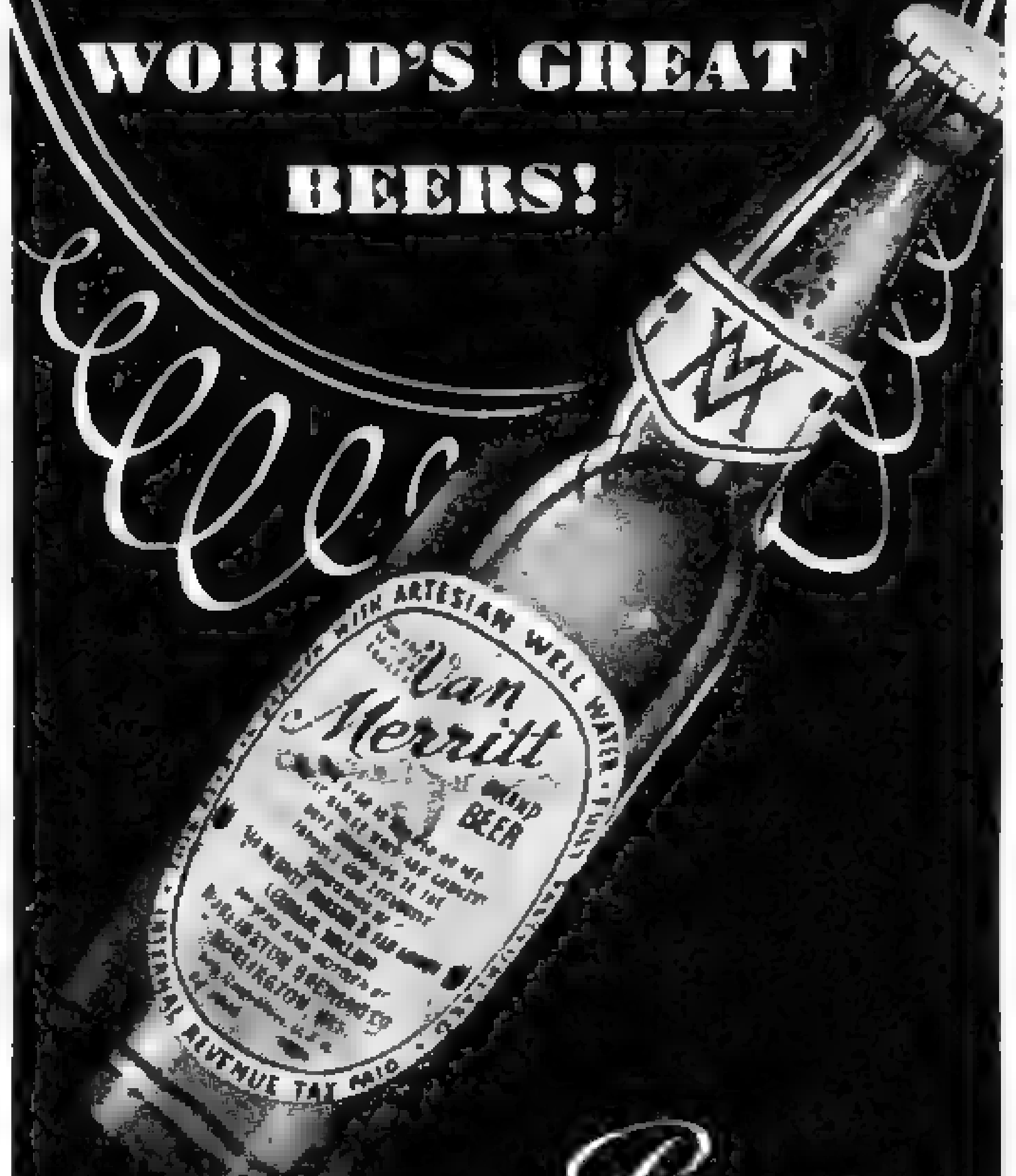
ONE OF THE
WORLD'S GREAT
BEERS!



Brewed at Burlington, Wisconsin, from finest hops, barley malt and famous artesian well water. If you have known the great beers of the world, you will more than enjoy Van Merritt.

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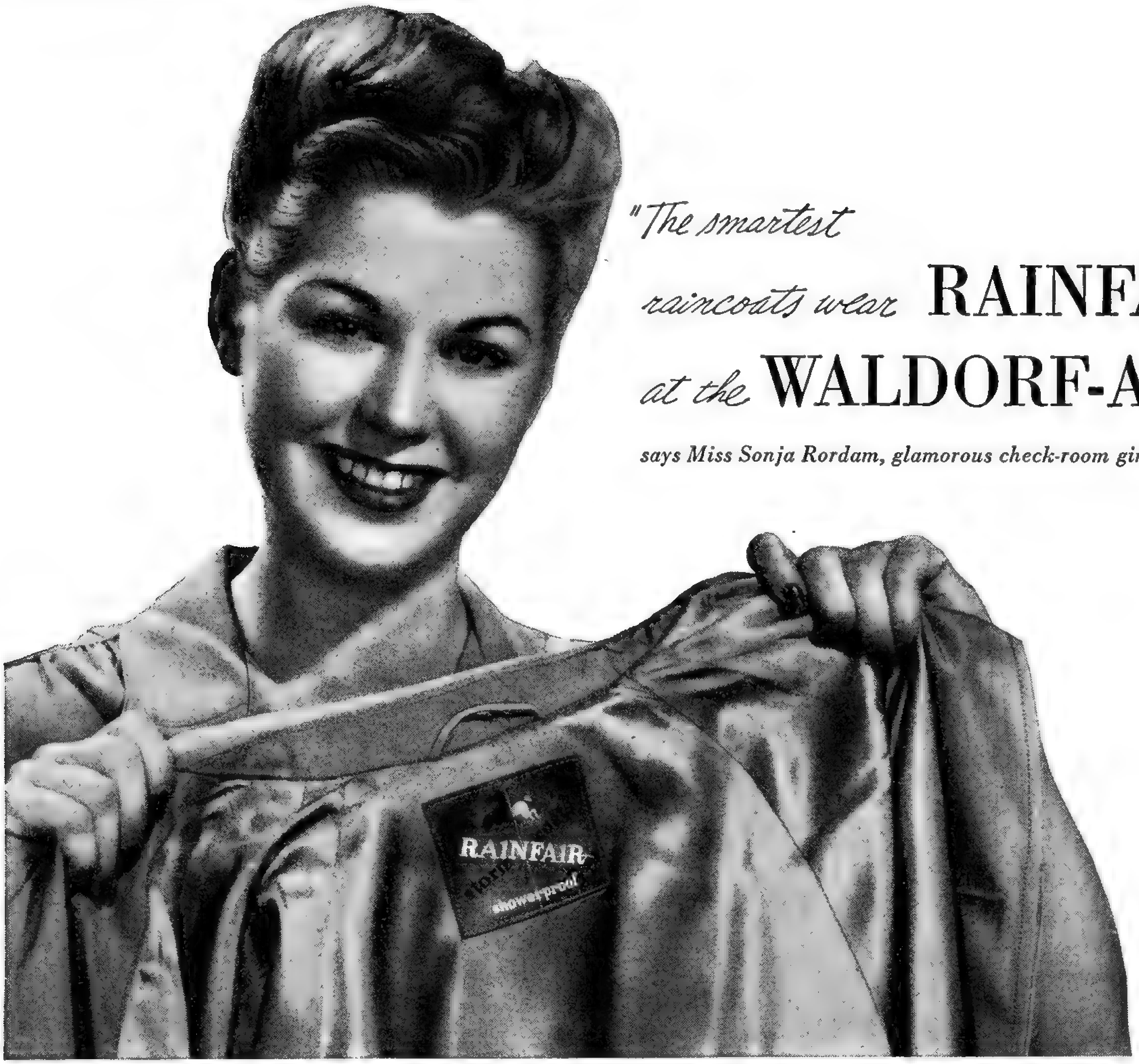


"The smartest raincoats wear RAINFAIR labels... at the WALDORF-ASTORIA"

says Miss Sonja Rordam, glamorous check-room girl at New York's famous hotel

Check coats... and you'll find a Rainfair the mark of a well-dressed man. Check a Rainfair... notice its excellent lines, its masterful tailoring, important details, superb fabrics... soft, supple, showerproofed to take wet weather. Try on a Rainfair... you'll be pleased to see that it looks, feels, fits like the finest topcoat. Wear a Rainfair... wherever good clothes go... and look your best, rain or shine. Available at better stores everywhere.

How to make your raincoat last... Our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions... and illustrates the latest Rainfair styles. Write for it... today!

Watch for Rainfair's V-Seald and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear*

RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin

Also manufacturers of Rainfair Vulcanized Work-Wear, Coated Fabrics for Industry, and Smartair* Sportswear.*

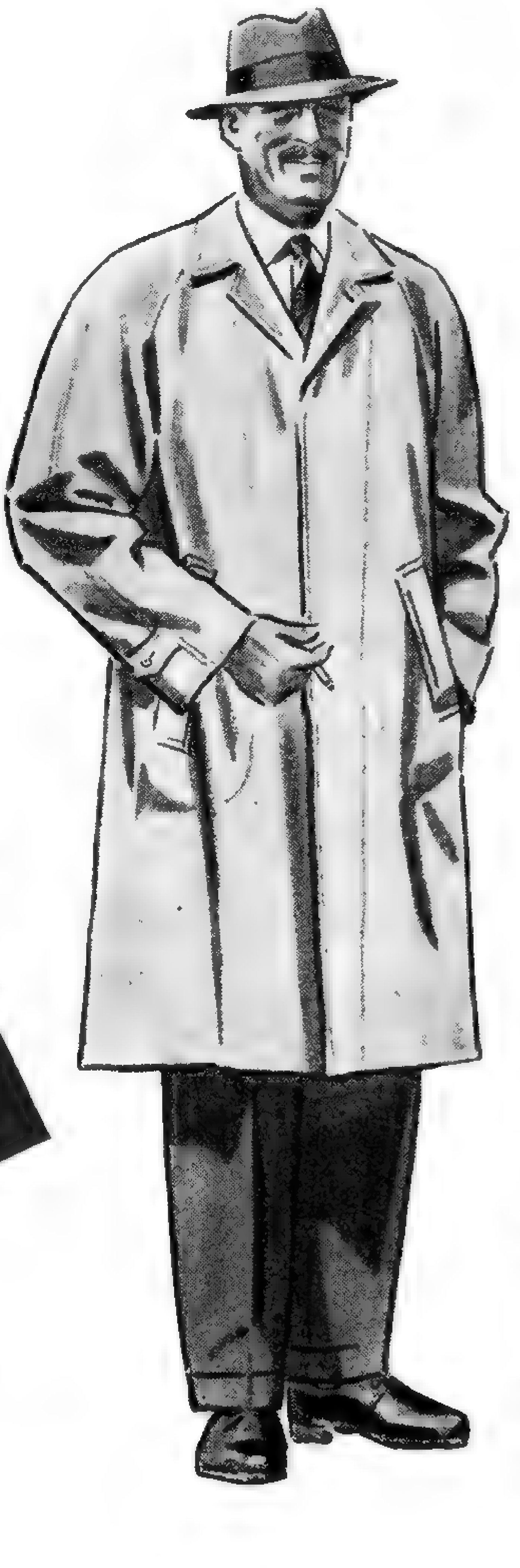
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

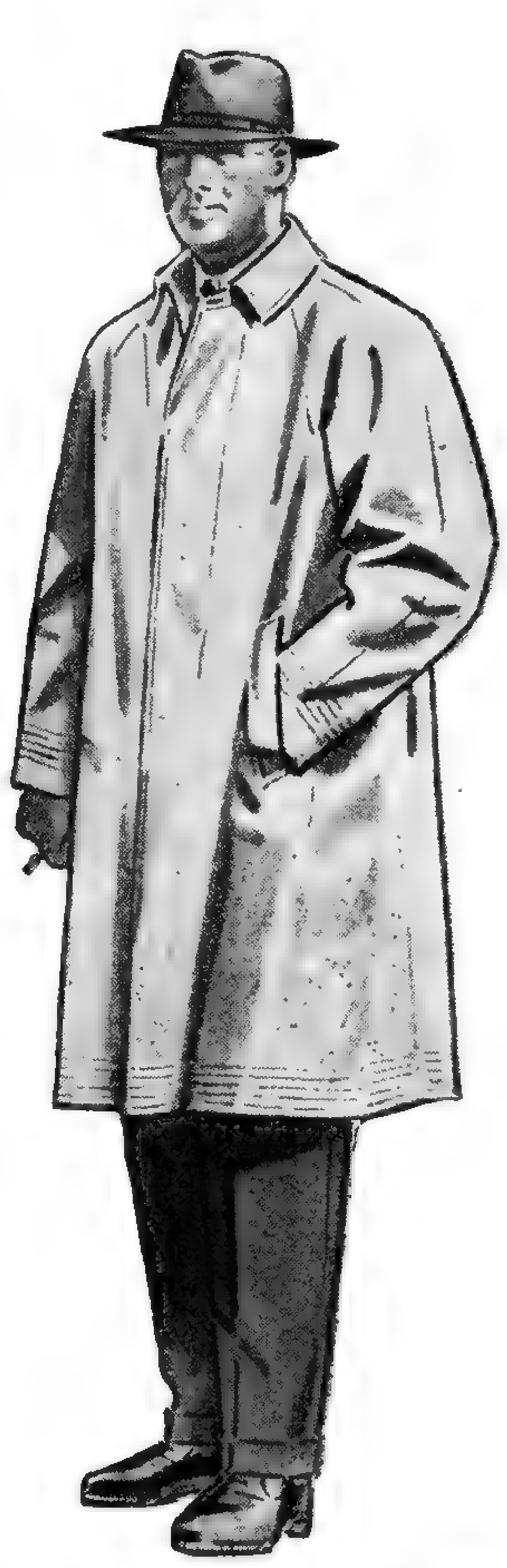
Buy war bonds first

RAINFAIR storm coats showerproof

smart as a topcoat...

and ready for rain!





above **Ziprain*... $13.75** Casual English style with the easy fit and fine details that come only from expert tailoring. Slash pockets, fly front with Talon fastener. Made of top-quality showerproofed gabardine, in bleached bone or light olive.

left **Grafton... $11.50** Outstanding Balmacaan-type coat in fine gabardine... showerproofed for rainy-day protection. Beautifully tailored shoulders, seams, fly front. Three smart colors: fawn, light olive, taupe.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Hamilton Cochran

"Down among the sun-tanned Virgin Isles," says HAMILTON COCHRAN, author of *Brass at Fort Christian*, "legend and history are so interwoven that no one even bothers with unraveling. But little red Fort Christian still stands on the marge of St. Thomas border, with its ancient muzzle-loaders pointing seaward. And the cockroaches are still there, too." Hamilton Cochran first sighted the Virgins from the bridge of a Coast Guard cutter, homeward bound from Gibraltar after World War I. Later he returned as a member of the staff of the first civilian governor, explored forgotten isles and cays, hunted buried treasure and wrote *These Are the Virgin Islands*. A graduate of Michigan University and long a practitioner of advertising and public relations, Cochran satisfies his perennial seafaring urge by writing historical novels; his latest: *Windward Passage* and *Captain Ebony*. He says he has earmarked a buried treasure near Hispaniola for recovery the moment present shooting stops.

•

MACKINLAY KANTOR recently spent several months in England as a war correspondent. He is married, with two children, and usually divides his time pleasantly between New York and Sarasota, Florida. It was in the latter place that he got his background material for *The Widow Kelvey's Curse*. His stories have been published widely and over a period of many years. Among his better known novels are: *Long Remember, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Gentle Annie, Happy Land, Arouse and Beware* and *The Romance of Rosy Ridge*.

MacKinlay Kantor

•

COLONEL PAUL W. THOMPSON attended the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, where he was editor of *The Pointer*, and wrote a great deal of verse (one volume was published), a fact he is now willing to forget. As a young officer in the Corps of Engineers he followed the usual pattern for six years; troop duty, a graduate course in engineering (University of Iowa and Tulane), duty at Vicksburg, at the U. S. Waterways Experiment Station and the District Engineer's Office at Omaha. He won a scholarship offered by the American Society of Civil Engineers for study of hydraulic engineering in Europe. On completion of his study, mostly in Germany, he was assigned to serve a year with the German army. During this time he married a blonde, blue-eyed Austrian girl, now an American citizen. He has contributed many articles to *The Infantry Journal*, some of which were published in a book called *Modern Battle*. In 1943 he went to England where his knowledge of engineering, the German army and Europe was used in invasion preparations.

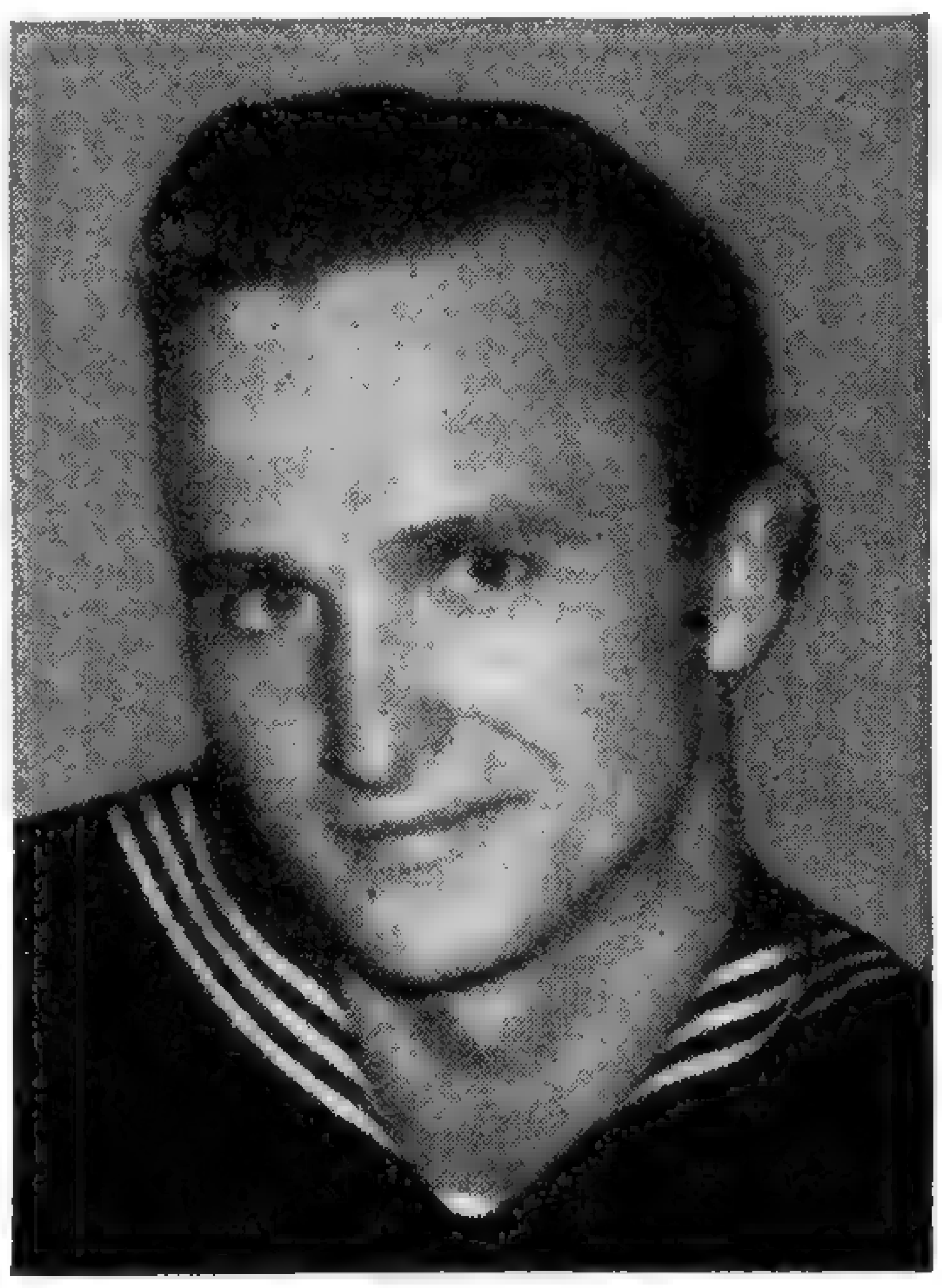
Colonel Paul W. Thompson

•

SIGMUND SAMETH, who made some facetious remarks about the bathtub situation in Berks County, Pennsylvania, in these columns last March, reports that one wrathful letter from a reader in Kutztown, Pa., has left a permanent scorch on his tablecloth. His apology, if you can call it that, follows: "Authors are constantly solicited by editors for material which they are expected to prepare gratis even though it means interrupting the bread-and-butter work of a busy day. After achieving publication for a number of years as I have, the task of writing out biographies for editors (once sheer flattery) becomes a tiresome chore. So I wrote the silliest thing I could think of and accompanied it by a photograph equally nonsensical. If you will look at the clipping again you will see that the supposed portrait photograph is not a portrait of me at all but a photo of an old *broom!* Surely an author ought to be permitted to take some fond liberties with the state of Berks County plumbing if, in the same breath, he takes such a sideswipe at his own physiognomy. But to those Kutztonians who do not recognize a joke unless it is labelled J-O-K-E, I extend heartfelt apologies for a regrettable slip of the pen which, as far as they are concerned, must be in terribly bad taste."

•

VINCENT RIMSITE, our twenty-one-year-old Discovery of the Month, says he wrote *The Brothers of the Paddock* while under the effects of losing a month's pay at Miami's Hialeah. He is Lithuanian by descent and boasts that his family is the kind you meet only in books. Collingswood, New Jersey, is his peacetime home, but he has been on the high seas with the Coast Guard for many months. His only hobby, he says, is the war. His happiest days were spent at the Marianapolis Prep School in Connecticut.

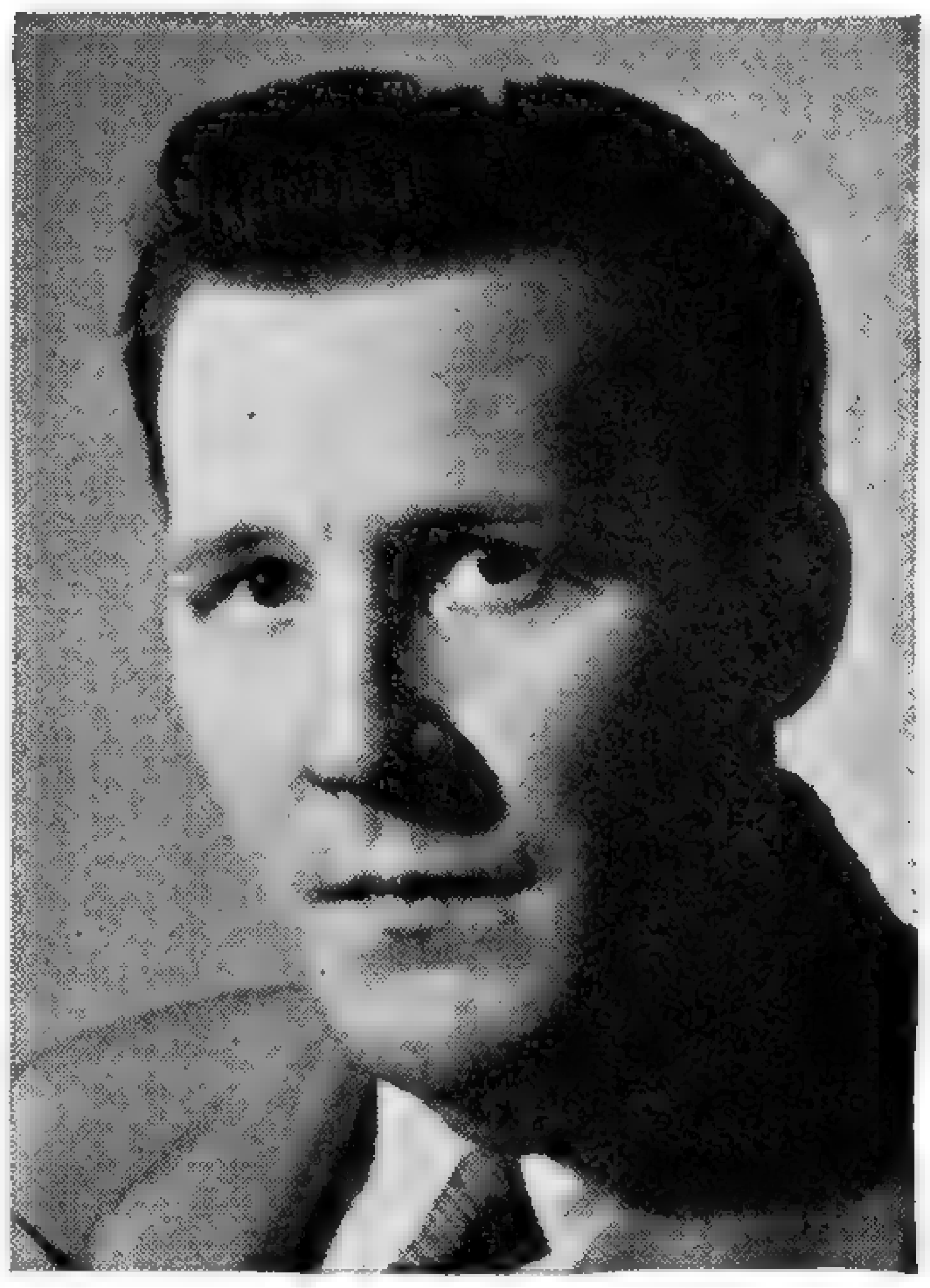

Vincent Rimsite

•

FRANK X. TOLBERT (the author of *Remember the Emperor's Cup*, which you will find on page 63) is a Marine who has thus far contributed to *Collier's* and *The Leatherneck*, in addition to Esquire. G. P. Putnam is planning to assemble his Marine stories into a book.

•

BRUCE NELSON (who wrote *The Diary of a Dead Jap* on page 44) is presently engaged in writing a book on the Upper Missouri Valley, sponsored by a foundation from the University of Minnesota. He is a native North Dakotan, born thirty years ago in a place called Flaxton (population 500) and recalls that, "It was on the illustrious Flaxton *Times* I began my acquaintanceship with literature as a printer's devil. Since then I have attended the University of North Dakota, spent several years as a professional musician all over the Middle West, been a newspaper reporter and editor and lately a free-lance writer." His articles and stories have appeared in many magazines, both slick and pulp.


Bruce Nelson

•

J. RAY HUNT is Sunday editor of the Chicago *Times*. He has written several plays and short stories and is currently at work on a book of sports anecdotes. He was a swing man, reporter and copyreader for the South Bend *News-Times* during his four years at the University of Notre Dame. He then became Michigan's youngest news editor on the Lansing *Capital News*, switched in turn to the Jackson *Tribune*, *The Detroit Daily* and the Detroit *Mirror* and did a return engagement at the South Bend *News-Times* as sports editor, before finally bedding down at the Chicago *Times*. #

J. Ray Hunt

TEMPERATURE
HUMIDITY
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
How to Muzzle a Dog Day

THE GLASS reads *"Hot and Sultry!"* Ah—but *not* the highball glass. That says *"Cool and Comfortable"*—for inside are clinking ice cubes, splashing around in a tongue-teasing whiskey collins—made with that savory whiskey Seagram's 7 Crown.

A superb blend of Seagram's rarest reserves and pedigreed, *grain* neutral spirits, Seagram's 7 Crown is a thoroughbred whiskey—gentle, serene, and please note this: *every drop is pre-war quality!*

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
Most Pleasing
TODAY, TOMORROW AND ALWAYS

Say **Seagram's** ***AND BE SURE OF PRE-WAR QUALITY***

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

For your leisure hours...

KODACHROME BY PAUL PARRY, HOLLYWOOD

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They also serve...who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

Tomorrow's Ten Top Jobs

Listing good occupational bets for homing servicemen who do not elect to return to pre-Pearl Harbor desks

by SIGMUND SAMETH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Back in 1910 the automotive industry was concerned chiefly with making a product that would operate. The next few years saw manufacture, distribution and marketing all avalanche. Practically every youngster who hooked up with the horseless carriage during the lean, experimental period holds a secure and well-heeled job now. Ford, Chrysler, Knudsen, Kettering and the Fisher brothers are only a few of the top Detroit executives who came up from the ranks.

Radio was another major industry which grew overnight. KDKA's pioneer broadcasts began in 1920. The boom in home receiving sets came the next year, followed by a pyramiding in the number of transmitting stations. The comparative few who got into radio at the start are still there —at the top.

So are the farsighted young men who hitched their wagons to commercial flying in the middle twenties and developed with it in the decade that followed. So are the men behind scenes in Hollywood in '28 when major film studios were feverishly starting production of the newfangled "talkies." In every field a handful of pioneers rode the crest of the wave to big financial success.

On the day World War II ends, which infant industries will offer g-r-o-w-i-n-g careers? What's the best bet for the ex-serviceman who decides not to go back to his pre-Pearl Harbor job?

Up front in the brave new world of 194x will be the LIGHT METALS. They combine featherweight with strength. Moreover, supplies are practically inexhaustible. For war needs we're extracting magnesium from a source which will never run out—plain sea water. As for aluminum, it forms eight per cent of the earth's crust—of which no other metal has a higher share.

Doors, stepladders, chairs, ironing boards, benches, sewing tables . . . these are a few items already designed for light-metal fabrication as soon as war restrictions are eased. Transportation industries will absorb a vast tonnage. Anything that flies, runs, moves or is otherwise mobile or motive will be a potential market for some of these attractive raw materials.

Our post-war aluminum supply will exceed ten times the 1939 figure. Magnesium will be one hundred times the 1937 output. Markets will broaden and fabrication costs drop further as improved alloys gradually develop to fit users' requirements. Despite wartime tax schedules and wages, aluminum ingots now cost twenty-five per cent less than in 1940. Aluminum's flyweight sister, magnesium, measured by cubic feet, is cheaper at twenty-two cents a pound than aluminum at fifteen cents. Both are slated to become major metals! They offer bright career prospects.

Extraordinary prosperity will also be enjoyed by REFRIGERATION and its offshoot, AIR CONDITIONING, for the war has indicated new uses for these powerful versatile tools. In aircraft plants for example, where tolerances for engine parts must be as close as 3/100,000 of an inch, air conditioning has proven itself a *must*. Temperature changes cause tolerances to vary as much as 300 per cent. For faster production, fewer rejects, and less loss of valuable time, most factories in the future will be air-conditioned. On the domestic side, air conditioning is still getting started. There is room in the industry for men who can perfect and market efficient low-cost home-conditioning units.

Household refrigerators utilizing new design refinements are also bound to boom after the war. By that time half the refrigerators in use will be ten years old or more. They will be as obsolete as a 1929 radio. Moreover, post-war home construction may easily surpass a million homes a year —with every house a location for a new refrigerator. Add to this the expected boom in farm freezers and combination cold-storage and refrigeration boxes for suburban dwellers and you will see a rosy vista ahead. Moreover, quick-freeze locker plants which serve a million families await only the lifting of priority restrictions to triple or quadruple their equipment to meet consumer demand. Frozen foods are revolutionizing American eating habits. Already eighty-five types of perishables can be quick-frozen. By the time you read this article the list may top a hundred—a gigantic job for the men who will find their lifework in refrigeration.

GLASS is another field which will make steady gains. It has taken its cue from war scarcities and invaded fields ruled by metals, plastics, rubber—yes, even fibers and fabrics. Now we have glass as tough as mild steel, which it actually outlasts in coal chutes. We have glass which cuts out heat rays . . . permanently antiseptic glass . . . glass that can be *soldered* by a plumber . . . glass that floats . . . glass spun into fibers or rolled out in paper-thin flexible sheets . . . glass so heat-resistant that entire stoves can be formed of it.

Some of the newest made-of-glass items are frankly pinch-hitting for unobtainable products. War's end will see the last of them. Glass-making improvements, however, are here to stay. Glass is completely and fortunately nonstrategic. It is made of materials plentifully present all over the U.S.A. It has high salvage value, as witness the factories which remelt old bottles by the million and broken windowpanes by the ton. Moreover, glass is finding new *structural* uses daily. It will not rot, oxidize or disintegrate. It can be colored any hue. It will not absorb odors or moisture.

Now that laboratories have shown us the way it will be possible to exploit, in volume production, properties of this basic material never previously appreciated.

High on the list of tomorrow's careers will be FOREIGN TRADE, for peace will bring a great surge in the international exchange of goods because so much material will be needed for reconstruction of devastated areas. When nations of such diverse customs and political thinking as China, Russia, the British Empire and the United States can unite as allies, it ought to be equally practical for them to arrive at mutually satisfactory economic conventions to avoid monetary devaluations, quotas and excessive tariffs. A tremendous post-war boom in foreign trade, based on lend-lease procedures, has been predicted by many conservative financial experts.

How to get into foreign trade? By learning fundamentals and climbing the ladder the same as in purely domestic commerce. In addition to executive ability and knowledge of sales technique, a good export manager must deal with distribution, finance, law, credit, transportation, economics —all from the international standpoint. Unless you are adaptable don't aim at a foreign trade career. If you enjoy travel, mixing with

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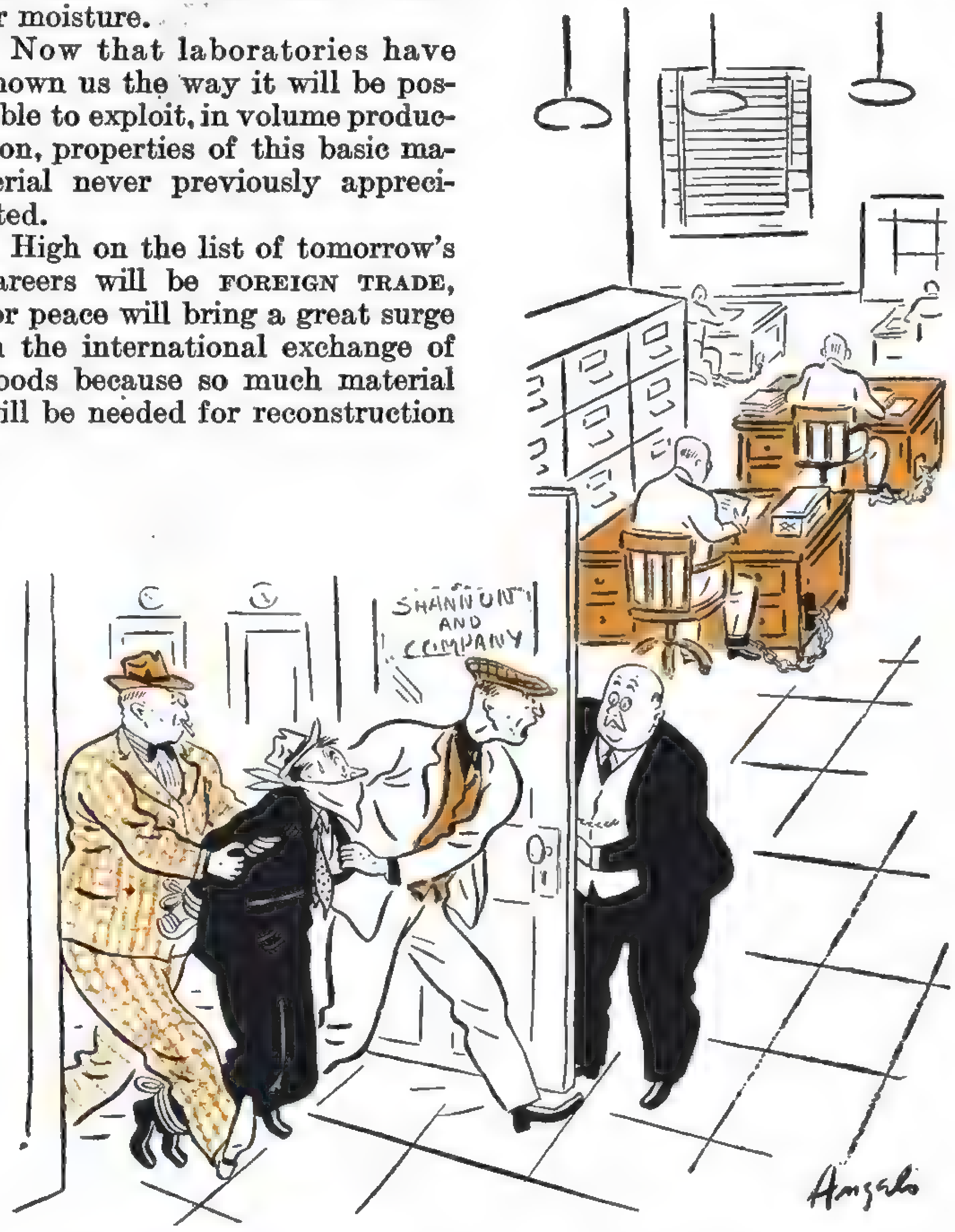

"The man shortage is getting worse, boss, but we got you another bookkeeper"

The Widow Kelvey's Curse

None of the Florida crackers knew what fire she lighted or what cruel flowers went into her brew of hate

by MacKINLAY KANTOR

• FICTION •

Not everybody today in the Florida community where this story began—and where it seems to have ended—knows about the curse pronounced on Watson Beggs and his family. A curse was indeed invoked, according to the best tradition of elderly peat fires and witch caves. It seems outlandish to those few of us who know the whole story that anything so superstitiously extreme could ever have happened in America.

It suggests a legend emanating from the mountains of Transylvania or the harsh coasts of Cornwall. But this story of a curse—unlike Transylvania and Cornish tales—has a happy ending.

Watson Beggs wasn't his real name. I can't tell you any of the real names. You see, there are people living today who are descendants of the original actors involved in this drama.

A primitive portrait of old Watson Beggs hangs on a certain living room wall . . . he was a dark-eyed, small-chinned man whose high forehead gives a false impression of serenity. In the days immediately following the Civil War (in which he served as a minor Naval officer) Beggs started a coastwise steamboat company which later operated at a handsome profit.

He had several sons and daughters, but his favorite child was named Sam; and on Sam the austere parent lavished every selfish affection. He groomed Sam for the legal profession and planned to see him in the Florida legislature before the boy was twenty-five.

But Sam was easygoing and indolent by nature. He laughed privately at his father's ambitions for him and infinitely preferred a fishing rod to a copy of Blackstone. In his excursions up the brackish creeks he used to stop for meals at a shack inhabited by the Widow Kelvey and her seventeen-year-old daughter.

Sam began to take pretty Margaret Kelvey along with him on his boat; he delighted in teaching her how to handle a wild-flopping snook on light tackle. Soon he announced to his dismayed father that Peggy Kelvey was the girl for him. She was so jolly, so gay, such a natural-born fisherwoman . . . you should taste the stone crabs she could bake. . . .

Old Watson Beggs was familiar with the Widow Kelvey's reputation. She was reckoned to be something of a witch. Crackerfolk regarded her with awe and a certain terror, though they made a beeline for her house in time of sickness or accident. She had bundles of miraculous herbs and was a mastermind when it came to signs and portents. She had cured people of rattlesnake bites and sting ray woundings more times than you could count.

But however skillful her peculiar therapies, Watson Beggs was determined that his son should not sacrifice the brilliant career which he himself had planned for the young man. If he married Peggy Kelvey, Sam would assuredly "get sand in his shoes" and never even smell the law courts, let alone the legislature. Something would have to be done; Watson Beggs set about doing it.

First he sent Sam on an expedition to Cuba, partly on business and partly to serve as fishing mentor to one of Beggs' associates. Sam was delighted at the prospect of such a trip. He poured out his enthusiasm to Peggy Kelvey—sailfish in the Gulf Stream! —just imagine . . .

Shortly following Sam's departure, a big blond man named Anderson turned up in the community. He deported himself like the rich Yankees who were even then beginning to drift southward for fishing in those warm waters, but most definitely he was not a Yankee. Anderson seemed to have plenty of money; he chartered a small launch and began to ply the same creeks which had been Sam Beggs' favorites. Literally and figuratively he began to poach consistently on Sam's preserves.

For one thing, he escorted the bright-eyed Peggy to church, which Sam would never do. The Widow Kelvey liked a little nip now and then and Anderson saw to it that she had a plentiful supply of choice whiskey. Long before Sam Beggs came back from Havana, Anderson had managed seduction as adroitly as any Casanova of dark legend.

It is told that when the widow learned from her tearful daughter that she was pregnant, she went to the rickety dock, shotgun in hand, to await Anderson's coming. While the big man was still maneuvering his launch up to the wharf, he saw the shotgun and turned back. Mrs. Kelvey fired at him twice, but Anderson slipped away unharmed.

That night he made the rounds of local resorts and in one of them he got into a fight with some strangers. He had beaten up two men severely when someone slipped a knife into him. . . . He lay, weakening and in agony, through most of the next day. In the evening people brought the Widow Kelvey to Anderson's bedside.

I should like to have witnessed that spectacle: the dying man gasping on his bed and the red-eyed woman whose daughter he had wronged, being fetched to offer whatever healing skill she possessed.

For once her mysterious herbs and syrups were ineffectual. Anderson died. But before he died, he made a full confession to Mrs. Kelvey. He was not a rich vacationist. He was merely the skipper of one of Watson Beggs' boats, over at Tampa, and Beggs himself had instigated the seduction as a sure cure for son Sam's lovesickness.

"Beggs paid me a thousand dollars to get Peggy into trouble," whispered Anderson. "I guess I'm dying . . . I wanted you to know."

The widow may have thought of performing a summary vengeance on the author of the crime; but if she did, she knew what the inevitable result would be . . . after all, Peggy needed her just now.

She went back to her shack among the palmettos and told her unhappy daughter to begin packing up a few possessions. They were going back to Georgia —the Georgia hills from which the Kelveys had come when the husband and father was still alive. The widow had one possession which could be turned promptly into ready cash: a large flock of geese. She sold these great white geese and within twenty-four hours she and Peggy were gone north—not in one of the Beggs boats, but a boat of a rival line. I have heard that they walked all the way up into Georgia from the northern Gulf port where they landed: a weary nomadry for two women, trudging day after day through the charred pine woods. Florida never saw them again.

Before she left, Katherine Kelvey pronounced her curse on the Beggs family. Root and branch, in the most horrific manner of the ancient crones, she appealed to Forces of Darkness to torment the Beggses, to harry them, murder them, blot them out.... Sometimes I wonder just how she managed it; what fire she lighted, what cruel little flowers she mixed into the broth of her hate, what words she snarled.

People whispered the tidings through the neighborhood. Watson Beggs only chuckled when news of The Curse was brought to him; he discounted all rumors; he said that Anderson must have been crazy or delirious to tell such a story about him. "I've got more important business in life than paying for the ruination of silly young girls...."

About a week later, a message was brought to Watson Beggs. Young Sam had been drowned twenty-five miles off Key West. His fishing party was tussling with a giant ray, harpooned out in the Cuban Straits, and the line was tangled around Sam's leg; he was dragged overboard to his death.

Watson Beggs looked gray and grim afterward; but soon his grimness changed to the pallor of approaching death. The next spring he went north to consult specialists. They gave him no hope; he was dying of a painful and malignant disease, the doctors said; and so he did die, in 1889.

I, for one, can't say where superstition and coincidence end and awful enchantment begins. I won't tax the credulity of the reader by insisting that the wild-spirited widow *did* manage an effective curse on the Beggses' fortunes. But here's what happened; this is part of the unhappy record.

I repeat, the names are fictitious.

1. Sam Beggs, son. Drowned off Key West, 1886.
2. Watson Beggs. Died of cancer, 1889.
3. Mrs. Agnes Cunnivan, daughter. Paralyzed following a runaway, 1892; died, 1895.
4. Mrs. Watson Beggs. Arthritic invalid, 1894; died, 1902.
5. Poulter Beggs, son. Fatally burned in fire in his home, 1899.
6. Victoria Beggs, granddaughter. Ditto, 1899.
7. Herman Beggs, infant grandson. Ditto, 1899.
8. Mrs. Ellen Gornett, daughter. Arm amputated following infection from cut, about 1902.
9. Georgia Cunnivan, granddaughter. Mutilated in railway wreck, 1907.
10. Two Beggs grandchildren, still-born, early 1900's.
11. Mrs. Poulter Beggs, daughter-in-law. Became tubercular, 1906; went to Colorado, died, 1911.
12. Lloyd R. Beggs, grandson. Killed while bicycling, 1908.
13. Hunt Darrow, grandson. Drowned, 1908.
14. Florence Millbush, infant great-granddaughter. Hopelessly crippled, infantile paralysis, 1911; died, 1919.
15. Lee F. Gornett, grandson. Killed in action, Canadian Army, 1915.
16. Mrs. Wilma Smoak, granddaughter. Fell from stepladder, 1918; osteomyolitis victim; died after many operations, 1927.
17. Robert R. Beggs, grandson. Suicide following failure of bank in which he was an officer, 1922.
18. Alyce Lou Darrow, great-granddaughter. Bitten by dog, late 1924; died, early 1925.
19. Mrs. Carrie Beggs, wife of grandson. Back broken in motor accident, 1927. (Recovered.)
20. Kenneth Smoak, great-grandson. Fatally burned by acid in school laboratory accident, 1929.
21. Mrs. Violet Klingfelt, granddaughter. Confined in mental asylum, 1929; died, 1931.
22. Marvin M. Beggs, grandson. Accidentally shot and killed while duckhunting, 1932.

During the 1930's, a party of tourists visiting in that Florida community (it was now a popular vacation area) went out tarpon fishing in a cabin cruiser piloted by a slim, dark-haired chap named Millbush. He had just graduated from a Florida college.

One of the tourists was a pretty girl whom we shall call Caroline Stafford. She and young Millbush got along more than tolerably well on the fishing trip and on later excursions; he squired her around for a couple of weeks and soon they were deeply in love.

But as their romance progressed,

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Golf Keeps Me Guessing

Because the perfect game of golf will never be played, this ex-tennis star finds the fairway a constant challenge

by ELLSWORTH VINES

SPORTS

BEFORE I switched from professional tennis to professional golf, Jack Harris came to me with a proposal to join Don Budge, Alice Marble and Mary Hardwick on a four-month schedule of tennis matches. Jack said, "You'll probably make 15,000 dollars as your end."

I turned down that offer. So Jack came back with another proposition. "I'll make you a guarantee of 12,000 dollars on a salary basis," he countered, "and I'll pay expenses."

"Still no, I'm sorry," I told Jack. "This winter I've got a lot of studying I want to do." That was the Winter of 1940-41 when I played on the professional golfers' tournament circuit. Figuring what I passed up on the tennis tour and what my expenses were on the golf circuit, it cost me around 3,000 dollars a month for golf lessons. I think that may be top price for golf instruction. Although the lessons were mainly what I picked up myself by closely watching golf's star pros and listening to them I still think it was a good business deal for me.

When I took up tennis I was about twelve. When I won the U. S. singles championship, the national clay court title and, with Keith Gledhill, the clay court national doubles championship in 1931, I was nineteen. I couldn't possibly estimate the number of hours I'd spent in those seven years smacking a tennis ball, but it was many thousands.

Right near our house was a garage. I drew a whit line, net-high, across the wall of that garage. Hour after hour, day after day, I batted balls against that wall. I was a tall, wiry kid and I couldn't be tired out. Luckily for me, just about the time I thought I was about good enough in my class for a kid and might have let down on my practice, the famed tennis coach, Mercer Beasley, came along and fired up my ambition again by saying that someday I might be a champion.

Beasley's genius in seeing what I needed in the development of my technique, in showing me how to work on my game effectively and in sparking me with championship aspirations made my practice hours playtime with a purpose.

It has seemed to me after taking up golf that the caddies and other youngsters who are ambitious to become fine golfers regard practice altogether as work. And most older golfers think of practice as drudgery instead of as another of the game's entertaining possibilities. As a golf pro I'm trying to get the idea into my golf pupils that practice can be very pleasant exercise.

In tennis practice such as I provided for myself in boyhood, the factor of imagination kept interest hot. Each rebound from that garage wall I could pretend was a shot made at me by some great player. Those sessions of make-believe built up a good physique and co-ordination.

I think that a remark that I happened to overhear from an adjoining locker aisle shortly after I'd won the 1931 U. S. singles title helped to effect a drastic change in my attitude toward tennis. Some fellow on the other side of my locker loudly declared:

"That was a great win for that Vines kid, beating a smart veteran like George Lott. The kid's a natural-born player with a lot of promise but he's as wild as a hurricane and needs practice plenty."

If that man had ever known how I'd practiced, or how I was no more a "natural-born" tennis player than thousands of other youngsters in my part of the country! But that comment, as far from the mark as it was in some respects, did impress on me that the tough work might just be starting. I recalled how I had worked harder on my game after Frank Shields beat me in the finals of the 1929 national junior. After that defeat I knew I had to continue practicing in the same persistent way but more studiously. I had learned my weaknesses. In 1930 I won many tournaments in the normal progress of a fellow who keeps playing and learning.

In the 1931 semifinals Cliff Sutter was within two points of winning the match. He waited for me to knock myself out. And I didn't. In the finals George Lott at some time had led me in every set that I eventually won.

I knew the trouble with my performances. Those long hours of practice had given me high confidence. My game mechanically had become almost a matter of instinct. I hit the ball hard and made or lost points quickly. But many a time I had come close to being beaten by almost unknown players. It got clearer to me every game that there was somebody in the game besides Vines and that the opposing somebody often was perfectly willing to let Vines beat Vines. It certainly was a procedure that called for a minimum of effort by the other fellow. He thought I'd work myself to death bounding around and making errors. I did make the errors now and then, but when I was going at full speed, I didn't get tired. It was when I began to try to play cautiously that I felt weariness.

When you get tired in the mind you are tired all over; when you are tired in the legs you are just tired in the legs. That's the main difference between the apparently leisurely pastime of golf and the obviously strenuous performances in tennis.

In some ways the characters of the games are the same. To play tennis or golf very well you must have great concentration of mind, muscle and nerve and the capacity to free yourself from tension between shots.

Where the difference between the games comes in is in the competitive situations. In tennis you can control the play of your opponent to a great extent. In golf you can control only your own game. Whatever you do seldom affects the game of your opponent if he has competitive temperament of a kind qualifying him to be in a first-class contest. In medal play your most dangerous opponent may be a mile away from you. You're playing a ghost. It's what you do, not what the ghost does, that determines your score.

Notwithstanding what is said about the pressure of match play by some experienced golfers who have competed only in golf, my analysis of their own judgments and performances leads me, logically, I believe, to the conclusion that the personalized competitive factor in match play makes it the easier form of golf competition.

The other fellow may put a long approach shot close to the pin. Subconsciously the player with a reasonably good competitive temperament is bound to figure that he can beat anything his opponent does.

So, instead of getting himself tight and awkward trying to think about the mechanics of his own shot, the experienced competitor smacks the ball freely with the sole idea of beating the other

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ZOO
Fred BEAVEN

"There goes Maurice into his mistaken-identity routine!"

linen. His toilet occupies no considerable portion of his time but when he is not on active service he frequently washes himself in the course of the day. He confines his dress to a uniform and a kind of close-fitting jacket called a *kurtka*. . . . He never indulges in the use of gloves unless a winter march compels. . . . .

"He is a rare example of temperance and observes the fasts of the Greek church with undeviating fervor. . . . He is a man of incorruptible probity, immovable in his purpose and inviolable in his promises. . . . he is continually striving to moderate a violence of temper he has not been able to extinguish.

"His principal occupation and at the same time his hobby is war and its duties. . . . The small leisure he enjoys he devotes to reading those authors of every nation who investigate, illustrate or improve military science.

"He knows little of the amusements or pastimes that luxury has invented . . . he eats no supper . . . he dislikes public entertainments . . . as a soldier he contents himself with whatever he finds, requires nothing but absolute necessities which may be transported easily . . . he has neither villa nor plate nor equipage nor liveried servants nor pictures nor rare collections . . . he has not made use of a looking glass for twenty years nor during that time encumbered his person with a watch or money . . ."

Those words were written in 1790. They portray Suvórov, rising 60, after the parade of his victories over the Turks. He could have rested on his fame and still have been acclaimed the all-time Russian Soldier Number One. More than anyone else he was the instrument by which the Russian frontiers were pushed out to include the Ukraine, the Black Sea, the Caucasus and the Crimea. But he still preserved the energy of youth and he was not to rest. Storm clouds were rising again in Poland.

The storm burst in 1794. Thaddeus Kosciusko, great patriot, good soldier, friend and lieutenant of Washington, defeated Russian forces of occupation in several pitched battles. Then Suvórov was sent in. In one of the most remarkable tributes ever paid to a soldier, the Poles frantically circulated the word that it was not *the* Suvórov but a brother or uncle of the Great Captain. But it was Suvórov and he came as he always came, for all his sixty-four years, at twenty or twenty-five miles a day. First battle was joined September 11. On November 3rd Praga, the fortress controlling Warsaw, was stormed. The war was over and Suvórov was made a field marshal.

Sack of Praga was merciless. The Russian soldiers got out of hand. Suvórov's order for the assault explicitly commanded them to give quarter and spare noncombatants. He may or may not have wasted many moments in regret over the slaughter. He was caricatured as "The Butcher of Praga." But at the same time he became the World's Soldier Numer One. He was the world's wonder as a military leader.

In 1796 in the Crimea Suvórov issued to his commanders a little pamphlet entitled *Näuka Pobyezhdat, The Science of Victory.* On that pamphlet all Russian military thought has since been based. In a fundamental sense the great struggle of today is a clash between Clausewitz's *Vom Krieg* and Suvórov's *Näuka Pobyezhdat.* Every western world soldier has heard of the former; how many of the latter?

Science of Victory is written in terms a sergeant can understand. Its passages have the same wild, extemporaneous quality of Suvórov's battles—the same emphasis on physical hardihood, above all the same emphasis on the attack and particularly the attack with cold steel. He writes:

"Keep a bullet for three days, sometimes for an entire campaign. Shoot rarely and when you do—aim! With the bayonet strike hard. The bullet misses; the bayonet doesn't miss. The bullet's a fool; the bayonet's a fine lad.

"Strike once. Throw the enemy from your bayonet . . . jump back a pace, hit again, strike another, strike a third. A champion will kill half a dozen . . . I have seen one account for more.

"Never pull up during an attack.

"Follow the grape shot, the guns are yours, the men are yours. Chase, strike. Give quarter to the survivors. It's a sin to kill without need.

"The ditch isn't deep; the wall isn't high. Fling yourself into the ditch; leap over the wall. Charge with the bayonet.

"The three military arts . . . First, *knowledge,* how to live in camp, how to march, how to attack, to pursue. . . . Second, *mobility* . . . speed doesn't weary the men . . . The enemy doesn't expect us . . . suddenly we are on him . . . Third, *attack* . . . The

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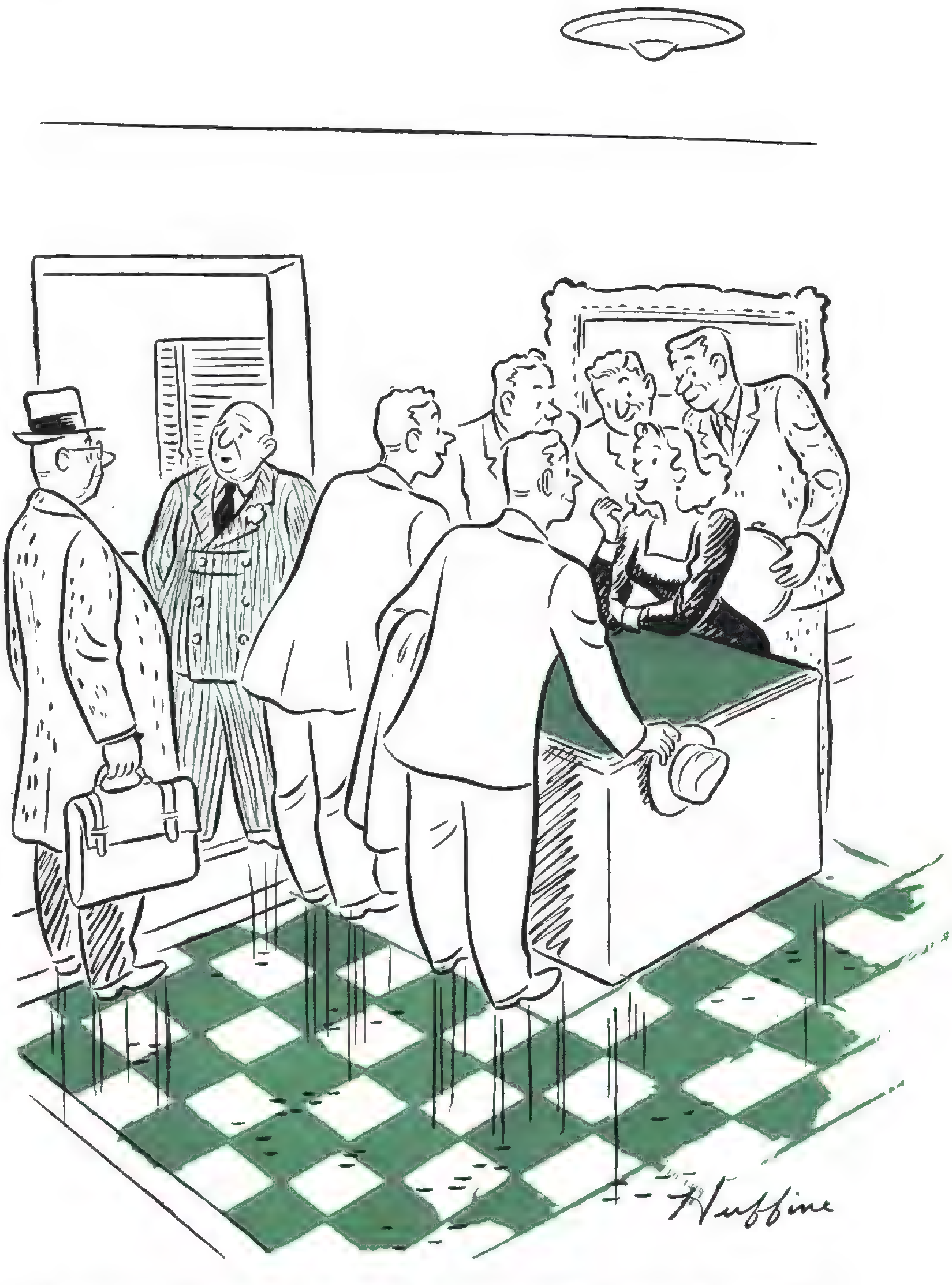

"My secretary's busy right now—is there anything I can do for you?"

The Great American Gamble

A land, pioneered and stoutly defended by men willing to take a chance, inevitably takes to its heart the game of baseball

by PAUL GALLICO

• ARTICLE •

White figures in motion on the base paths, a white ball streaking out over green turf, the rhythmic movements of baseball's attack and defense spread out across the diamond and field before the roaring thousands in the stands. . . .

Twinkling legs speeding faster, racing against time and skill and the return of the trapped ball; mounting tension in the stands, and at the plate the rock-like figure of the catcher rooted in the dirt, his mitt and outstretched arms a symbol of defense that must not fail. . . .

And then that hushed moment when all eyes and thought and spirits are focused on the narrowing duel among man and ball and time as the runner rounds third and draws closer to the climax—the race for home. . . .

Then from seventy thousand throats the impelling cry, "Slide! Slide!"

The rhythm breaks! White, twinkling figure into puff of dust. . . . The firm boulder of the catcher at which it hurls itself crumbles and dissolves into the cloud, a scramble of limbs and buttocks. Out of the whirlwind of smoky dirt the flash of a serge-blue arm and ham-red hand.

"Out!" Out at home! The stands subside with a sighing murmur. The gamble has been taken and lost. Next time perhaps it will be won. It was well worth it. Well tried for. Another great climax in the great game of baseball has passed.

The painting, *Out at Home* by Fletcher Martin, has caught this moment of climax at its height, the last essence and fruit of effort of the contending parties, when runner and fielder have contributed their utmost in nerve and effort and stamina and skill, when finally ball and man, attacker and defender, meet at the gate to victory or defeat, home plate.

In it, the dare-devil American spirit of "Take a chance"—"Slide for home," has been congealed on canvas.

For this, in essence, is one of the great lessons of baseball and its appeal to the American boy. The goal is before you. Strain every ounce of muscle and sinew to reach it. The slide for home, the gambling spirit that dictates it is a portrait of the American character, the decision to go for it if there's even the slightest chance to score, and sometimes even when there isn't. There's always the possibility that the catcher will drop the ball.

Much of the appeal of baseball is centered on the taken chance, the seized opportunity, the gamble of the unexpected that may turn the tide of defeat and win the victory. From it has come a slogan that is familiar to national usage, "The game isn't over until the last man is out."

The pitcher and catcher gamble their judgment against the skill and knowledge of the batter. Decisions made are like rolling dice, irrevocable, and their results are in the laps of the gods. That straight ball thrown down the slot may be the sneak strike to end the game and secure a hard-won battle, or it may be the first leg on which the ball is traveling to its ultimate destination outside the ball park, four runs scoring.

The fielders gamble on the tricky hops of the ball and the swiftly changing motions of the men on base. Runners, having exercised their judgment, call upon that extra ounce of luck to get them by on their dashes into base.

It is essentially young to gamble in sports, to take that extra chance, to throw the last caution to the winds and woo the gods of victory with recklessness and dash. That is why baseball appeals to the young and to the youth in all men.

From ragged sandlotters to college players, from the palpitating champions of Esquire's recent All-American Boys Baseball Game to the smooth, hard-boiled professionals, the lure of chance in baseball is fascinating.

And we know that it is good in a measure, for neither in life nor in the war in which we find ourselves does the prize go to the stick-in-the-mud, the percentage player, the fellow who does it only by the book and refuses to seize the precious moment when daring and the cozening of good fortune can win all or lose all at a single stroke.

The imprint of our national game is found upon our men in the field. From general to buck private, from under-sea sailor to sky fighter. When the chips are down, when the position or the battle is to be won, when the last effort has been made, they can still call upon that test of fortune, the slide for home.

If you will look at the percentages, you will see that it is more often made than not. The gods love daring. They *will* jog that catcher's elbow. ⧻

Harridge Plays No Favorites

Never playing baseball and seldom allowed to cheer, tactful Will Harridge progressed from steno to American League's president

by J. RAY HUNT

• SPORTS •

For a fellow who never played baseball in his life, he's doing all right by the game—and the game's doing all right by him.

When he came into baseball, the American League office in Chicago was a two-man affair—President Ban Johnson and himself, and for all that had to be done between the last put-out in the October World Series and the umpire's first "Batter up!" the following April, he could have turned the key in the lock and gone away for the winter.

In the three decades and three years he has been associated with the league, the organization has grown into a 50,000,000-dollar business requiring a large staff working twelve months a year.

But to begin at the beginning with Will Harridge, the stenographer who became president of the American League, we must go back to a Saturday afternoon in December, 1911.

Harridge was a clerk in the Chicago office of the Wabash railroad, working under Henry Kline, chief clerk of the passenger department. One of his duties was to arrange train schedules and accommodations for the American League clubs traveling in and out of Chicago. To Harridge in those days the Philadelphia Athletics were not the world champions, with "Stuffy" McInnis batting a neat .343 and with Eddie Plank striving for his eleventh victory of the season. They were a group of men who, with their several trunks of luggage, had to catch a train, a Wabash train, out of Chicago at 6:21 p.m. and transfer at Toledo at 11:17 p.m. to get to Detroit.

His only contact with these men was through Robert McRoy, secretary to Ban Johnson. McRoy would inform Harridge of the league's requirements for players' and umpires' transportation and the railroad clerk would arrange the details. Once in a while, when delivering tickets and timetables to the American League office, Harridge would meet "the boss"—Ban Johnson himself.

And so it came about, that December day, that Kline said to Harridge: "Will, I hate to tell you but this is your last day with the Wabash." Before the stunned clerk could ask questions, his chief explained: "We're not firing you. We're releasing you. You're going to work next week as private secretary to Ban Johnson. He's been watching you and figures you're just the man to take McRoy's place."

"I don't know anything about baseball," replied Harridge. "Never played in my life."

"Mr. Johnson isn't hiring you to play baseball," Kline said. "He is hiring you as his private secretary and we want you to take the job."

The following Monday morning Harridge took over the desk that McRoy was vacating to become vice president of the Boston Red Sox.

Harridge was at Ban Johnson's side during those stormy days of 1913 when the Federal League threatened to cleave major league baseball. He watched as Johnson waged a successful war against the "rebel" organization and, as the balance of power of the baseball arbitration commission to settle disputes, brought the game out of its first crucial test as a permanent and established business.

The young private secretary found his employer a tough taskmaster, one who worked hard himself and expected everyone around him to do likewise. It was "Will, do this" or "Will, do that." It was Will who was ordered to run to the bank on an errand, to a near-by restaurant for a glass of milk and a sandwich, to take a letter, to make out a double-header schedule for the play-off of postponed games or to entertain a Johnson friend. Will did as he was told, as private secretary and as handy man, and through the years maintained the pace and earned the growing appreciation of Johnson. Gradually, season after season, new league details were delegated to him.

For years, although he was in the ball park each fall, Harridge never saw a World Series game, except for an inning now and another inning later in the afternoon. He was always assigned by Johnson to check the receipts for each day's game and that left little time for watching play on the field.

There are times to try men's souls even in baseball and the season of 1920 was one of them. Ray Chapman, the Cleveland shortstop, had been killed by a pitched ball. But baseball's darkest hour came with the revelation of the "fixed" Cincinnati-Chicago World Series of 1919. Baseball was rocked by the "Black Sox" scandal in which six players of the Chicago White Sox "sold out" the Series in a gambling coup. Ban Johnson acted quickly and suspended all the players involved.

But what Johnson did wasn't enough in the opinion of the club owners, fearful that the game would lose its public appeal. They chose U. S. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis as commissioner of baseball, doing away with the arbitration commission and depriving Johnson of some of his power. Johnson battled grimly for the commission form of baseball government, with the American and National League presidents and the late August (Garry) Herrmann comprising the tribunal. But he himself sounded its death knell when he refused to confer with John A. Heydler, National League president, for the purpose of selecting a successor to Herrmann, the retiring chairman. Heydler proposed Johnson as chairman but insisted the American League president approve the National League candidate for commission secretary. This Johnson refused to do. The American League owners, wearied of the unsettled conditions hovering over the game and offended by Johnson's attitude, agreed with the National League on Landis as the choice for a one-man czar of baseball.

Then came the turning point in Will Harridge's American League career. Shorn of his power, Johnson became bitter and scathing in his criticism of Landis. So much so that in 1925 the American League club owners were moved to public apology for Johnson's utterances and they voted to remove him from office if he offended again. Only Phil Ball of the St. Louis Browns declined to sign the resolution to fire Johnson.

Undoubtedly there were times during the trials and tribulations of the last years of the Johnson regime when Harridge felt like quitting his job and seeking his fortune elsewhere. But he stuck—as buffer man and diplomat—shrewdly attempting to iron out the wrinkles that Johnson's belligerency put in the American League linen. For a while it looked as if Harridge had succeeded, especially when Johnson was the first to step forward in 1925 and congratulate Judge Landis upon his re-election as baseball commissioner at 65,000 dollars a year.

But within a month Johnson

Continued on page 158

Louis Priscilla

"Better take it easy, Major, there's still a war to be won"

Elsa the Dancing Bear

That Wop could certainly play the flute and Elsa would sit with her head cocked sideways like a girl in a big fur coat

by STUART CLOETE

•FICTION•

"SO THEY sent you to me, Mister," the old man looked up at his visitor.

"Yes," Fairfield answered, "they sent me to you."

"Cold in summer now," the old man said, pulling his fur cap over his ears. "Tell you what they said," he went on. " 'Go and see old John Ricket, give him a drink and he'll talk.' "

For a moment he showed his contemptuous anger at having come down to this . . . to telling stories, instead of living them. "Talk?" he said, "yes . . . I talk; Annie, that's my great-granddaughter, says I talk too much. Nearly died last fall," he muttered, "felt like a pond drying up in a drought. Went over there," he pointed to the orchard, "but she found me. 'What'll the neighbors think?' she says.

"But men like me," he tried to straighten himself in his chair and continued, "want the stars and the wind in the trees, when they're passing out . . . not that I've got anything against Annie, she's a good girl, but too tidy; all the guts bred out of her. Not what we'd have called a woman . . . she's flat and soft. Ours were round and hard."

He finished loading his pipe and fumbled with a trembling hand among the oddments beside him.

"Don't like them things," he said as Fairfield flicked open his lighter. "Flint and steel, that's the way to make fire. Look." He blew up the tinder.

"Kind of foolish they think me now, treat me like a kid, that Annie in particular. 'You all right great-grandpa? You okay?' That's what she says. Nearly a hundred years old I am, so 'ow can I be all right? And what she know about men that's near a hundred? . . . or any men for that matter . . . ?"

"Well, I know something about men that are nearly a hundred," Fairfield said, putting his hand into his pocket.

"You know something?" The old man's eyes glistened. "Eh, don't do that. Sight like a sea eagle she's got," he said, snatching at the bottle and slipping it under the tartan rug that covered his knees.

"Say, Mister, if you got time I'll tell you a story, but it's no use trying to hurry me."

"I've got time," Fairfield answered, smiling.

"Then go in and ask her for a chair and a glass of milk for me."

As he turned toward the house, the old man stopped him with a gesture. "Don't let her put bits in it," he whispered. "Pap . . . that's what she gives me. You just get the milk and I'll fix it."

Fairfield found a girl in the kitchen. "Come for some milk?" she asked.

"Yes, please, for your great-grandfather."

"I know," she said, "and a chair, and I'm not to put bread in it . . . but don't give him too much, will you?" she added. "He gets excited."

Fairfield went back with the chair and the glass. Old John, with a quick look towards the house, poured half the milk into the flower bed and filled it up.

"Expect they said ask him about Little Elsa. Belonged to me and Red-Eye she did." The old man paused. "We was partners.

"Trapping. Yes," he went on, "Red-Eye was a hunter."

"Little Elsa?"

"I'm coming to her, she comes after Red-Eye; he brought her home. Listen, Mister, if you interrupts I'm liable to start again. Red-Eye was a hunter with a wall eye. Looked funny in an Indian. Bloodshot, too; seemed to get it worse than the other one when he'd been drinking, which was most times; or perhaps it showed up more. Anyway his grey eye was mostly red, which is 'ow he got his name. His ma was the daughter of a chief . . . just a little one, but you'd have thought it was Sitting Bull himself to hear him talk, and his pa might have been one of several. Bad blood there may have been in Charlie, but it was red, and I never had no better partner."

The old man knocked out his pipe on the wall.

"Thanks," he said, taking Fairfield's pouch. "I don't like that yella baccy much. Black's what I like, soaked in rum; but she won't have it, no, sir, says it hangs on the curtains; what I says is why have curtains?

"Told you why he was called Red-Eye, didn't I?

"Well, bears were his specialty. Came in with fifty pelts, one season. Killed 'em and loved 'em. Bears to Charlie was like rats to a dog and love to a girl, all rolled into one. He'd up quivering, like a young larch in the wind, his eyes would get soft and he'd kinda blush when you said 'bear.' He used to wear a big hat hunting . . . like the cowboys wears, and when he came up to one, he'd say, 'Hullo, bear,' as if it was a girl 'e was courting and the bear would look surprised-like at Charlie . . . bears not being used to that amount of manners. Then he'd chuck his hat at the bear, who'd stand up. When he was up on his hind legs, Charlie'd shoot him in the face with dust shot, his right barrel was loaded with that; and then when the bear puts his hands up to his eyes, same as a girl might if she was crying, only the tears was blood, he'd plug 'im in the armpit with the choke, loaded with buckshot, from close by. Safe as you please, because the bear was blind . . .

"But one day he comes back with a bear pup; about the size of those bears kids have, but black and shiny, with a little wet nose on her. Lord, she was cute. Lived on 'densed milk mostly. . . . Used to sit and hold the tins in her hand. We fixed a sort of dummy tit for her but she didn't need that long. Put her on treacle next when the milk was done and we had no milk in our coffee that summer, but we didn't care, no, sir. We'd have given her most anything. Got on with the dogs, too, played with them for hours. Little Elsa we called 'er. She used to try and climb on our knees. She loved us both, did Elsa. Thought we was both her mother and it worried her . . . used to look from Charlie to me, and from me to Charlie, and then she'd lie down in front of the fire, and we'd put our feet on her. Ticklish she was, too. Sometimes

SUNRAY ELECTRIC CO.
Angelo

"Now try 'er, Pete"

she'd roll over on her back and wave her feet in the air. Big loose claws she had that rattled.

"Must have lived like that for a year. Two men and a bear cub, big as a calf. We was happy. No women to bother us.

"Plenty of pelts and plenty of grub. I've often told Annie about that time, but she won't believe it. No, sir. Thinks women make men happy fussing round moving things. One of her delusions that is.

"Why, just to show you how happy we were Red-Eye quit drinking . . . no more reason for it; Little Elsa was that interesting. Booze's mostly boredom I guess . . . and then one day the Wop comes along."

"Like?"

"Like any Wop. Black hair, black eyes; down the trail he comes, toting his pack.

" 'Me stay alonga you?' he says.

" 'Sure,' we says, and he stays.

"That night when we finished eating he says, 'You lika de music?'

" 'Sure,' we says and he goes to his pack and pulls out a flute. In two parts it was and he screws it together. We puts more wood on the fire, and he plays. And he could play, that Wop. He played all the tunes we knew, *John Brown*, *Swanee River*, *Yankee Doodle* and lots of his own.

"Stayed a couple of weeks did the Wop. That's the way he lived, going from trapper to trapper, following the trails and playing. He used to do some of the chores and he got on fine with Little Elsa. We was proud to see the way she behaved . . . her not being used to strangers, but she loved everybody, did that bear. Nobody had ever hurt her, nor played tricks on her. Wild animals are all right, Mister, if you don't play tricks on them . . . that's what folks don't understand. Animals ain't got no sense of humor an' their feelings get hurt easy.

"That's how it went on. Everything nice and homelike and then one day, near dark it was, we comes in to find him packing up.

" 'I go tomorra,' the Wop says.

" 'Sure,' we says, 'but you can stay if you like.'

" 'You wanta sella de bear?' he says.

" 'No,' we says.

" 'I buya de bear,' he says.

" 'You buy hell,' we says.

" 'You don't wanta the money?'

" 'Sure,' we says, 'we want money, but we ain't going to sell our bear.' And he goes away with five pounds of our bacon and some flour as a present.

"About an hour after he'd gone, he comes back.

" 'No sella de bear?' he says, smiling to show his white teeth.

" 'No,' we says again, and off 'e goes, playing to himself and throwing his legs like soldiers.

"Marching into the woods . . . going south he was, and we watched him go. 'Wop's gone,' we says, and we missed him. We'd got used to our musical evenings. A rare treat they was. To sit there when we'd come in tired and listen to him; with the stove red hot, and Little Elsa sitting up on her hams, her head cocked sideways, like a girl in a big fur coat.

"Soon after that I had to go east. Going east was something in them days . . . took months. Said, 'So long, Red-Eye, so long, Elsa,' and off I goes. When I got to the settlement I found the Wop there, playing his flute. Lived easy did that Wop, living on air you might call it.

" 'You going?' he says when he sees me.

" 'Got to go east,' I says.

" 'Bear all right?' he says.

" 'She's all right,' I says.

" 'I lika de bear,' he says.

"And I wasn't home till the winter. I'd got a fine collar for Little Elsa. Got it at a big store in the city. Went in and said, 'I want a big collar.' The man showed me one. 'Bigger than that,' I said. He goes back and fetches another. 'That'll fit a mastiff,' he says. 'Still too small,' I says. 'Biggest we've got,' he says, 'but I can make you one.' 'Make it then,' I says, and gives him the dimensions. 'That's not for a dog,' he says. 'No,' I says, 'it's for a bear,' and he made it for ten dollars with silver fixings, and a dollar extra for putting her name on it, LITTLE ELSA, in great big letters. I was wearing it for a belt when I got back.

"I says, 'Hullo, Charlie, where's Elsa?'

" 'Gone,' he says.

" 'How gone?'

" 'Wop,' he says.

" 'Whatcha mean Wop?' I says. He'd been drinking again.

" 'Got her,' he says.

" 'How?' I says, boilin' over.

" 'This way,' says Red. 'When you was gone I was lonely an' the Wop comes bringing booze, an' we drank an' we played. Played vingty. Played nap. Played two-handed poker . . . and he cleaned me out. Then 'e offered me all he'd won if I'd stake Elsa an' I staked 'er an' lost; so he cashed in on Elsa.

" 'Yes, sir, that's what he done

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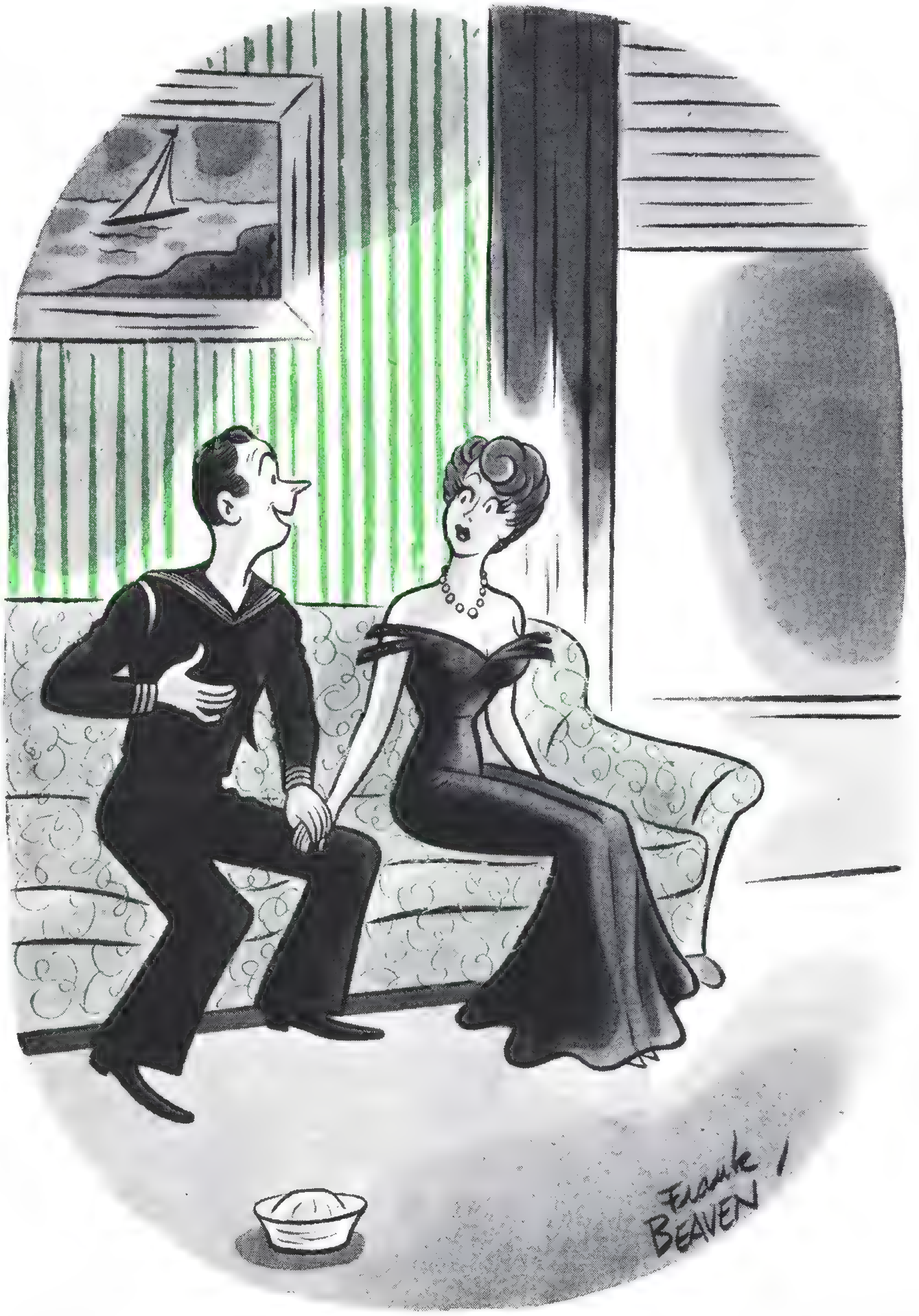

"Will you marry me after the crap game tonight?"

The Diary of a Dead Jap

Entries in the journal of a medical officer at Attu describe the horrors committed in the name of the emperor

by BRUCE NELSON

• ARTICLE •

℞

He first saw the light of the Rising Sun in the year 1910. He was a bright lad; by the time he was nineteen he was graduated from a Japanese Middle School in the prefecture of Hirahima as well as from the local English Academy. The Fall of 1929 found him in America, where he enrolled as a medical student in a California college. He was granted his California medical license in September of 1936. What happened to him for a few years after that is unknown; but on January 10, 1941, he was back in Japan—a member of the 1st Imperial Guard Infantry Regiment. In December, 1941, he became an acting medical officer; and on the fogbound morning of May 12, 1943, with U. S. forces storming ashore at Massacre Bay and Holtz Bay, he sat writing in his diary in his hospital building on Attu Island.

MAY 12, 1943: Carrier-based plane flew over—fired at it. There is a low fog and the summit is clear. Evacuated to the summit. Air raids carried out frequently until 1000 hours. Heard a loud noise. It is a naval gun firing. Prepared battle equipment. Information: American transports, about forty-one, began landing at Bokkai Misaki; twenty boats landed at Massacre Bay. It seems they are going to unload heavy equipment. Day's activities: air raids, naval gunfire, landing of U. S. forces.

May 13: Battle. The U. S. forces landed at Shiba Dai and Massacre Bay. The enemy advanced to the bottom of Misumi Yama from Shiba Dai. Have engaged them. But Massacre Bay is defended by only one platoon and at the unexpected attack the A.A. machine cannon was destroyed and we have withdrawn. In the night attack we captured twenty enemy rifles. There is a tremendous mountain artillery gun firing. Approximately fifteen patients came to the Field Hospital.

May 14: Battle. Our two submarines from Kiska assisting us have greatly damaged two enemy ships. First Lieutenant Suyuki died from rifle shots. Continuous flow of wounded to the Field Hospital. Took refuge in the trenches in the daytime and took care of the patients during bombardment. Enemy strength must be a division. Our desperate defense is holding up well.

May 15: Battle. Continuous flow of casualties to the Field Hospital, caused by the fierce bombardment of enemy land and naval forces. The enemy has a great number of Negroes and Indians. The West Arm Units have withdrawn to near Shitagata Dai. In a raid I was ordered to West Arm but it was called off. I lay down from fatigue in the barracks. Facial expression of soldiers back from West Arm is tense. They all went back to the firing line soon.

May 16: Battle. If Shitagata Dai is occupied by the enemy, the fate of the East Arm is decided. So burned documents and prepared to destroy the patients. At that moment there was an order from Headquarters of Sector Unit to proceed to Chichagof Harbor by way of Umanose. 0100 in the morning. Patients from Imperial Infantry were lost, so accompanied them. There was an air raid, so we took refuge in the former Field Hospital cave. The guns of a Lockheed spit fire as it flew past our cave.

(On this day U. S. forces under Colonel Frank L. Culin, Jr., had crossed Bloody Point and occupied the west arm of Holtz Bay. The Field Hospital of the Japanese officer now became untenable; the Japs evacuated Holtz Bay Pass and crossed a ridge to their last refuge—Chichagof Harbor. And as the officer predicted, in a day or two the fate of the east arm was likewise decided. The U. S. units joined forces and were now ready for the final assault on Chichagof Valley.)

May 17: Battle. At night, about 1800, under cover of darkness, we left the cave. The stretchers went over a muddy road, steep hills of no man's land. No matter how far or how hard we went, we did not get out of the pass. Was rather irritated in the fog at the thought of getting lost. Would sleep, dream and wake up again. Same thing over again. Frostbitten patients on the stretchers were unable to move. After all the effort, met the Sector Commander. The pass is a straight line without any width and a steep incline toward Chichagof Harbor. Sitting on the buttocks and lifting the feet, I slid down very smoothly, changing direction with my sword. Slid down in about twenty minutes. Arrived at Chichagof Harbor after straggling. The time expended for all this was nine hours, without leaving any patients. Opened a new Field Hospital. Walking is now extremely difficult because of left knee, rheumatism in which recurred on the pass.

May 18: Battle. The Yenegawa Detachment abandoned East and West Arms and withdrew to Umanose. About sixty wounded came to the Field Hospital. I had to care for all of them through the night by myself. Heard that the enemy had carried out a landing at Chichagof Harbor. Everybody made combat preparation and waited. Had two grenades ready. Second Lieutenant Omura left for the front line. Said farewell. At night a patient came in who had engaged a friendly unit by mistake, and had received a wound in the wrist. The countersign is Isshi Hoke.

May 19: Battle. At night there was a phone call from Sector Unit Headquarters. In some spots on the beach it is said there are some friendly float-type planes waiting. Went into Attu Village church—it felt like someone's home—some blankets were scattered about. Was told to translate a field order presumably dropped by an enemy officer in Massacre Bay. Got tired and went to sleep. First Lieutenant Ujile is also in charge of translation.

May 20: Battle. The hard fighting of our battalion in Massacre Bay is fierce and it is to our advantage. Have captured enemy weapons and used them to fight with. Mowed down ten enemy closing in under fog. Five of our men and one N.C.O. medical died. Heard that enemy pilots' faces can be seen on Umanose ridge. The enemy naval gun firing near our hospital is fierce—drops about twenty meters away.

May 21: Battle. Was strafed while amputating patient's arm. It is the first time since raiding over Chichagof Harbor that I went into an air raid shelter. The enemy plane is a Martin. Patient's nervousness is very severe. He has said his last words to his officers and N.C.O.'s; says that he will die tomorrow; gave all his articles away. Hasty chap, this fellow. Everyone who heard this became desperate and things became very disorderly.

May 22: Battle. Air raid again at 0600. Strafing killed one medical man. Medical man Okayki wounded: right thigh and fractured arm. During the night a mortar shell fell awfully close.

May 23: Battle. A hit was scored by naval gunfire on the pillar pole

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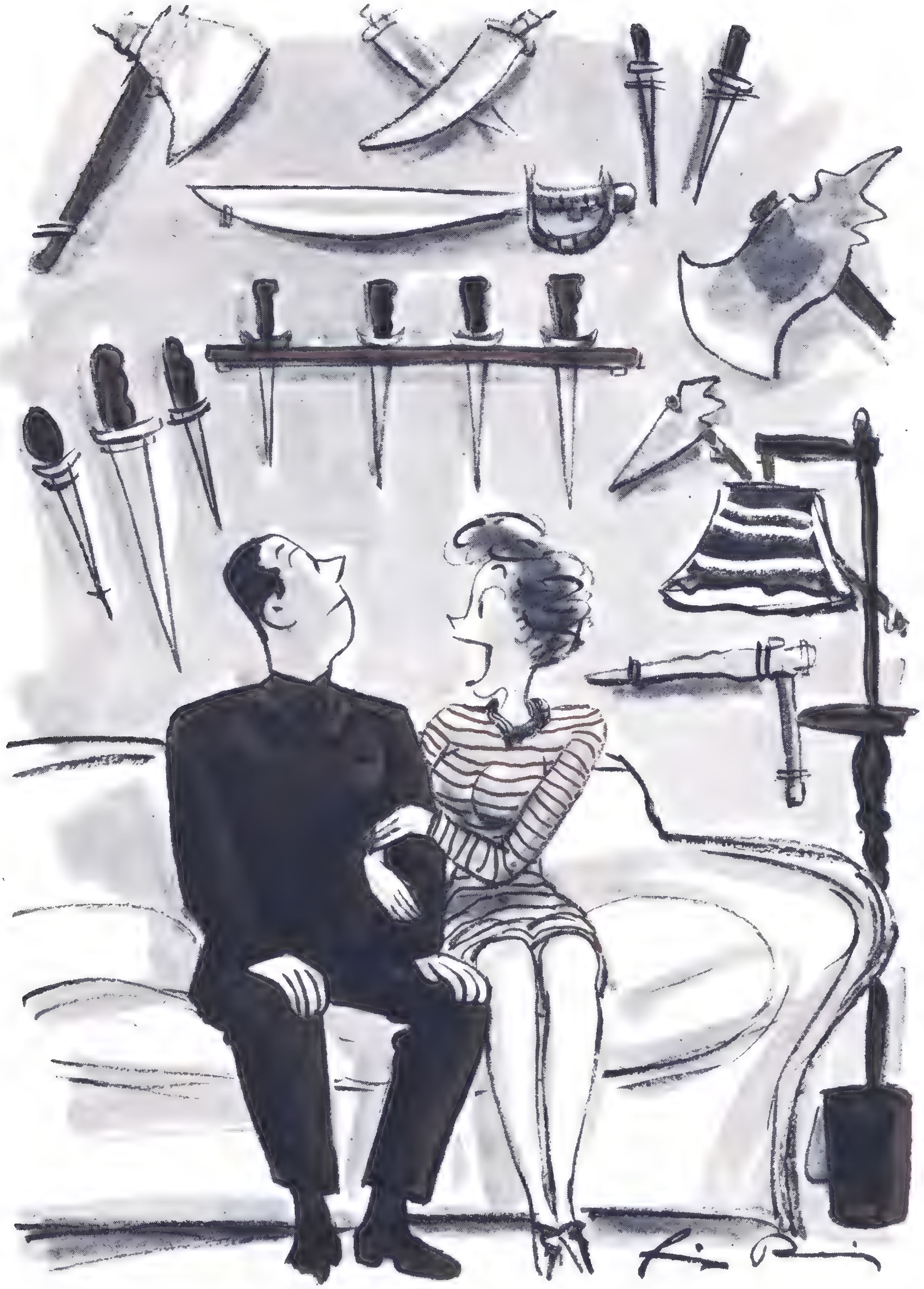
"No, he hasn't been in today!"



"Oh, don't worry about those—my father never uses them any more —now he's crazy about shotguns"

The Brothers of the Paddock

Till Parlay Joe's dream none of the boys expected more from life than a couple of beers and two bucks for the daily double

by VINCENT RIMSITE

• FICTION •

℞

Louie is a short, squat guy who waddles like a duck when he walks. His stomach hangs low and his toes are pointed inward. His stubby nose, big lips and piercing eyes (like those of a frightened cat) are framed by a pile of wild, black hair that gives him the appearance of a lunatic. His falsetto voice, which is strange for his body, is the butt of many jokes. Because of his body and his voice, Louie is despised by the the clientele of the Paddock. They consider him a nuisance and never tire of voicing their opinions, but if you were to ask any of them why their manner is so rude toward Louie, they wouldn't be able to answer the question because they don't know why themselves. Louie is constantly trying to bring about a change of their opinion, but the more he tries the lower their opinion falls. He tries to seem unaffected by their manner toward him but I have seen Louie in the alley next to the Paddock, his body shaking, tears falling from his eyes and a suppressed cry from a throat that wants to say only good things but never gets the chance. He sits at the corner table, alone, watching the patrons drinking beer, laughing and talking; waiting for some one to call him and perhaps exchange a few human words with him. He waits in vain for that bit of kindness, never tiring, always hoping and knowing that someday it will be as he wishes.

The Paddock is a beer joint and also the headquarters of the professional clientele of the race track. What I mean is that it is the hangout of the guys who spend their days and nights with a racing form in their hands and talk on their lips about the sure winners and then borrow two bucks to make a bet. Everyone disagrees concerning their choices of the winners, so after the few bets are placed, one of the boys usually pulls a winner. That's good for the Club and its steady patrons because the money circulates much faster than it would in any other place. Everyone owes somebody money so it amounts to a fraternity of guys who owe money to each other. So when a guy pulls a winner, he pays off to the other boys. By this method, there's always a few dollars around for beers and bets. It sounds as confusing as one of these Communist affairs, but it does work out all right. Their financial needs are meager ones; a few beers and a few bucks for a bet on one of the races or the daily double and the boys are happy.

Of course, they do spend part of their time dreaming about big cars, big houses, flashy clothes, beautiful dames and things on that order. At times those dreams bring on a touch of melancholia, but as a rule they forbid their dreams to interfere with their conscious joys—two bucks on the daily double and a few beers. All in all I must confess that there are a lot of colorful characters who make the Paddock a place of interest. I would suggest that you visit the Paddock some rainy night and see for yourself. I started all this in order to tell you an interesting tale about how Louie's dream came true. So I better get going.

After being absent from the premises of the Paddock during the entire afternoon, Parlay Joe showed up during the later part of the evening and stopped the opinions on what happened to Parlay Joe. After drinking a cold glass of beer, exchanging greetings and removing his multicolored sport coat, Joe proceeded to a table in the corner opposite the one where Louie sat. He sat down, rapt in deep thought. This deep thinking, which is unusual for Joe, continued for a few hours and was accompanied by facial expressions, motions of his hands, shaking of his head and shrugging of his narrow shoulders. Finally his contemporaries became quite restless and overcome by curiosity about Joe's strange condition. So Long Shot Roscoe, who is always betting on long shots and is Parlay Joe's special friend, saunters over to Joe's table. He carries two bottles of beer as an excuse for the interruption.

"Have a beer, Joe," Roscoe says.

"Thanks, Long Shot."

"How are you making out, Joe?"

"Okay."

"But you don't look like you're making out okay. Are you sick or something like that?"

"No, I'm feeling as good as I always do. In fact, better."

"But you don't look like you're feeling good. In fact you look like you are making out terrible."

"No, I'm making out the same as usual."

"Well, what's bothering you? Why did you come in here tonight and go to this table and sit down all by yourself, like you were sore at everybody or something like that? You never sat down at this table before. You must have a reason for doing such a thing. People don't go around sitting at strange tables unless they got a reason."

"Maybe I have a reason."

"I'm your best friend, Joe. You can tell me and trust me if you want it a secret."

"Long Shot, do you believe that there might be something to dreams?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think that dreams come true?"

"Well, Joe, there is many opinions on that question. Take my Aunt Ruby. She dreams every night."

"Look, Long Shot, I don't want to know about your Aunt Ruby's dreams. I just asked you if you thought that dreams come true sometimes."

"I'm not superstitious. So I don't believe in dreams."

"Then you don't think it's possible to dream about something and then get that something?"

"I didn't say that."

"Well, make up your mind. Do you or don't you?"

"I have never given much thought to the problem of dreams, so I am not prepared to give an honest answer to that question. But what has a dream got to do with the way you have behaved this evening?"

"I had a dream."

"What is so unusual about a dream? I admit to me it would be unusual but to a million other people it happens every time they go to sleep, even when they are awake."

"The dream I had while I was taking a nap in the early part of this very evening is unusual for me. I have not dreamed since I was a kid. If it was a dream about marrying a rich dame, I would not have given the matter a second thought but unfortunately it was not."

"What was the dream about?"

"Have some patience. I am talking and I wish to continue with my side of the conversation which you started and I wish not to be disturbed."

"I am sorry that I interrupted you. Pray do continue with your interesting conversation which I started."

"All right. I would have forgotten about this dream I had but I have been thinking about the bad luck that our brothers of the Paddock have encountered in the placing of their bets on the nags. My loyalty for my brothers has made me give this matter very careful thought which I had been doing until you started this conversation. I realize that the dream is more like a nightmare and very unusual, but I have decided to follow the suggestions of my visitor during my nap."

"What visitor?"

"Long Shot, you are an ignoramus. I am trying to keep this conversation above the level of the uneducated. By my visitor, I meant my dream."

"Oh, I see."

"That is all well and good that you see."

"Joe, what was your dream?"

"I will tell you providing you give me your solemn promise that you will not divulge what I say to anyone else."

"I give you my solemn promise."

"In my dream, a man came to me and asked me to let him say a few words to me. He was a sad-looking man and turned my stomach every time I looked at him, so I refused to lend him my ear. He kept on following me around and no matter what I would say to him, and I said some very nasty things, he continued to follow me. This was going on for days. I finally fell down from exhaustion but the little, sad-looking man was still standing on his feet. This I could not understand because he did not look to be the type of guy who could walk a block without falling over. He begged me to buy him a beer and also to say nice words to him. This I refused. Then I heard a voice. There was nobody around besides that sad-looking guy and myself so I could not understand where the voice was coming from. The voice said that if I would buy that sad-looking man a beer and also say some nice words to him, that man would give me the straight dope no matter what I asked him. After a big fight with myself, I consented to buy a beer and say a few nice words. We came to the Paddock and I was greeted by the laughs of my brothers. You were laughing, too. For which I was very angry."

"But you know I would never laugh at you like that."

"That I thought but in the dream you laughed. Now I will forget that little matter. I bought him a beer and said many nice words to him. He began to cry like a little baby and I felt a little sad so I said more nice things to him. The more I said the more he cried until he finally ran out of tears for which I was very glad. Then he said to me that I should make my request for him to answer something for me. At first I could not think of a thing that I should ask him. Finally I decided to ask him who would come in on the daily double. In addition to that one request, I said that every day he must come to me and tell me who would win the daily double. That he did. Naturally, I was thinking that this was a big joke so I did not bet like he said but I still in all checked his predictions and they were all winners. After five days and five straight winners, I figured I had something there so I'd buy him two beers and he would give me the two numbers of the posts and I would bet and win. Pretty soon every one of my brothers was betting along with me and we were rolling in dough. We all had big cars and gorgeous blondes and lots of clothes. Every day he would come and I would buy him two beers and he would give us the winners. The only catch was that no person could bet more than two bucks on the daily double. We would keep this tip confined to our brothers so the odds would stay up. Then that voice came back again and said something but I can't remember what it was that he said. Then I awoke."

"That, my friend Joe, is what I call a dream. That sure is some dream. Do you remember who that sad-looking guy was? Is it someone that you know?"

"Yes, it is."

"Who is it? Who is the sad-

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"Are you sure you're not just falling for my uniform?"

GE-Nie of the Bottle

Visitor in the wonderland of General Electric sees a world where men call the shots and electrons do the rest

by HARRY O. HOYT

▪ARTICLE▪

PEOPLE believe practically anything is possible in the new science of electronics. One case in point concerns a Doctor A. who was examining a tiny photoelectric tube while riding in the club car of a train.

Watching near-by was a garrulous salesman, who edged his chair close and asked: "Pardon me, aren't you Doctor A.?"

The doctor replied politely: "I am."

"I thought so! I saw a picture of you in the paper. That's one of those tubes that can do anything, isn't it?" the man asked.

"Well," Doctor A. replied slowly, "I wouldn't say 'anything' but they are magical in many ways."

With a wink to a fellow passenger, the salesman took out a cigar. "I paid fifty cents for this cigar," he said. "I think I got stung—don't believe it is worth more than two bits. How about the tube giving me the lowdown?"

The doctor looked surprised, then obligingly took the cigar and held it close to the tube. The salesman watched, awestruck.

Doctor A., with a momentary twinkle in his eye, returned the cigar. "Yes, you were stung all right—it's a nickel cigar."

The salesman, impressed, told about it later, adding: "And it was!"

Like him, I had heard and read a lot about this marvelous new science and how it was to revolutionize our lives after the war. Then one day I was told I was to prepare an instructional film dealing with the subject. "Make it simple so any of the boys in our Armed Forces can understand it," they said. "This is not only a mechanical war but an electrical one with electronics the key to most of the new devices—walkie-talkies, radar, communications, even the sighting and firing of guns on planes and ships are possible because of electronic tubes of various kinds."

As I was leaving I received one parting word of advice: "Be sure to see a man named Charlton at the General Electric Company in Schenectady; he's got something mighty big and new. It's all under cover—"

Time and tide wait for no man, it is said. I don't know about the latter but *time* means nothing to a group of pure scientists in Building Five at the General Electric Company's huge plant which is located in Schenectady, New York.

In the Research Laboratory at GE today, you find men with the names of Langmuir, Whitney, Charlton—Charlton, the man I was to see, a born *time-user*. A time-user is a man who carries a watch his father gave him when he went away to school and has never wound it since.

You learn about time if you try to enter the GE gates, even by appointment. With the coveted admission badge on my lapel, I finally passed the GE guards and was escorted to the Research Building. Jim Stokley, tall, owl-eyed, pleasant, regarded my advent with justifiable misgivings. Stokley is a sort of liaison executive between the research scientists and the public relations department. He writes on profound subjects, has a radio program and a column each Sunday in the New York *Herald-Tribune* in which he reviews technical books.

"Ever study electrical engineering?" he asked hopefully.

"No," I told him.

He tried again. "Are you interested in electronics?"

"Very much so," I assured him. "I want to reduce it to its least common denominator so everyone will know what it is when they see my motion picture."

"Perhaps you would like to talk with some of the men who are doing things with it?"

I told him I most certainly would like to meet them. The office next door was Dr. W. R. Whitney's, Director of the Research Laboratory of General Electric from 1901 to 1928 and since then honorary vice president. I found him on the floor, a blow torch in hand, doing some welding. He dusted himself off gingerly and extinguished the torch.

"Electronics! You say *electronics*. You want to make a picture to explain it!" he cried.

"I want to tell it simply—"

"Analogy, my boy, analogy. Take the circulatory system and use it," he advised, "perfect analogy—"

The only trouble with Dr. Whitney's analogy was my inability to understand the circulatory system, so we moved on. Most of the scientists were engrossed in special projects. They knew electronics as a pianist knows his keyboard, were more interested in working out problems which involved its uses than in teaching the subject. Stokley suggested that we go over to the Engineering Building.

There we found A. E. Bailey, Jr., an alert, energetic man with a ruddy face crowned by a white pompadour. He is an industrial control engineer whose duty it is to put to some practical use the things which the scientists develop in Building Five. He is a very down to earth man and seemed to me a little impatient when it came to discussing the principles of electronics but had plenty of enthusiasm for the products electronics makes possible.

In the same building was L. R. Umansky, brother of the Russian ambassador to Mexico who begins his name with an "O." He had an engineer's respect for the research scientists, but the fact that by means of electronics you can count the number of beans in a sack stirred something in his practical soul. GE may have spent millions on its time-users but it makes sure that the money comes back through manufacture and sale of *end products*—which is, of course, as it should be.

An imaginary conversation would run like this:

Research scientist: "I've got a nice little gadget here which no one has thought of before."

Industrial engineer: "What can we do with it?"

Research scientist: "Hanged if I know, but someone ought to find a use for it."

Whereupon the invention would be turned over to a different set of brains and out of it often comes some new device which proves to be a labor-saver, a speeder-upper or something nice for the housewife's kitchen.

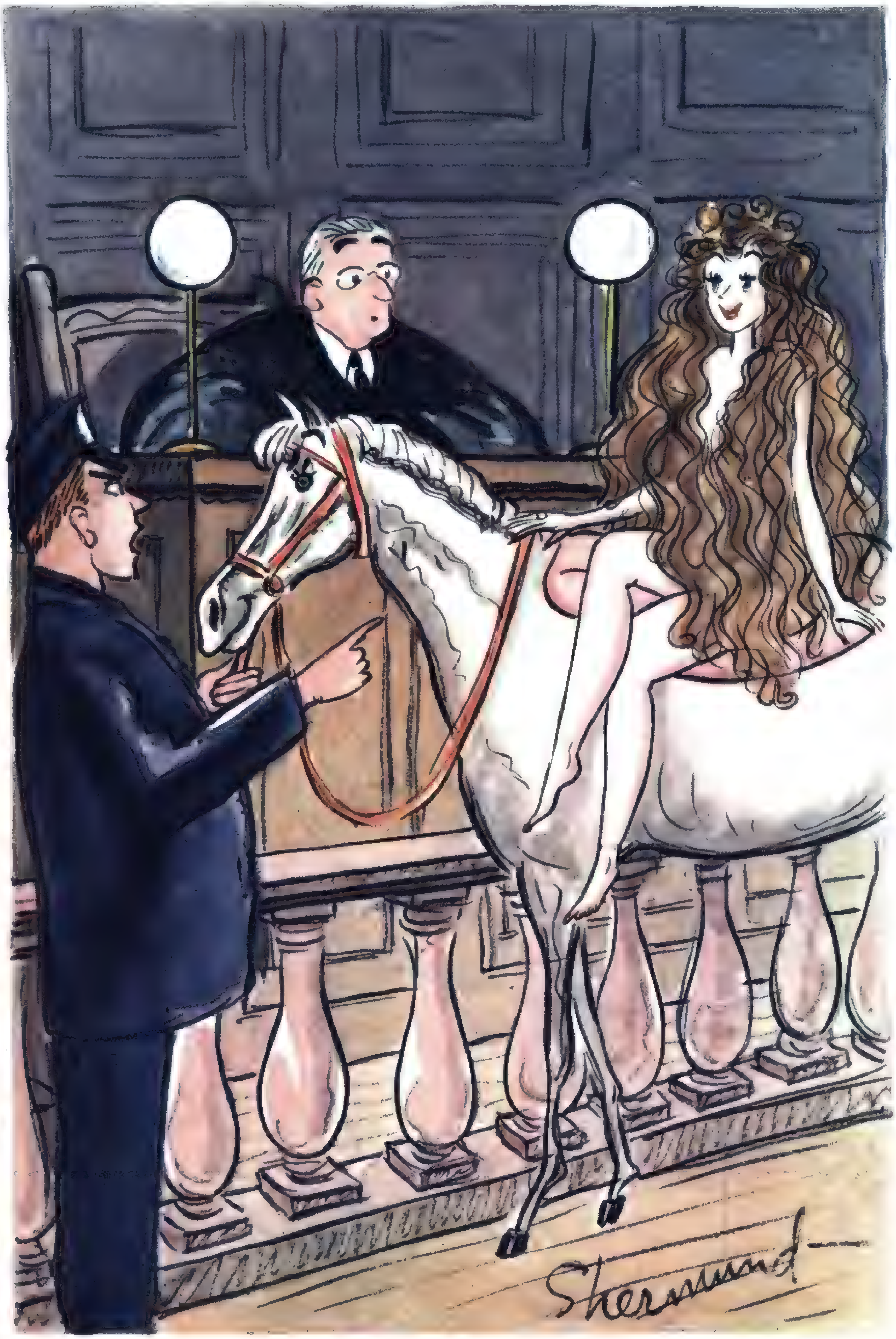
The time-users and the practical lads at General Electric eventually managed to bring the new science into focus for me.

Actually, electronics is not new although many of its applications are.

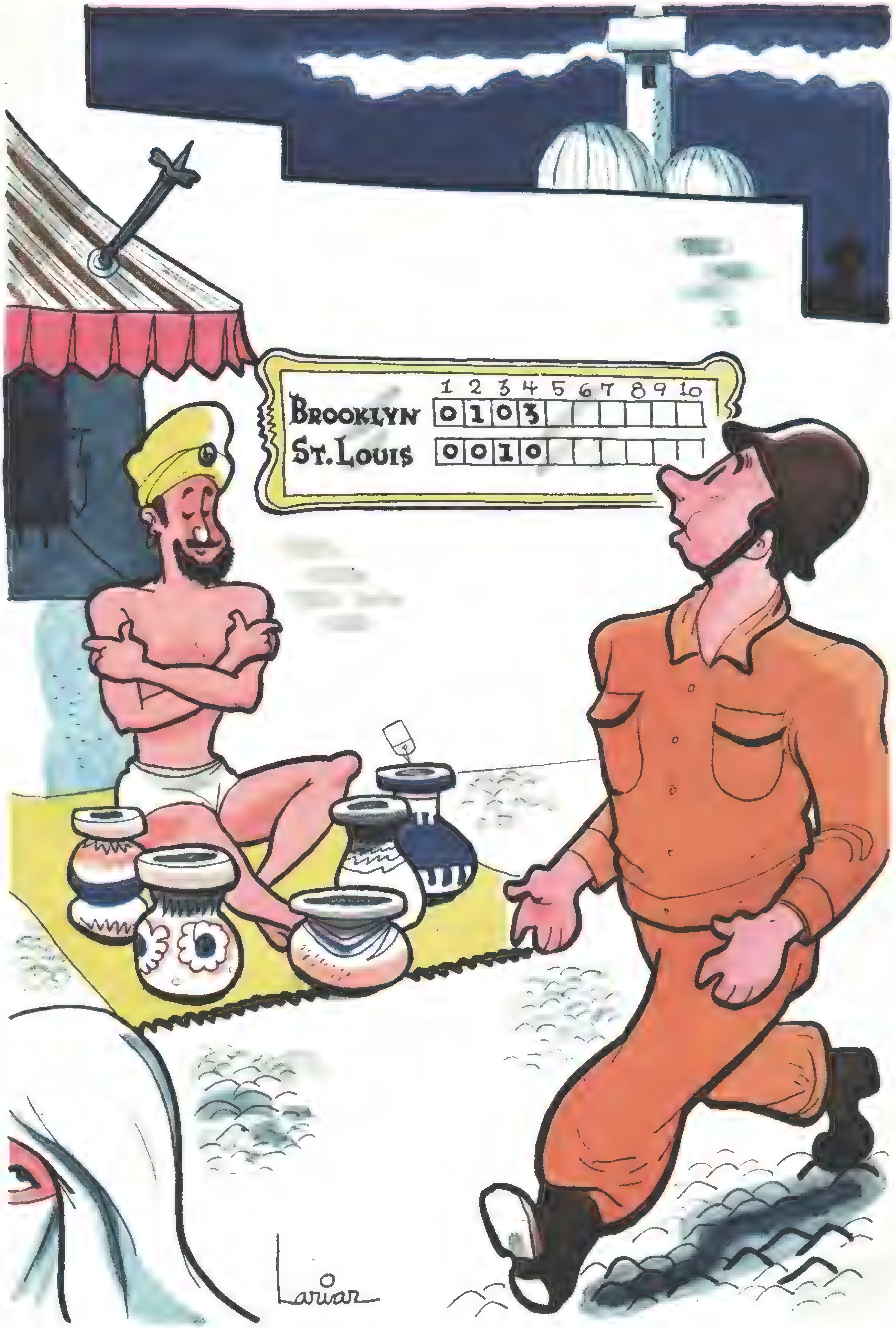
Many writers have gone overboard on the subject. To read their enthusiastic reports, one would think everything except semination will eventually be but the matter of pushing a button or throwing a switch.

Here is what Raymond F. Yates, in his recent book, *Super-Electricity*, has to say: "It is the science that stands above all other sciences, the engineering that stands above all other engineering . . . it is a key science which must affect all other sciences and all branches of engineering and the arts . . . electronics

Continued on page 166



"Passing a red light, Your Honor"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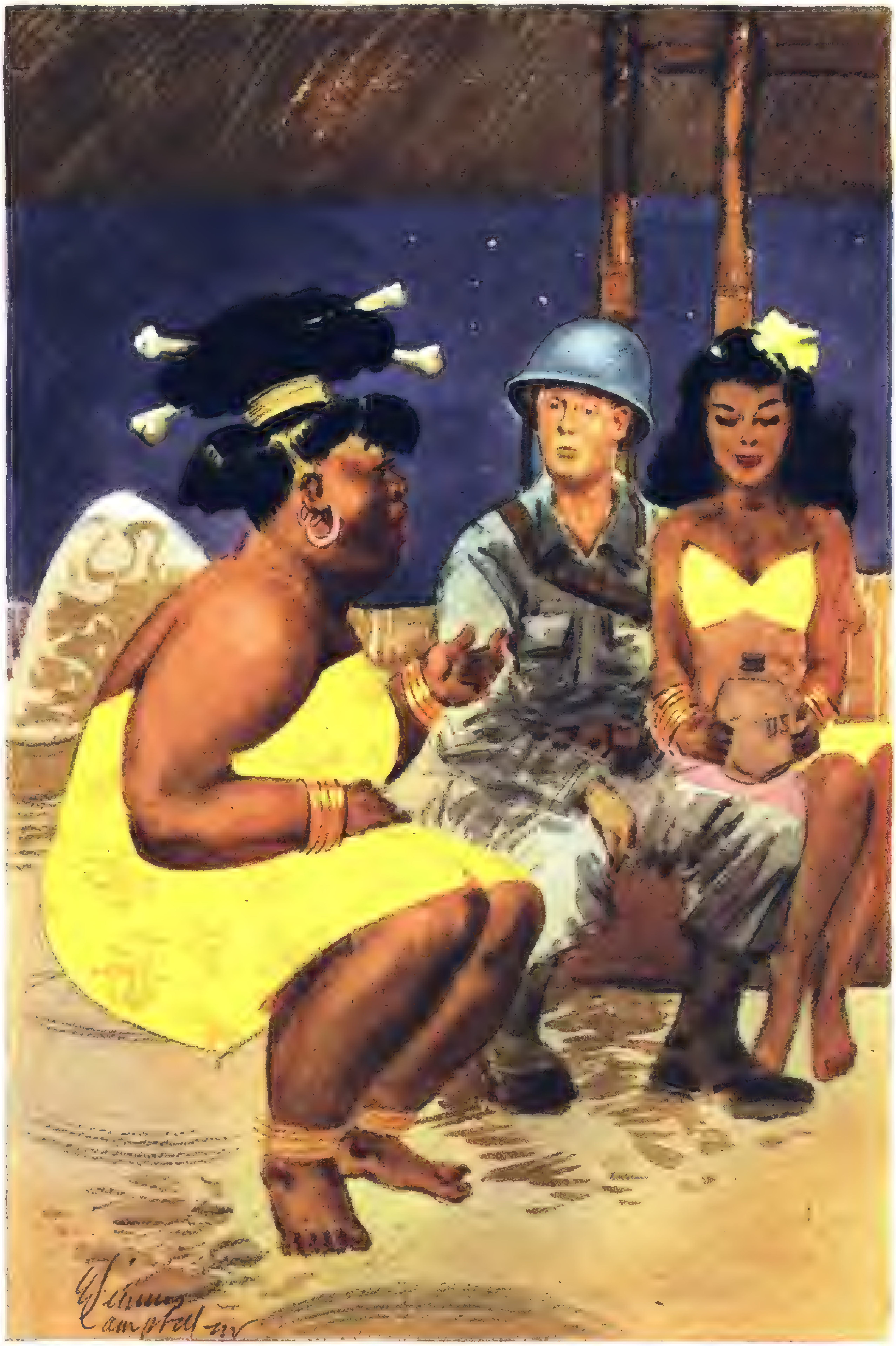
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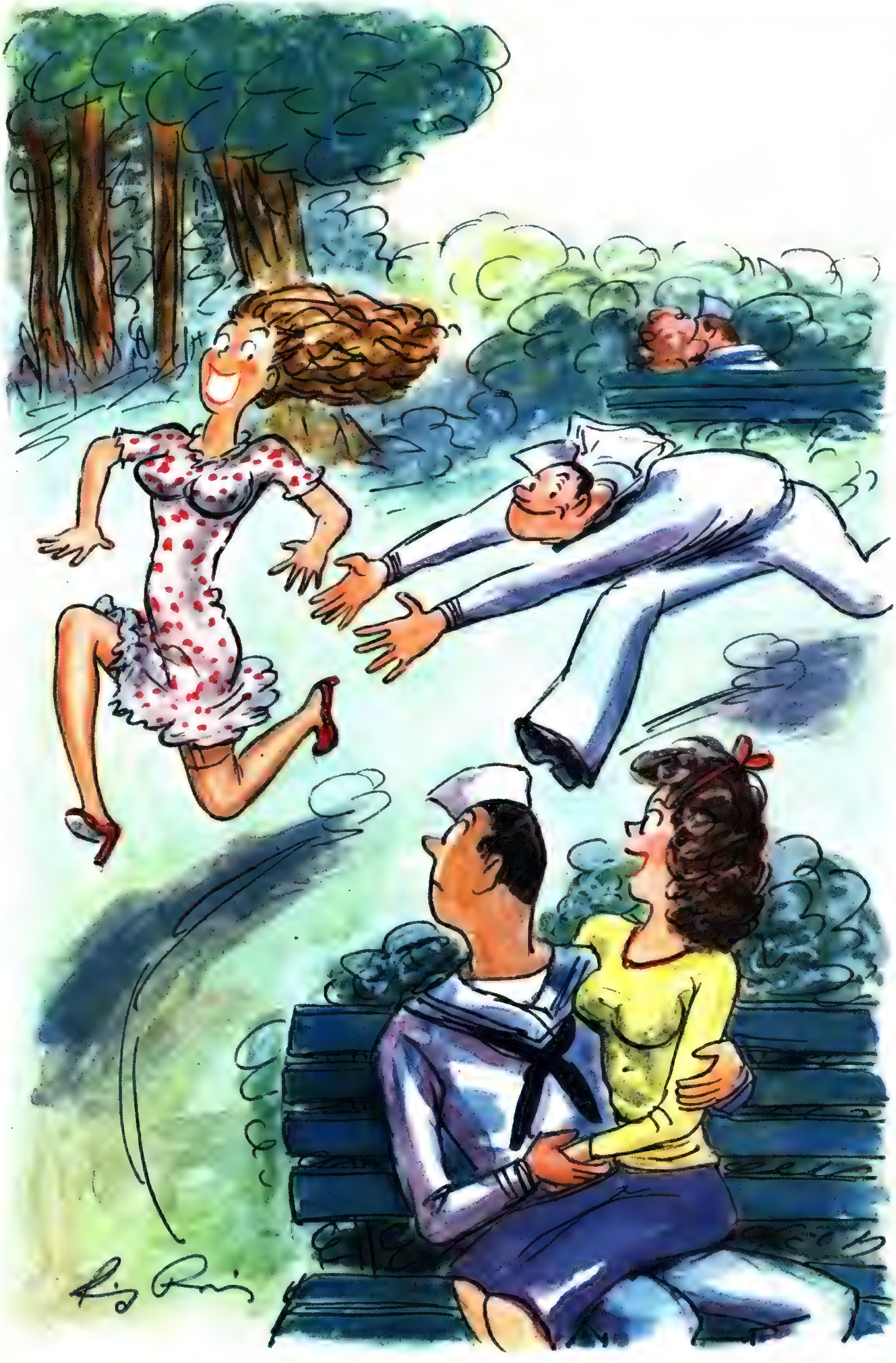
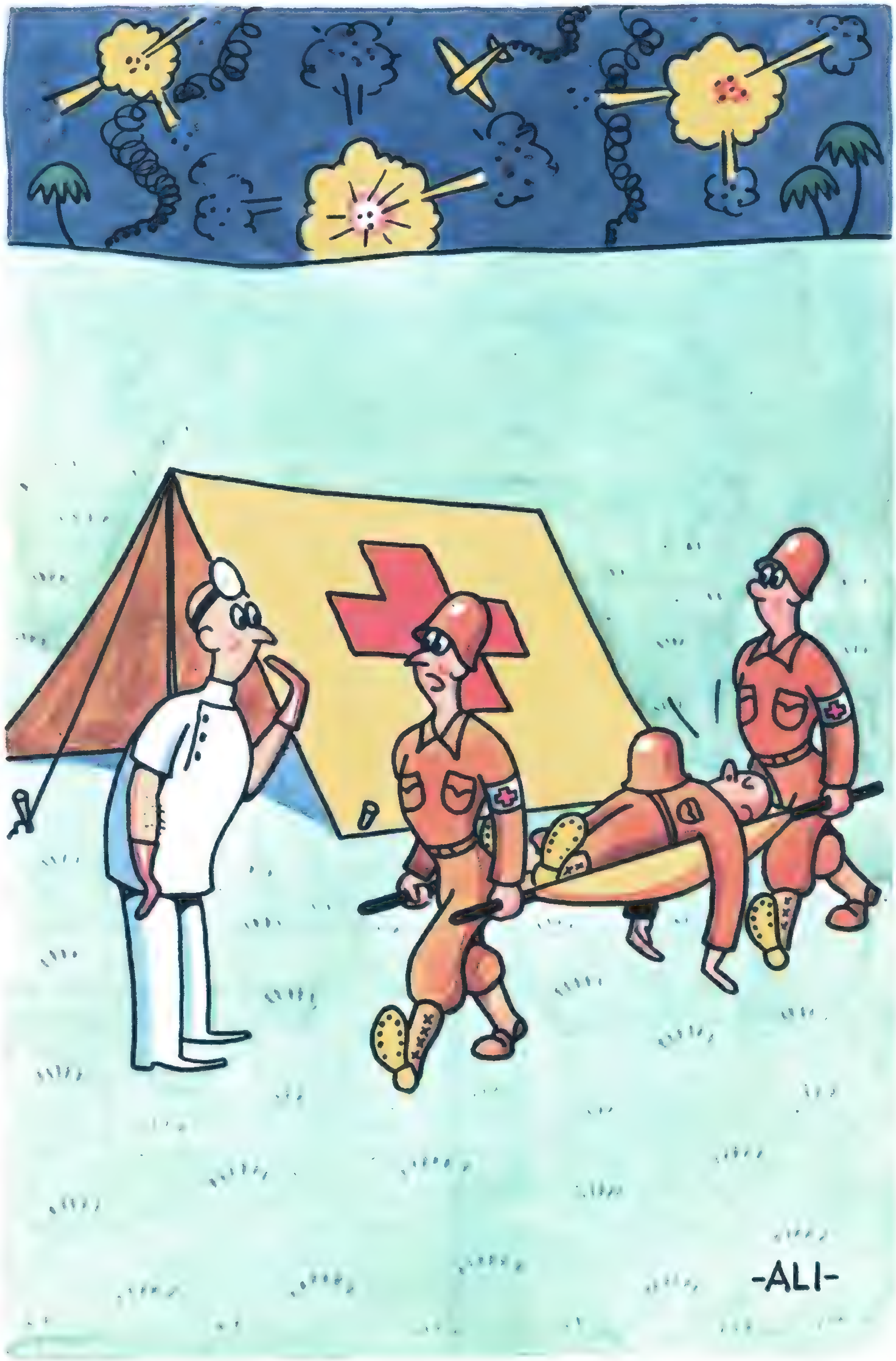
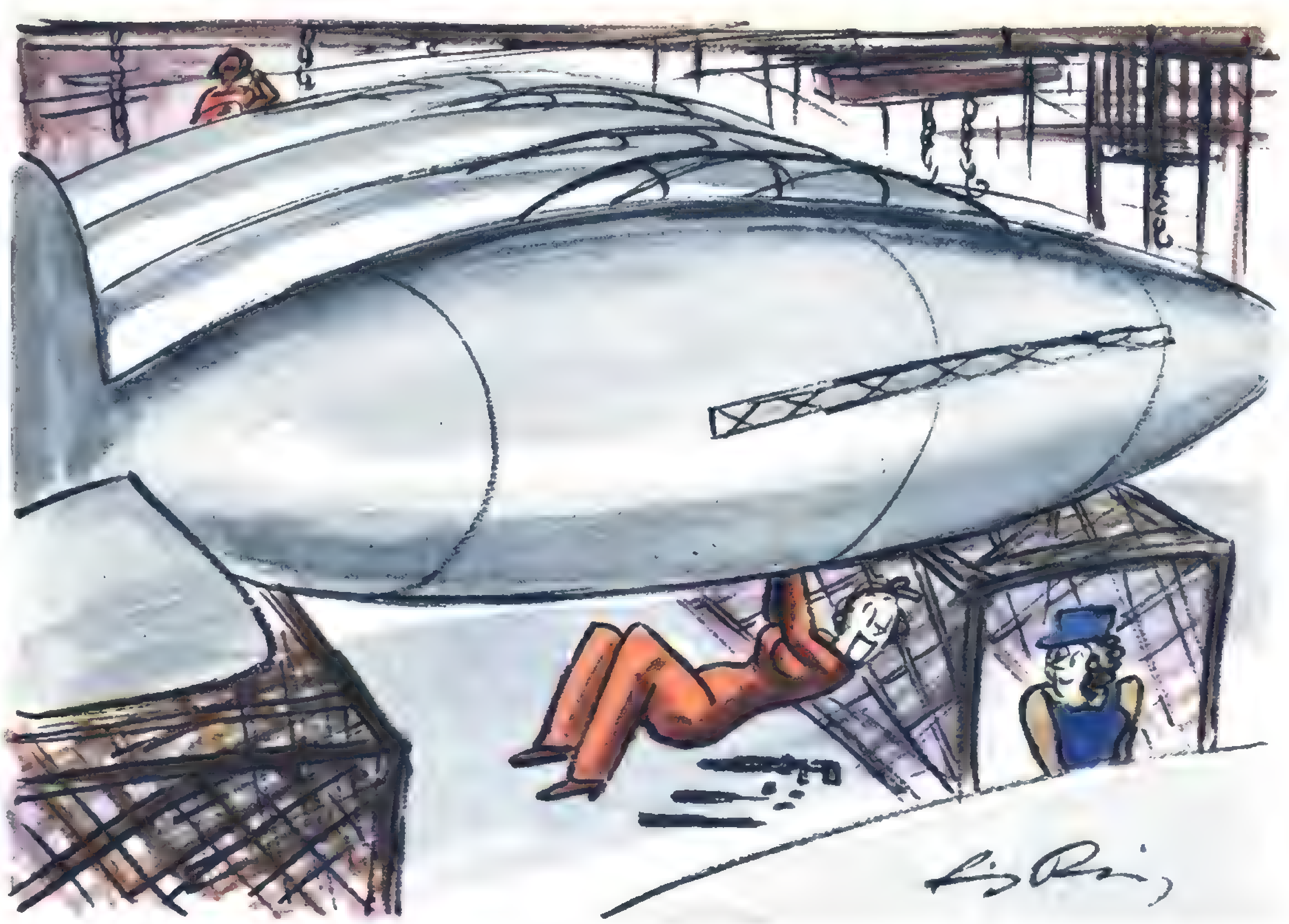
"You may call me 'mother' if you like"



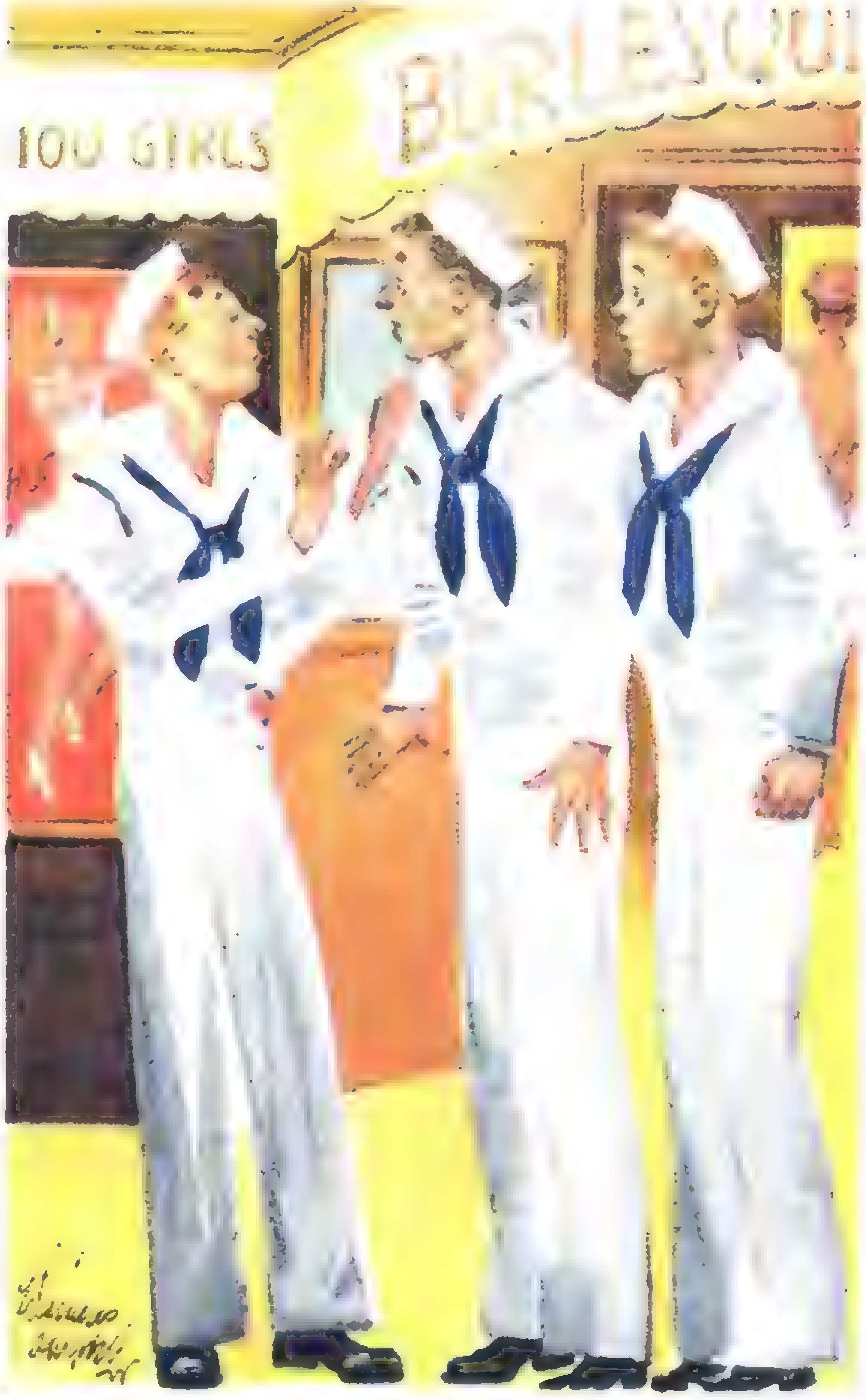
"It's some silly theory of hers"



"Loaded dice, Doc!"



"This time last year I was home putting up preserves"



"Must we go in there?"

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

➧

These little ones stayed home

Drooling, as he does nightly in his role of the High Priest of Jupiter who can't keep his mind on his work, in the light opera *Helen Goes to Troy*, Ralph Dumke can't decide where to begin on the feast of beauty. Counter-clockwise; the flirtatious ballerina is Katherine Lee, a Southern honey with an accent; lower left, ex-fashion model Lee Lauterbur; center, Doris Blake, in the blue gown she wears as the Goddess Minerva; seated, Katia Geleznova, without her usual Russian novel; and right, the distracting Phyllis Hill, who was discovered by Max Reinhardt.

The New Opera Company brought a spiced-up version of the Offenbach operetta to Broadway and resounding applause last spring. Essentially ribald in situation, the Greek legend becomes pure bedroom farce in its latest presentation. Ernest Truex, as the befuddled cuckold King Menelaus, loses Helen but wins the audience with his happy innocence. Jarmila Novotna both looks and sounds A-1 as the lady whose face would draw kudos from Henry Kaiser for a ship-launching record. Erich Korngold has extensively revised the musical score and inserted other Offenbach favorites, including the *Barcarolle*, now known as *Love at Last*.

Hard to miss wherever you see him, Ralph Dumke manages to dominate each of his scenes in his tentlike purple robe as he pursues the babes and his racket as seer. One of the most talented ad libbers in show business, he is proud that no two performances of *Helen* are alike, thanks to him.

The curls may look false but are laboriously molded for each show from the real Dumke hair. He gets up at six each morning—not to start on the curls—but to get to an N.B.C. studio for his radio eye opener. He also emcees a housewives' matinee in the afternoon. He was schooled in vaudeville on the old Keith circuit and in the early days of radio was half of the team *Sisters of the Skillet*. This is his third Broadway musical. Next stop, Hollywood.

As busy as a revolving door in Grand Central Station, Ralph still manages an air of genial casualness. He enjoys baseball, but when asked how he relaxes, replied, "In the nearest bed."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT

Education of a Night Fireman

A soldier is initiated in the ways of the boiler room, learns how to side-bank a furnace, why he must not sleep

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

• ARTICLE •

One evening recently at six p.m.—1800 hours—I reported to the charge of quarters of the five officers' barracks in our camp where I was going to work as night fireman until six in the morning. The C.Q., a stoical, bald-headed private first class, was sitting at his desk, reading a twenty-five-cent pocketbook edition of Jaroslav Hašek's *The Good Soldier: Schweik*. Somehow it was odd to see the book in his hands. Thirteen years ago, when I served in the Czechoslovak army, we were forbidden to read Hašek's magnificent book which was supposed to have a "demoralizing influence on military personnel." It's a good thing to be in an Army where nobody tells you what to read and what not.

The C.Q. chuckled and put down his book. He didn't have the looks of a demoralized soldier. He asked me if I had ever worked as fireman. When I said no, he gave me what seemed a slightly regretful glance. He said, "Well, you'll be learning fast. Better watch your fires, buddy. They want it warm here and plenty of hot water for shaving."

He put on his cap and we went out. The boiler room was at the rear of the barrack. Outside there was a sharp, icy wind, but near the furnace the air was hot and dry. There was an Army No. 1 magazine type space heater connected with the electrically fanned, automatic heating system and a small stove heating the water in the warm-water tank. I saw posters on the wall, WARS ARE FOUGHT AND WON WITH COAL, and THE COAL YOU SAVE HELPS WIN THE WAR—COAL IS SCARCE, DON'T WASTE IT!

The C.Q. opened the firing door. The fire was deep, burning slowly and terribly hot. It seemed impossible to keep such large fires going, five of them, and in addition five small ones. I remember the horror stories about firemen who had let their fires go out and were "restricted" to their barracks. I couldn't help feeling worried.

"There are two heaps of coal outside," the C.Q. said. "Use soft bituminous coal for the big furnace and hard coal for the warm-water heater. Check on the fires twice an hour. And don't fall asleep early in the morning when you feel tired. Some guys sit down near the furnace where it's cozy and warm and fall asleep. First thing you know, the fire dies and the sergeant raises hell."

"Sure does," a man said who just came in. He was a small, stocky corporal, wearing his fatigue hat at a rakish angle. Evidently he had heard the C.Q.'s last words. "You better check on your fires every half hour or so, soldier." He spoke with a Slavish accent.

"That's the new fireman, Frankie," the C.Q. said. "He's a good man." The C.Q. gave me an encouraging smile but Frankie remained unimpressed. "You gotta keep the ash pit clean," he said. "Always clean it before you leave. Main thing is, keep the coal level with the bottom of the firing door. And check the fire bed for clinkers or hard crust. You gotta flashlight here? Open the cleanout door and look into the furnace. And don't fuss around with the draft register if you know what's good for you. They all fuss around and shake good coal through the grate and leave the ash pit doors open. It's kinda cold outside, so you don't fill above the top of the fire brick flues and keep a thin bed of ashes. Those lazy guys, they put fresh coal on top of live coal. All they get is lots of smoke but the heat goes down and people inside freeze. D'ya read *Popular Mechanics?*" he asked, somewhat unexpectedly.

He took a battered, soiled, blackened copy of the magazine out of his pocket. "They got a good article about side-banking with soft coal," he said. "You shake the grate a little, like this—remember, just a little—and you work live coals to the side of the fire pot." Seeing the empty expression on my face, he shrugged and said, "Jesus," and went for the shovel. He opened the firing door which the C.Q. had closed and went for the right-angle poker, pushing the glowing coals toward the right side of the pot. He went out and came back with a full shovel and placed the fresh coal in the newly made depression. "You gotta remove all live coals from that spot here," he said, "or the thing won't work. Main thing, don't use the shovel too much. Use the poker. Always poke for a coupla minutes before you shovel in fresh coal."

He put the right-angle poker back to the wall. There was also an oblique-angle poker, a broom, several wires and shovels. Frankie pushed his cap off his forehead. "Gotta go. Lots of things to do. Don't let them fires go out, for chrissake. I know a fellow, a private first class, who got busted because he let a fire go out."

The C.Q. said, "You eat over there at the officers' mess at seven. Come on, Frankie."

After they left, I opened the fire door. The fire was hot and lively. I went over to the next barrack and practiced Frankie's method, poking the live coals, gently shaking the grate, putting in fresh coal on one side only. The fire picked up quickly. I put some hard coal into the small stove. Gradually I began to become familiar with the surroundings. The fire didn't seem so frightfully hot any more and I thought it should be possible to keep the furnaces going until six in the morning. At the boiler room of the third barrack I found a lanky, bespectacled soldier in a coal-covered fatigue. He was sitting on a breakfast food cardboard box, reading *The Saturday Review of Literature*. He was the man I'd come to relieve. I asked him how this fire detail was.

He shrugged. "I don't like it because I'm not used to it, but they say there are worse things. Ash and trash, for instance, or kitchen police." He took off his heavy leather gloves, folded the magazine and put it into his left breast pocket. "The first night was really bad. It was five below zero, with a heavy storm raging. But mostly it was the long hours that got me down. Around three in the morning I had trouble keeping myself awake. I must have dozed off. When I got up, it was almost half past four. Two of the small stoves had gone out and the big furnace in number five was about to die. That's the one over there, you've got to watch her; she's burning too quickly. And those small bastards—if you don't put in fresh coal often enough, they die of exhaustion; and if you put in too much, they choke to death. I worked like hell on them and, meanwhile, two more of the big fires got dangerously low. I was running around in circles and, sure enough, just when the situation was worst, the sergeant came around. You should have heard him. I guess he woke up all the officers. He isn't a bad fellow though. The guy to watch is Frankie. He's really bad. He's in charge of some details here. If you don't get along with him, you'll have a hard time getting a two-day pass." The soldier stopped for a moment and added, wistfully, "Maybe even three days." He shrugged. "Be sure to sweep the floors before you leave and

Continued on page 162

◆ STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Greatest Show on Earth, April to November

Since Patty Warfield joined Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey at the age of seventeen, she has traveled with the circus a distance equal to six times around the world. Seven nightly shows—and seven matinees—through the season, she rides horseback, works elephants and swings through the air in tank town and metropolis. When the circus train pulls out of Sarasota each spring, Patty wants to be aboard, with the two buckets marked with her name which each girl carries for bathing when they play under canvas.

During a performance Patty first appears as a dancer in the opening number. Next she rides sidesaddle on an ill-tempered horse named Eva in a routine known to the trade as waltz-and-rear. Eva waltzes, and when she rears, Patty drops the reins and flings herself back to lie with her head toward the sawdust. Each show is a pitched battle between Eva and Patty, with Patty keeping the upper hand by a margin.

In the Cloud Swing, Patty and forty-three other girls go through aerial antics without a net—a performance that would have done credit in former years to a star act of acrobats. She admits to an occasional shiver on high, but says, "I just pick out one face in the blues (bleachers, to you) and concentrate on it until we finish." In the elephant ballet she rides a jumbo whose docility she finds soothing after a bout with the uppity Eva. The worst hazard in working elephants, says Patty, is skinning your knees and elbows on their tough hide.

Circus people are a clannish lot, with a world and a parlance all their own. They call the side shows "kid shows;" refreshment booths are "candy stands;" and the pageant is briefly termed "the spec."

Patty was born in Los Angeles and studied dancing there with a serious eye toward the ballet. She keeps busy and content during the hours between shows and rehearsals. She models in clay, likes to go dancing on her night off, seldom meets any men outside the circus family. Despite the random hardships of her nomadic existence, she can't imagine life outside three rings and tent. She's a circus girl.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAXWELL COPLAN

Man Who Saved the Panama Canal

It was a meeting of liars when Colonel Smiley sat down beside the cute little blonde who remembered him from Caracas

by DAVID DAVIDSON

• FICTION •

SHE was a voluptuous little milk-skinned blonde, conspicuous in a South American city. I'd noticed her around Guayaquil for days, in all the places where the North Americans congregated: the cafés on the Avenue of the Ninth of October, the Hotel of the Eighteenth of September and the night club of the Twenty-Fourth of May. (You have to be quick on arithmetic in Guayaquil.) She was generally alone, dressed smartly in flowered frocks and little straws, wafted off scarves of expensive perfume and looked ready to start something.

It was in the night club that I first noticed her eye on me. Until then I had been very busy polishing off a newspaper assignment on Ecuador. Now I had a little time on my hands before taking the international plane north, and I was having a drink with an old tropical tramp, Harry Ferguson, a banana engineer twenty years out of Texas, while a five-piece band played American jazz very loudly.

The little blonde kept looking at me in a way that makes a man blush. Finally I smiled back.

"Uh uh . . ." said Ferguson, who looked like a worried Mr. Churchill.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Black list," he said. "German spy."

I said I didn't believe much in spies.

"God a'mighty," said Ferguson. "They got one like her in every town from B. A. to Mexico City. All built exactly the same. I've seen 'em in Santiago, Lima, Bogota, Managua, Guatemala. They all talk a little English. They're manufactured to specialize on Americans. This one works Guayaquil."

I asked what they expected to find out.

"God a'mighty," Ferguson said. "We got Naval and military bases everywhere."

Meanwhile, the spy's bright blue eyes kept firing tracer bullets at me. I half rose from the table. Ferguson pulled me back. "By breakfast," he said, "you'd have a phone call from the Embassy."

Just then Colonel Smiley staggered in.

"Yippeeee!" he called from the doorway.

I'd met Colonel Smiley three or four times before. He was an uproarious little giant with black hair, magnificent teeth, the torso of a six footer and the legs of a five footer—which had affected a bizarre compromise at about five six. He always wore white linen suits, never a uniform, and was assumed to have a confidential connection with either the Embassy or the American bases on the coast. As we stood up to greet him, he earnestly went into a boxer's clinch with each of us and slapped us hard on the kidneys, which was the traditional salute of men in Latin America.

"Cunnel," said Ferguson, "you sure make a lot of noise."

"Yippeeee!" replied the Colonel. The Guayaquileños looked on amusedly. The German spy, in her corner, laughed aloud.

"Sit down, Cunnel," said Ferguson. "Have a drink."

"Sure enough," said the Colonel, turning to see where the laughter had come from. A beautiful light burst over his face. With neck twisted a half-circle around, he sat and stared at the girl like a man whose head is on backwards.

"Bourbon?" asked Ferguson.

By then the Colonel was moving on. "I'll see you two later," he said over his shoulder.

In a moment there was a burst of giggles from the corner. The Colonel was saying, "Sure enough, honey bunch. I met you in Caracas in 1942."

"But naturally," said the German spy.

Ferguson looked on sourly. "They're lying," he whispered. "Both of them." The Colonel sat down and ordered champagne. The instant that the waiter walked off there was a sudden commotion around the table. The German spy slapped the Colonel's face and giggled delightedly.

"Does he know who she is?" I asked Ferguson.

"Of course," said Ferguson.

Later, as the Colonel swung her by in a bunny hug, cheek to cheek, style of 1922, I felt quite put out. "If it's wrong for me," I asked, "why can the Colonel . . ."

"Hell's fires," said Ferguson, "the Cunnel is different."

I leaned close and whispered, "Counterespionage?"

Ferguson looked all around the room. "The Cunnel," he finally said, "is the man who saved the Panama Canal."

I was astounded.

"Just after Pearl Harbor," Ferguson added.

"All by himself?"

"Well," said Ferguson, half-grudgingly, "there was a couple of secret weapons that helped along."

I knew I wouldn't have to press him. After a short pause he winked importantly and continued: "You know what a beating we took at Pearl Harbor. It left the Pacific a Jap lake. Ever stop to wonder why they didn't move right in and take the Canal?"

Yes, I had wondered.

"Of course," said Ferguson, "we'd already begun laying down a few bases here and there. The Latin Republics were mighty cooperative. But without those secret weapons . . ." He leaned very close. "For instance, the new forty-inch gun that shoots fifteen hundred miles. Guided by radar."

"I thought the biggest was never more than sixteen inches," I said.

"God a'mighty!" said Ferguson. "You got a lot to learn. I suppose you never heard of the Magno Repellant, either."

"What's that?" I felt ashamed.

"A magnetic device," said Ferguson patiently, "in reverse. Ain't a ship in the world can come nearer than fifty miles with one of them in operation. Stops 'em like a hand. We salted the whole West Coast with them. And then there was the Galapagos Wet Cell. That you must know."

I had to admit I didn't.

"Well," said Ferguson disgustedly, "at least you know what the Galapagos are."

I said, with dignity, that I did: a group of islands in the Pacific, six hundred twenty miles due west of Ecuador.

"And the first step to the

"He hit the coast of Holland too hard again, I guess!"

Canal!" Ferguson added. "They could have fallen like that!" He snapped his fingers. "At that time we didn't have enough guns in the islands to stop a Junior G-Man, and the Magno Repellants hadn't yet come off the line. But Professor Einstein came through like a flash."

"With the Wet Cell?"

"Yep," said Ferguson. "On his advice we charged the waters off the Galapagos with electricity for a hundred miles around. Worked just like a battery. Wasn't a ship could come through without electrocuting every living soul on board." He swallowed half of his glass of bourbon. "And maybe you wondered sometimes why no Axis plane has ever appeared over the Canal locks."

"Yes," I said, "I have."

"The radium screen! It's one generation ahead of England's balloon barrage."

I blinked.

"Radioactive dust," Ferguson explained, "kept in suspension over the locks at three thousand feet altitude by the use of a gentle bellows. A plane sailing into that comes down like a dead duck."

I ventured that it was an age of miracles. "But," I asked, "where does the Colonel figure in this?"

Ferguson shook his head half-reproachfully. "The Cunnel," he said, "is the kind who, wherever he is, likes all the comforts of home. And he's not the man to say 'no' to a lady who might say 'yes'."

The Colonel at that moment was engaged in a violent kiss.

"Around the time of Pearl Harbor," said Ferguson, "he was on a traveling assignment in Latin America. Well, the Nazi spy system suited him fine. First thing when he'd hit a new town, he'd ask right off who was the local spy. In no time he was making a pitch."

I leaned forward anxiously.

"And him being obviously a man in the know, the lady spies crowded to him like flies to honey." Ferguson stopped to light his pipe. "That was how the Japs first heard of the forty-inch gun."

"From the Colonel?"

"Yeah. The spy in Bogota bagged that one. It went straight to Berlin. Pass completed by Tokyo."

I said I didn't want to seem stuffy, but it sounded like treason.

"Treason?" Ferguson repeated. "The secret of the radium dust passed hands in a hotel in Managua. A gal in Lima lifted the story of the Galapagos Wet Cell."

"What about the F.B.I.?" I asked. "And G2? Didn't they move in on the Colonel?"

Ferguson waggled his large Mr. Churchill head. "What for?" he asked. "The Cunnel was saving the Canal."

I thought for a moment.

"You're Tojo," said Ferguson illustratively. "Berlin passes along word from ten different sources that the United States has invented certain weapons . . ."

"Yes," I said. "I see now."

Ferguson gestured toward the corner, where the Colonel was half-slid off his chair and half on the spy's. "They're talking Medal of Honor for him," he whispered. "After the war. When it can be told."

"The Colonel," I said, "is the Lawrence of our times."

"The Nathan Hale," said Ferguson, correcting me. "And how he loves danger."

The band, which had been playing the *Beer Barrel Polka*, blasted to a sudden stop. In the silence a woman's voice asked, "Airplanes which carry submarines . . . ?"

The Colonel wagged his forefinger. "Papa," he said, "ain't talking."

"Silly boy," said the spy, wagging back at him.

"A slip of the lip," said the Colonel foxily, "may sink a ship."

She giggled. Then suddenly she stood up and, with unexpected strength, heaved the Colonel to his feet. "You and I," she said with a violent leer, "will go for a little walk, no?"

"Sure thing, honey," said the Colonel, with an outrageous wink. He lay a fistful of paper money on the table and let himself be guided out. On the way to the door, he placed a forefinger on his lips and whispered, "Just you wait, honey, till we uncork that death ray!"

She tried not to seem interested. "Death ray . . . ?"

"Invented by a Harvard man," said the Colonel. "Professor Buck Rogers."

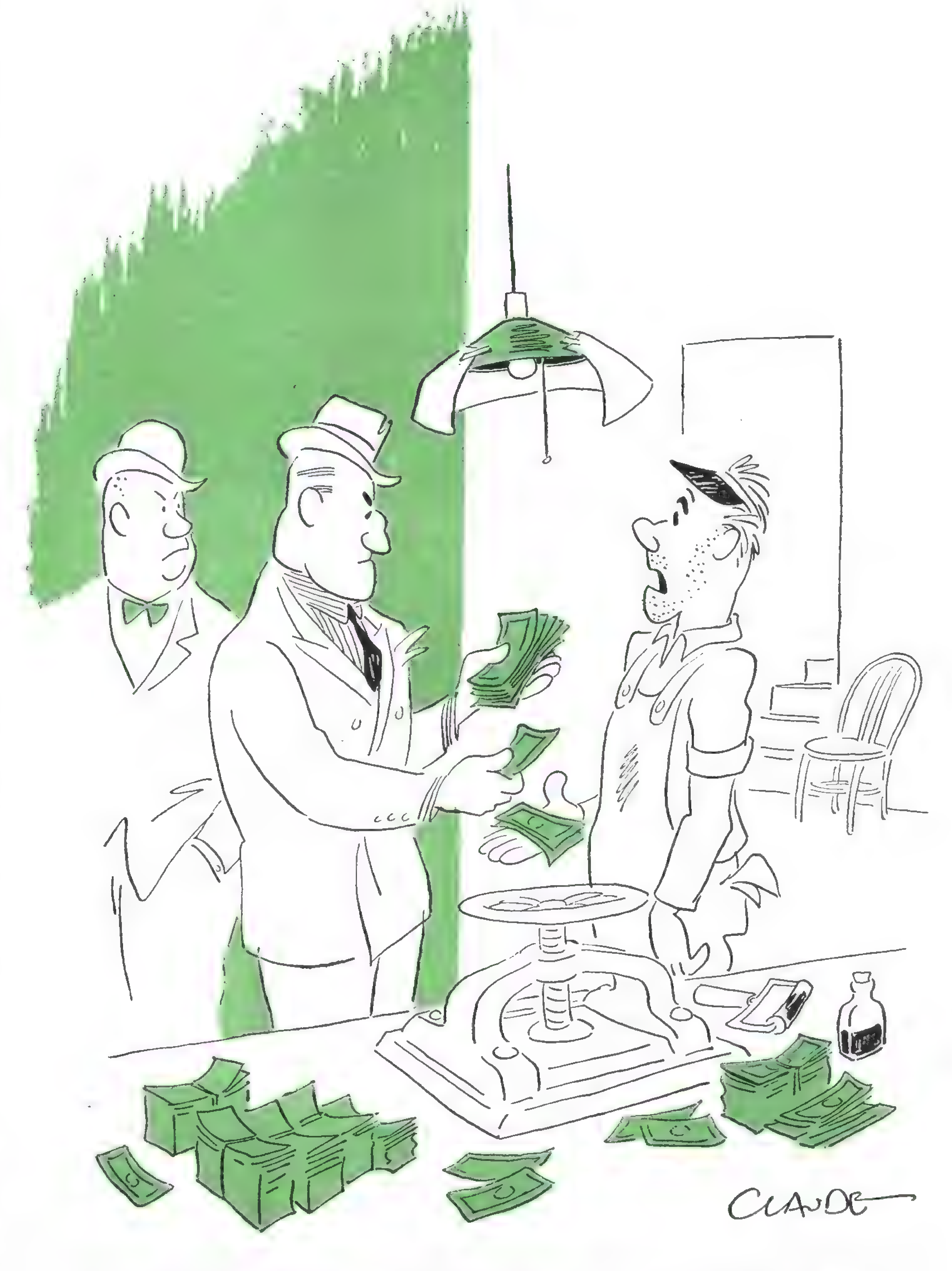
She thrust her arm through his and yanked him through the door.

"Nice work," I said, as the door closed behind them. "The Army never handed out a nicer assignment."

"Army?" repeated Ferguson. "Who says the Cunnel's in the Army?"

"Isn't he?"

"Sure," said Ferguson. "The army of Kaintuck. For a living the Cunnel builds sewers." #



"You mean for a 48-hour week I'm getting paid in this stuff?"

Emir of a Meatless Oasis

Celebrities cheerfully eat chicken and fish in Toots Shor's "saloon" for the signal honor of being greeted as bums

by ARTHUR MANN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

DESPITE his 250 pounds of bulk, Toots Shor was walking inches above the ground on the night of last October fourth. His florid, moon-shaped face was split from ear to ear by a grin of uninhibited delight, due to the arrival of juicy steaks, chops and roasts of beef at his New York restaurant, which he likes to call a saloon. The supply had ended a red-meat famine dating back to May 21, when the O.P.A. ruled him off the turf for being shy too many red ration stamps.

"I can hardly believe it's over," he sighed. "What a break, gettin' all this meat just as the World Series crowd hits town. Now I can take care of all my friends in sports . . ."

"I wouldn't be surprised if you did," said his companion. "Only a mug like you would throw steaks around while everybody else is observing Meatless Tuesday."

"I've observed a hundred an' thirty-five Meatless Tuesdays in a row!" Toots roared. "I can't stand it when my refrigerator bulges with red meat . . . all my friends in town for the Series . . . the cadaver *belongs* to them . . ."

"Maybe so," his companion shrugged, "but it'll sure make a contrast—fish an' chicken everywhere in town, an' Toots Shor dishing up all the red meat any unpatriotic gourmand wants to stuff in his gullet . . ."

Toots' desire to ignore this cruelest of Meatless Tuesdays was strong enough to argue down even Mayor La Guardia, but not the companion, who happened to be Bill Corum, the New York sports writer. In Shor's blue eyes a sports writer can do no wrong.

"All right, ya bum!" he muttered. "Go home an' leave me alone. I'll serve the meat Wednesday!"

New York's latest epicurean phenomenon, Shor's restaurant does a million-dollar business annually without benefit of advertising, press agentry or "free-loading cufferoos." The place has no orchestra, no sex-appealing souvenir salesgirls, no secret cubbyholes or subterfuge of any kind, and it had no red meat for 135 days of its biggest year.

Yet at dinnertime Toots Shor's has the appearance of Grand Central Station. Big shots and small fry wait behind the ropes. Once Toots spied Charlie Chaplin in the crowd behind the barrier.

"I'll have a table in a half hour, Charlie," he said. "Be funny for the folks while you wait, will ya?"

Of course, a restaurateur with a full house can afford a sense of humor, but Shor has developed a smooth technique of insulting people without hurting their feelings. It passes for personal attention, which human nature craves, and the craving runs as deep in the great as in the small. One evening Joe Schenck, the picture magnate, entered with Louis B. Mayer, president of M-G-M.

"You have a pretty place," said Mr. Mayer after the introduction. "I hope the food is good."

"Could be, L. B.," Toots replied. "I've seen your pictures—we all have our bad days, don't we?"

Wendell Willkie once paused to compliment the host on the excellent roast beef.

"Fine," said Toots, "but mention it on the radio where it'll do me some good."

Late last year Shor received the thrill of a lifetime when General "Hap" Arnold came in for dinner. Those four shoulder-stars excited the awe of all beholders, including Toots. He was speechless until Maj. Gen. George, in another party, tried to discuss the menu.

"Get two more stars on your shoulders an' I'll talk to you," said Toots. "Otherwise, see my headwaiter."

It goes along like that, night after night, and they all like it. An exalted motion-picture executive failed to be insulted upon leaving, or was insulted, rather, when Toots said, "Good night, Mister So-and-So."

"*Mister!*" the patron exclaimed. "You call everybody by his first name, but I'm Mister . . . Why? Something personal?"

Old-timers declare there has been nothing like Shor's since the glittering days of Jack's, located at Sixth Avenue and 42nd Street. Many purposeful purveyors of food and drink have struggled in vain to simulate the peculiar appeal that made Jack's the magnet of the sports and sports-minded thirty and forty years ago, for the spenders of society and the amusement world invariably followed and, in turn, drew the tourists. But the attempts to capitalize on the celebrities failed, because they disappeared. Toots has the same complaint, but not frequently.

"That Cagney," he mutters, speaking of Jimmy, "gets in from Hollywood an' is on the phone for me to come an' meet him. Come over here, ya bum, I tell him, an' he says he won't come to my joint, it's too crowded, an' I should come over to some cobwebby morgue he hangs out in. But what can I do? I want to see the guy, so I go."

If Pat O'Brien is different, his appraisal of Shor's is even more so.

"When I hit New York," O'Brien explains, "I first visit the Cathedral; then I go to Toots', an' then back to Hollywood."

There is no special type of food, no well-known chef or maître d'hôtel, except Toots, who asks if you want it rare, well-done, or will you take it as it comes out?

If this reads like a paid publicity item, it's an accident, for the last thing Shor would do is finance a blurb or pick up a writer's check. His system is against it, and his system has parlayed less than a shoestring into a business that has grossed better than 900,000 dollars last year. As he paused before the doorway on opening day, he pulled forty cents, his entire bank roll, from his pocket and heaved it across Fifty-first Street.

"I'll go in here broke," he muttered and opened for business.

One year later he walked in, as usual, to be greeted by the rarest of sights. More than 150 regular customers rose to greet him, and Grad Sears, president of United Artists, escorted him to his place at the head of the gathering.

"Little dinner in your honor, Toots," Sears explained. "And we've paid in advance."

When a reporter wants news of the sports world, he goes to Shor's. Football writers and coaches gather there for Monday quarterbacking through the last three months of the year. The American League film for 1943 was first screened at Shor's. The Boxing Writers hold their regular meetings there. Writers covering basketball gather at Shor's with the coaches and discuss personalities of the game at least once a week.

The place became precious to the sporting mob when Lew Jenkins, about to challenge for and win the lightweight championship, was denied entrance to the Stork Club because of the open-neck sport shirt he wore.

"We'll go over to Toots' then," said one of the fighter's party. "We kin go barefoot in his jernt."

And Shor's became a sort of Little Church Around the Corner where any regular guy was welcome, with or without a tie.

Two years ago Toots left a gabfest to answer a long-distance call. He returned in a glow of delight.

"What d'ya know?" he gasped,

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THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN ➧

Two from the Rose Garden

ROCKETING toward the camera, two orders of such stuff as dreams are made on, from Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York. At the right, Joy Skylar who is captain of the dancers at the club. Joy is a 20-year-old New Yorker and has danced her way through numerous scenes of musical comedies and roadshows and walked on in several legitimate dramas. If you followed her around backstage, you'd probably hear her humming *Bésame Mucho*. It's her favorite tune but we're afraid she has a particular lad in mind for the *bésame*-ing.

At the left is Myra Green, proof that they grow something besides trees in Brooklyn—but good. Myra collects old phonograph records, was a commercial photographer for a short space and *likes* Brooklyn. She thinks she'd like to get married, but she's still playing eenie-meenie with her beaux. Both blonde ladies model when they can fit it into their schedules.

The Diamond Horseshoe lines up with the Statue of Liberty and the view from the Empire State Building as a seemingly eternal attraction for out-of-town visitors in New York. Billy Rose's other extravaganzas may be things of a season or two, but the Horseshoe has been going on and on since 1938 and shows no signs of failing health. Since it opened, some two and a half million persons have beaten a path from Times Square to the huge room that is decorated in florid red with gilt trimmings.

Not one to let go of a good thing when he gets it, the impresario has collected and retained a group of unfading entertainers whom at intervals he shuffles, re-costumes and re-themes into a new show. Right now he's calling it *Opera en Casserole* and spoofing grand opera as dished up at the Metropolitan. Among the favorites are Bob Hall, the Broadway calypso who mysteriously weaves names of individuals in the audience into the songs that he makes up as he goes along; ballerina Harriet Hoctor; the Four Rosebuds, a quartet of beef trust chorines, and Herman Hyde and his disintegrating musical instruments. Plus a lush assortment of dancing beauties in two sizes: king and regular.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Remember the Emperor's Cup

Knowing the Japs as he did, the C. O. had good reason for his crack about taking along some heavy duck loads

by FRANK X. TOLBERT

• FICTION •

About an hour before our outfit shoved off for the invasion of Tairamboco, Survey, the mess sergeant, sent some coffee and sandwiches to the men working on the Gawgi Island docks. Warrant Officer Kettner and I sat on a crate and drank coffee and discussed the special equipment which we thought would be needed in the Tairamboco operation.

Colonel Dorman, commanding officer of our regiment, was sitting on the next crate. He heard us talking and he winked at the warrant officer and said:

"Don't forget to bring along some heavy duck loads."

Then the colonel slid off his crate and walked to the end of a dock where Second Lieutenant Frisbie was in charge of a detail carrying ammunition aboard. Pretty soon Colonel Dorman was cussing and reading off Frisbie something awful.

"Why does R. K. have to be so tough on second lieutenants? After all, he used to be one himself," I said. "R. K." was the name by which we were required to call the colonel in combat zones.

"Naw," replied Kettner, regarding my gold bars stonily. "He never was no second lieutenant. He was promoted from chief marine gunner to captain during the Second Nicaraguan campaign."

"What," I asked, "did R. K. mean about we had better take along some heavy duck loads? There's nobody uses riot guns in our regiment, except two or three of those crazy platoon sergeants in the Raider Battalion."

"Aw," said the warrant officer, "R. K. just meant we'd best be prepared for anything when we go against the Nippers on Tairamboco. But I can explain more fully by telling you a little yarn that happened many years ago in North China when R. K. was a strapping young master gunnery sergeant and I was a corporal with the old Fourth Marine Regiment.

"Then, as now, R. K. was one of the best riflemen in the corps. He'd been a distinguished marksman for over ten years and he competed in all the big shoots when he was serving in the States.

"Well, one day at this North China station, Tientsin it was, we were all out on the range firing from the 1,000-yard line. A bunch of Russian and Italian and French and British and Jap officers was watching us. Most particularly, they shooting. And all of them was full of compliments except for a little bowlegged Jap colonel who looked as if his big moustache and gold braid was weighing him down.

"This Shambo colonel, his name was Sesuki, made a remark to our C. O., Colonel Bennett, about how this 1,000-yard shooting was very impressive but not very practical since there never would be much fighting out on the flat bald prairie. Then Colonel Sesuki (he's a lieutenant general now, I hear) prophesied that the next big war would be fought in the jungles and most of the shooting would be at very short ranges. So, he said, the Nipper army was putting the big accent on quick and fancy shooting at close-up targets. And then he started bragging about some of the good short-range shooters in his outfit.

"Colonel Bennett replied that most of us lads in the Fourth was pretty fair at the close stuff. And he mentioned that Gunnery Sergeant Dorman was particularly handy with a shotgun. But Sesuki kept on bragging about his boys, and Colonel Bennett saw an opportunity that he'd been waiting for. For several 's the Jap garrison had been ding an annual enlisted men's y pigeon shoot for what they led the Emperor's Trophy. is was a big silver cup, about e feet high. And the Nippers d never let any outsiders compete for it. It would have meant awful loss of face for the cup fall into foreign hands. So, ght in the middle of Sesuki's agging, Colonel Bennett said: understand that the five best ooters in the Japanese army nd the imperial marines are oing to fire next week for your mperor's Trophy. I'm sure that unnery Sergeant Dorman would ke to fire against them.'

"Well, old Sesuki was trapped. e turned three shades of yellow. e sucked on his moustache for a ew moments. Then there wasn't othing for him to do but bow nd invite Colonel Bennett and all the British, French, Italian and Russian officers to each enter an enlisted representative in the Emperor's Trophy shoot.

"Next week everyone except the Italians had a man competing for the trophy, and you could see, right off, that Colonel Sesuki and the rest of the Nippers were nervous as so many madames in church.

"By the time the shoot was almost over, though, it began to look as if they didn't have anything to worry about. The British entry shot first and he gave up in disgust when he had fired at 75 of his 100 birds and missed half of them. Likewise, the Russian and French shooters had miserable scores while the five Nippers did very well, indeed, for Jap marksmen, and their top man led with 96 out of 100.

"I suppose the Nips arranged it that way—anyway, R. K. had to fire last. We thought the pressure was too heavy for him when he missed his first two birds. Colonel Sesuki moved over close to Colonel Bennett and the Jap officer showed his piano-key teeth and said: 'It appears that 1,000-yard rifle shooting is not good preparation for clay pigeon event.'

"Well, in the next few minutes, R. K. proved that old Sesuki had spoken about 98 clay pigeons too soon. R. K. shattered every bird that came out of the trap from there on and finished with 98 out of 100 to win by two points.

"The Shambos went into a frantic huddle. For a while, it looked as if Sesuki was going to slit his belly right there in front of us all. Finally he came spinning out of the huddle and waddled over to Colonel Bennett and spoke as follows: 'Sir, our referees have found a section in the Association of the Heavenly Port's rule book which prohibits foreigners from possessing the Emperor's Trophy. A great mistake has been made. But we shall endeavor to make it up to you, if Gunnery Sergeant Dorman will deign to accept a smaller trophy, handsomely inscribed, with an expensive automatic shotgun.'

"To this Colonel Bennett just replied: 'Nothing doing, Sir. You yourself invited my man to compete for the trophy.' After about 20 minutes of this sort of talk, Colonel Bennett won his point. Sesuki, with his head hanging so low that he almost stepped on his moustache, presented R. K. with the big cup. I can still remember that Jap inscription on the trophy. Translated, it read: 'The Emperor's Trophy, won in the Third Year of Showa in a summer shooting competition held by the Association of the Heavenly Port.'

"As we Marines was leaving

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Murder in Eighteen Holes

A normal person would have suspected something prearranged in a golf game for big dough involving Howie Clipsem

by TOMMY ARMOUR

• SPORTS •

This is a story about a treatment I once received in the land where treatments are famous. The characters in the act were Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel, the famous golfers, Al Wertheimer, man about town, Howard Clipsem (remember that name), Buster West and Vince Barnett. (Vince, you must know, is the son of the famous trick waiter who has performed at dinner parties and banquets all over the world and is, I would say, nearly as adept at producing the desire to kill as his father ever was!)

The time, the Roaring Twenties . . . the place, Hollywood, California . . . and this is how it happened:

Six o'clock one morning in early January, 1929, my telephone rang. I grabbed the phone sleepily, thinking it must be the police—no friend of mine was ever awake at that time! Quickly I ran over my previous day's activities and decided that I had committed no crime. I would be extremely nasty to the caller.

"Who's calling at this ungodly hour?" I asked.

A deep, throaty, hushed voice came over the wire: "Tom, can you think?"

I replied that I had a great deal of difficulty thinking during the day, let alone at six in the morning, but I said, "What's on your mind—and who is it?"

"It's Al—Al Wertheimer. Get into your clothes and come up to my apartment. Don't even put your clothes on. Put on a dressing gown and come up here as soon as you can."

"Couldn't you wait till the middle of the morning, Al? This is a miserable hour to get anybody up. I know you've never gone to bed before eight in the morning since you passed the first grade, but paragons of virtue like me go at respectable hours. Please keep it till later."

"No, I can't keep it," he said. "I've got to see you! I've got one of the most delectable pigeons in the history of Hollywood right at our disposal. This is a fish of great magnitude, and I've got to see you now—and I mean *now!*"

The larceny in me overcame my better judgment, so without even brushing my hair I slipped into my dressing gown and made for the elevator. On the way I met the house detective, who cynically advised: "Buddy, take a bromo and go sleep it off; you'll feel better in a few hours." Nevertheless I proceeded to Al's penthouse.

Al met me at the door and in a hushed voice bade me enter.

"What's going on, Al? What's going on? Tell me something."

"Not so loud," he cautioned. "This is something too beautiful, and if you weren't a dear friend of mine I wouldn't even let you in on it. Take the most comfortable chair in the room and get ready for a shock . . .

"At four o'clock this morning a pal of mine called Howard Clipsem said he was willing to bet a thousand Nassau that Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel could beat you and me and I was to get eighteen strokes!"

The match didn't interest me but, being Scotch, the money did.

"What can you go around in?" I asked. "What's your handicap?"

"I can go around in eighty any day. My handicap is six."

On hearing that I nearly swallowed the cup—not the coffee. "This can't be so, Al. It's too beautiful. Who's the man? Is he from the insane asylum? And most important of all, does he have the dough?"

"Yes," said Al, "he has the dough. And he's not from the insane asylum!"

"What can we tap him for? Will he go for any more?"

"Well," said Al, "I think if we work on him properly he might go for doubles. But this is the dope . . . he's coming here to my apartment at 11:30. I'll ring you in your room and ask you if you want to come up for a cup of coffee. When you come in I'll tell you about the match, ostensibly for the first time, and from then on I want you to handle the details. Give it your very best and we can pay our winter's expenses."

"Are you sure this guy wasn't drunk?" I asked Al. "With your game and eighteen strokes you can beat them yourself! You don't need me."

"No, he wasn't drunk—and as a matter of fact he doesn't drink at all. But he likes to gamble. So do I, and I know you do."

"But this is no gamble, Al. This is larceny—grand larceny. We might as well have it as anyone else, though."

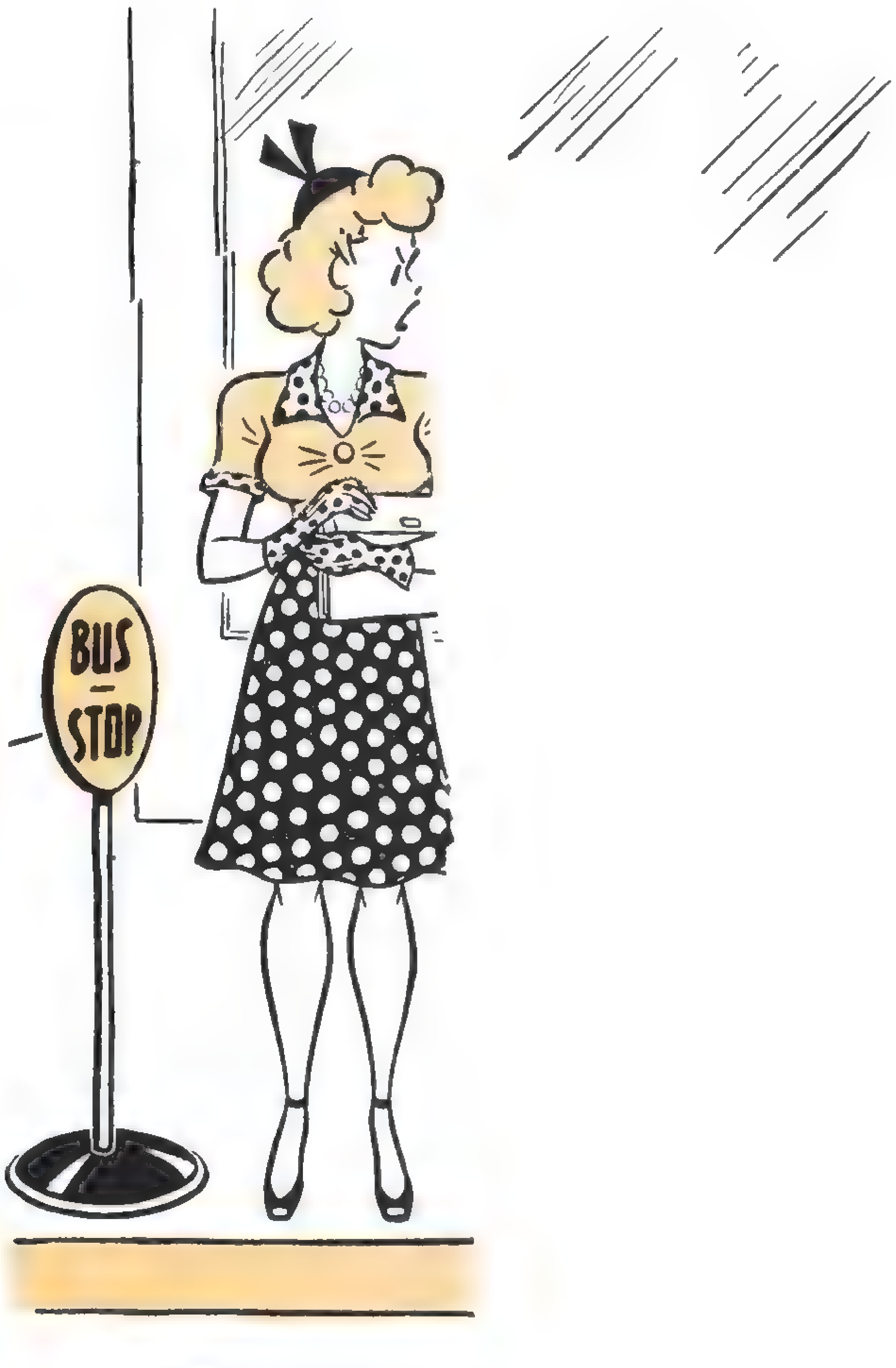
When I returned to my room I went to bed. It was impossible to sleep. This was really good—too good. I tossed and turned and drank about a dozen cups of coffee, had a couple of bromos, ordered eggs but couldn't eat them. I did manage to swallow the grapefruit.

Sure enough, at the appointed hour the telephone rang. Nonchalantly I asked who it was. "This is Al. How about a cup of coffee?"

"Where are you?"

"Up in my apartment," he said. "Come on up."

I didn't want to seem over-eager, but I can assure you that the ensuing ten minutes seemed



"Why don't you pi
own

lows are tough. They're likely to go around that course in eighteen. I'm willing to take a flyer, though. What do they want to play for, marbles or dough?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Howie here" (again I should have known that something was wrong; get the combination, Howie Clipsem. But Armour couldn't catch on!) "thinks that I'm yellow and as he told me, he always suspected there was a large part of canine in you. And he figures if the stipend is large enough, you and I will bark all over the course."

"That's all right with me, Al, but let him put his dough where his mouth is. What do we play for?"

"Well, he's willing to bet us 1,000 dollars Nassau. That's 500 dollars each."

"That sounds a little like petty larceny—is that all you'll go for, Howard?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I might be induced to go for 1,000 dollars Nassau each."

"It's a bet. When do we play?"

"When can you play?" he asked.

"I can't play before twenty minutes."

But Al very strategically refused to play that day. "Tomorrow's the day."

Being completely taken in, I then sprang another one. "How about putting up the dough?"

Clipsem immediately came back with the retort that he insisted the money be put up in cash, suggesting that he wasn't sucker enough to take our word. That suited me perfectly and as though he were pulling out single dollar bills he produced a bank roll that would have choked a goat and casually flipped off six one-thousand-dollar bills—brand new! Facetiously I asked if he made them himself. "No," he said. "Mr. Whiskers does a very nice job."

"Well, I don't have 3,000 dollars cash, but how about a check?" I said that if my name were good enough I'd give him a check and Al would endorse it.

"When I bet, I bet for cash! I'm a gambler," said Howie.

So Al and I consulted and decided we could dig it up in cash.

"But who'll hold the dough?"

"Ernest Torrence," Howie suggested, "is a man whose honesty and integrity has never been questioned, so we'll get him."

We phoned Ernest and he readily agreed. He'd collect the money at the hotel and follow the game.

With a couple of handshakes, I departed. I would go in rigid training between now and the next morning. We were to meet at twelve o'clock at the Lakeside Country Club and I decided to get there a few minutes earlier, have ten minutes' practice (a very unusual occurrence!) and shock my assistant by drinking nothing but milk until the match.

We arrived at the club next day, got our golf clubs and shoes out of the car, gave the bags to the caddy master and went into the clubhouse for a little lunch. Diegel and Hagen were already there and as we sat down at the table I asked the boys if they had any investment in the game. They said no, but they would like a slight interest. I asked how slight, and they both agreed on 50 dollars Nassau.

"Granted, boys, your request is granted. I can use that 300 dollars nicely."

Finishing lunch, I ran out to the caddy master and asked him to send my caddy over to the practice grounds, which were about 200 yards from the first tee. I decided I'd hit a few balls.

When I got on the practice tee I was met by one of the most peculiar-looking objects of humanity I have ever had the misfortune to see. He was about five feet, five inches tall, heavily built, with a drooping moustache that seemed to finish in his mouth, a most vacant expression on his face and a foreign accent you could have cut with a cleaver. His hat was a half size too small and appeared to be balanced on the top of his head. His jacket was one size too small and his trousers two sizes too large, threatening to fall down at any moment.

I looked him over carefully and asked, "Are you my caddy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know anything about caddying?"

"Oh, yes, I've caddied for *good* golfers," he said patronizingly.

"Fine, let's get started."

I dropped about a dozen practically new balls out of the bag and sent him down the course to retrieve them. He returned with twelve balls all right, but six of them seemed to have been under water for a year. I asked where the new balls were but he said these were the ones I had hit out and insisted upon it.

My prestige was wounded. "I never owned golf balls like these!"

He was adamant.

But golf balls didn't mean anything in my life at that moment, so I proceeded to the first tee and waited till my partner and opponents arrived. After tossing for

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"You forget, Madam—this is my day off!"

Evolution of the Night Club

Blame it on the dancing Castles, the rise of jazz or little women wishing to dine out, nighteries came to stay

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

(George Herriman, creator of Krazy Kat, died in California at the end of April. He was, of all comic strip artists, the one most surely touched with genius, the one with the most elusive temperament, the great original.

It was in connection with Krazy Kat that I wrote the first critical article in the series which later became The Seven Lively Arts, and thereby the forerunner of these pages in Esquire. But I think my sense of loss in the passing of Krazy Kat is more than personal. The Kat was like a creature out of folklore, the most endearing creation of our machine-age mythology. He is immortal, like the little monsters of fairy stories or the passionate figures of Walt Disney; but though I know he lives forever, I shall miss him from day to day.—G. S.)

ONCE in a blue moon, as you sit in a night club, a flash of skepticism—or maybe a sudden unwelcome moment of sobriety—comes upon you and you wonder what the hell you are doing there. Before you know the answer, a shapely girl is singing a comic song or a Jimmy Durante is breaking the furniture or everybody in the place is being roundly insulted—and you are back in the night club mood without answering your question.

This has been going on for years. I suspect night clubs are a development of the after-theatre supper at Delmonico's, that these American ventures came after we had heard about Maxim's and the Café de Paris. Maybe there is a good doctorate thesis (Applied Sociology) in the history of the night club, especially in the growth toward respectability.

The original French version was not exactly bourgeois; in the memoirs of the nineties it sounds rakish. Jean took Fifi from the ballet; or a visiting Alfred took a (how you say this?) willing young lady; actresses were considered dubious characters and Papa took Mama home before he met his officially accepted mistress for supper. In America, where such goings-on were not applauded, a few people gave supper parties after the theatre, others seem oddly to have gone directly home.

Probably the *thé-dansant* had a lot to do with the eventual acceptance of the night club. The basic Anglo-Saxon theory is that all wickedness occurs at night; if a man met a woman in a public place before seven p.m., nothing could *happen*. So American businessmen drove uptown to Reisenweber's after a hard day "on the floor"—and got into the habit of hearing music and seeing dancers while other people ate and drank.

In big cities eating out became first fashionable and then customary. There was a period of reasonable prosperity; women began to agitate men into going to places of amusement; jazz and the Castles came.

Jazz had a solvent action on many habits and inhibitions; it lapped eating, drinking and dancing which shocked people and a faint slackening of manners and morals in its own new waves of sound; and the night club was in a sense a manifestation of jazz. It was to a cabaret that the original Dixieland "jass" band came from the South and from that moment until the Roaring Twenties, the combination of the new music and the new customs of the country ran together.

There were some attempts to create supper-theatres, but there seemed to be a physical objection to eating and looking up to a stage. This biological hostility remains, though Billy Rose uses a stage part of the time in his Diamond Horseshoe. More acceptable is the true floor show—in which three or four sides are set with tables, so that the preferred customers can communicate with the talent. The visibility is no better than it is with a stage show; but the atmosphere is right.

And in that atmosphere occurs a wealth of bad singing, ugly costumes, pawky jokes and foolish specialties—enough to explain why night clubs, in self-protection, take out liquor licenses. In my brief resumé I skipped the Prohibition era; in my lifetime I didn't; and I can testify that Prohibition gin helped make noise and smell and low-grade fun in a thousand clubs tolerable.

And you always hoped you'd find the exceptions. Sometimes you did. Emil Coleman used to conduct his orchestra for dancing and light sentiment; with no other attractions, he was a sensational success. Eddie Duchin at the piano and his orchestra playing while Paul Draper danced were definitely class entertainment (after Prohibition); you might catch Jane Froman and even if sopranos aren't the best night club material, she's always wonderful; most novelties weren't too hot, but somehow trick roller skaters seemed good fun; and there were Clayton, Jackson and Durante.

You notice these are not musical comedy transplants; they are people with the special quality, quiet or raucous, which puts them over in an atmosphere as intimate as that of a roundhouse. It is remarkable that the delicate pantomime of Jimmy Savo, the playing of Hazel Scott, the folk songs of Burl Ives or Richard Dyer-Bennett and the wild horseplay of Harrington, Hyers and White should all be admired in the same air of smoke and drink and the strange vitality which comes when you are very tired.

But all of these talents do not justify the enterprising gentlemen who throw together a show with one headliner and a prodigious lack of taste. The lighting, costuming, music and gags in the average club show are appallingly bad. The great bands now play in movie houses in the East and in vast dance halls in Hollywood; so the music in most of the night clubs is made by a small, loud band and another dressed in rumba jackets. The music is for fairly heavy-footed dancing, giving little pleasure to the listener. The society singer pest has largely disappeared, but the little girl now singing isn't much better, although she does come from the wrong side of the tracks. The eight big young women who "pass jokes" with the comedian are dressed to represent potted palms, but naked somehow; and they do awkward dance routines of considerable antiquarian interest (they were last seen in the Follies of 1927).

This is an ungrateful time for me to slam the night clubs which are still reeling from the thirty per cent tax (now reduced to twenty) and a lack of new talent. But I am, as usual, on the side of the citizen. The fact that the citizen is not compelled to go to night clubs isn't a significant circumstance; and if he's going to pay more, he's entitled to get more. In some places the more he'll get will be closer and closer to the grind of burlesque; I suggest that in a few places he should be able to get more wit and more taste.

The reader has caught on to the fact that most of the above applies to big city, chiefly New York, night entertainment. To discover the state of affairs, as I've encountered it, in small roadhouses, east or west, divide the talent by fifty, multiply the vulgarity by about ten; and factor yourself into the original state of mind which, once in a blue moon, says, "What the hell am I doing here?" #

MAJOR IN MATH AND PULCHRITUDE ➧

Tyra Vaughan, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

FRESH out of prep school where she excelled in math, eye-compelling Tyra Vaughan has put her academic training in escrow until she sees how her natural endowments add up in the world of celluloid. Winner of the Blue Book model contest—Miss Springtime, 1944—Tyra is now being schooled by Brothers Warner for a test.

This involves day after day devoted to dancing lessons, posture classes, voice placement, as well as singing and gruelling coaching in line reading. And that is not all—Tyra must learn how to make her pretty face prettier by the gentle art of the powder and paint pots and how to wear the kind of clothes she never wears so that she can feel at home in anything from an Elizabethan court dress to a sarong.

Says the 17-year-old sage who has traveled extensively in Europe, "I am grateful to this twist fate gave my professional plans. I am eager to be an actress because of my background (she is half Russian and half Swedish). I feel I can bring a new interpretation to feminine roles. I was impressed by the sincerity of European women and want to introduce that honest note into my acting."

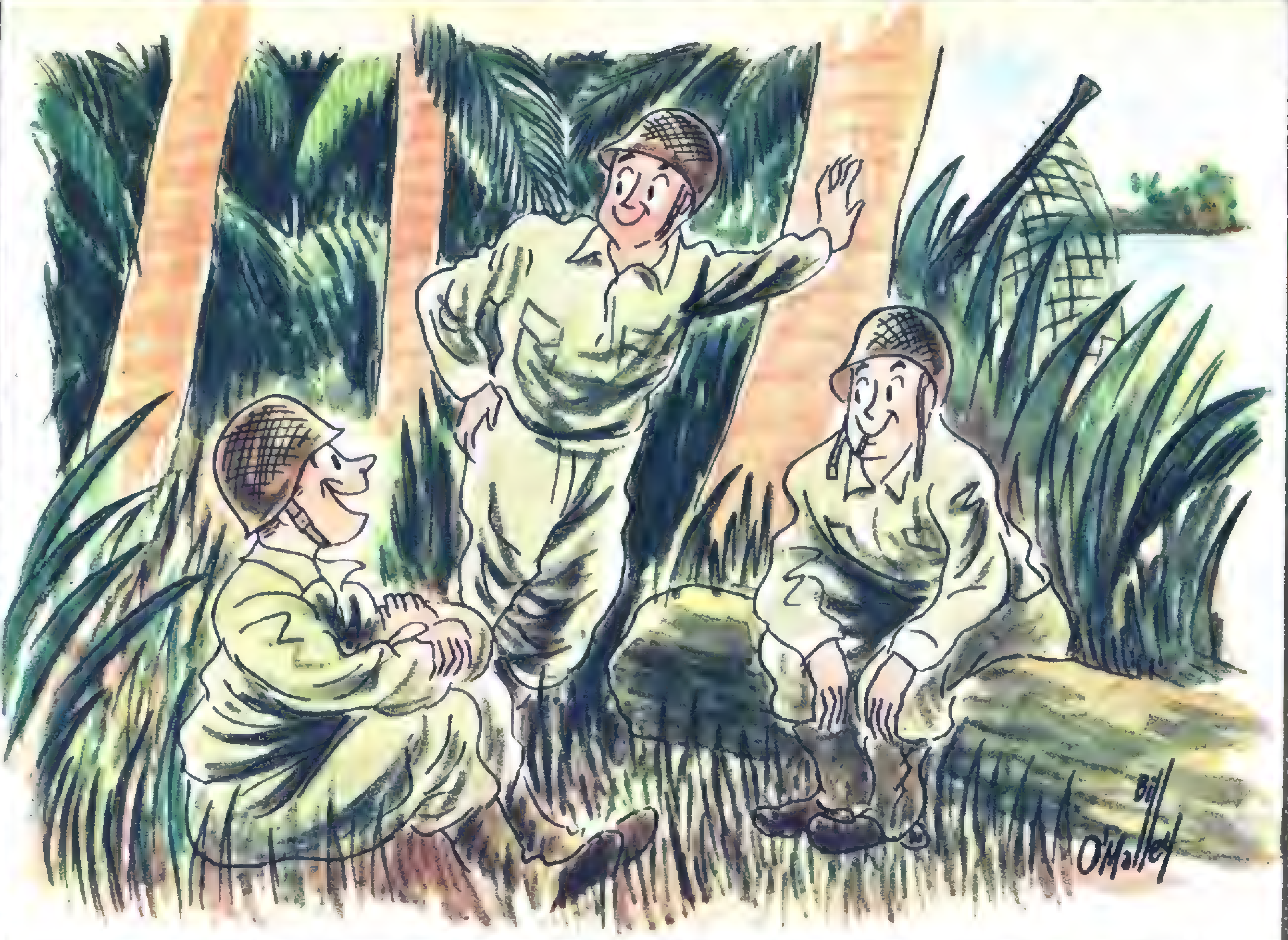
Miss Vaughan votes the Air Corps as her favorite pin-up with the Navy stroking a close second. She regrets the prolonged adolescence of the American male and is all out for severe military training at an early age.

Asked about love, Miss V. says she can leave it in the top drawer until later—much later. And then HE must be a combination of an athlete and a homebody, and that any temperament in the family must be hers. American girls, philosophizes this student of human nature, "yes around too much" and her advice is "don't be ownable."

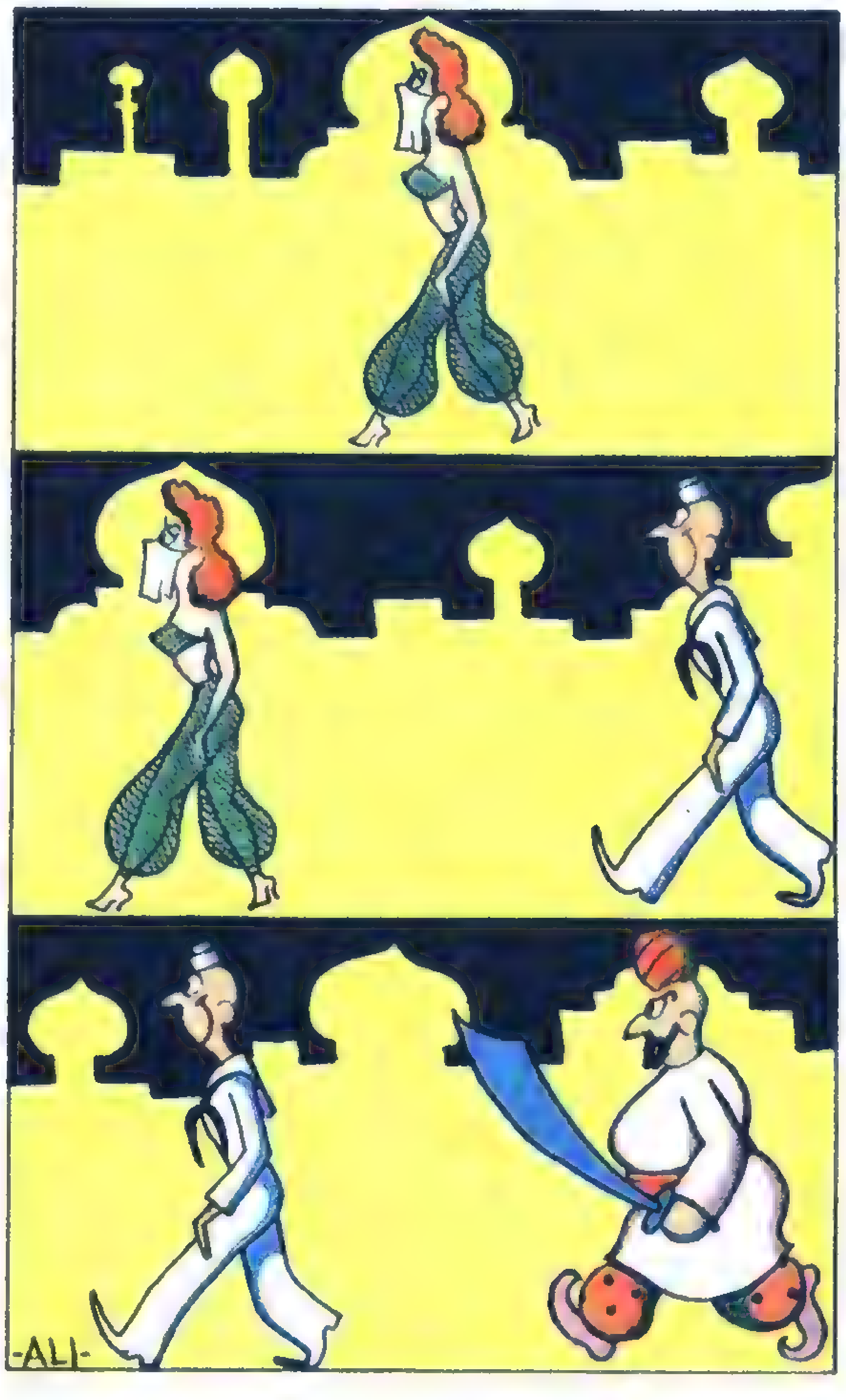
Tyra types herself as a combination of Betty Grable and Lana Turner with a dash of Miss Henie tossed in. In addition to dancing and skating, Miss Vaughan is at home on a horse—possibly a throwback to her Cossack ancestors.

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′6″; *Weight:* 125 lbs.; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 36″; *Age:* 17.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



"Of course, fellows, there are two schools of thought—but don't forget the redheads"



◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Madelon Mason

LEAVING Atlantic City out of this, your first impulse on meeting Madelon Mason is that haven't-I-met-you-before routine. The face is as hauntingly familiar as a word on the tip of the tongue. As a matter of fact, you *have* seen her many times. Essence of ingenuousness, Madelon is a favorite with magazine illustrators for Boy Meets Girl stories in the slicks. When they think of young love, they unanimously think of Madelon. Look for the trademark. If the hair is taffy-smooth, the eyes are big and blue, and the heroine is behaving with coltish grace, it's undoubtedly a Mason product.

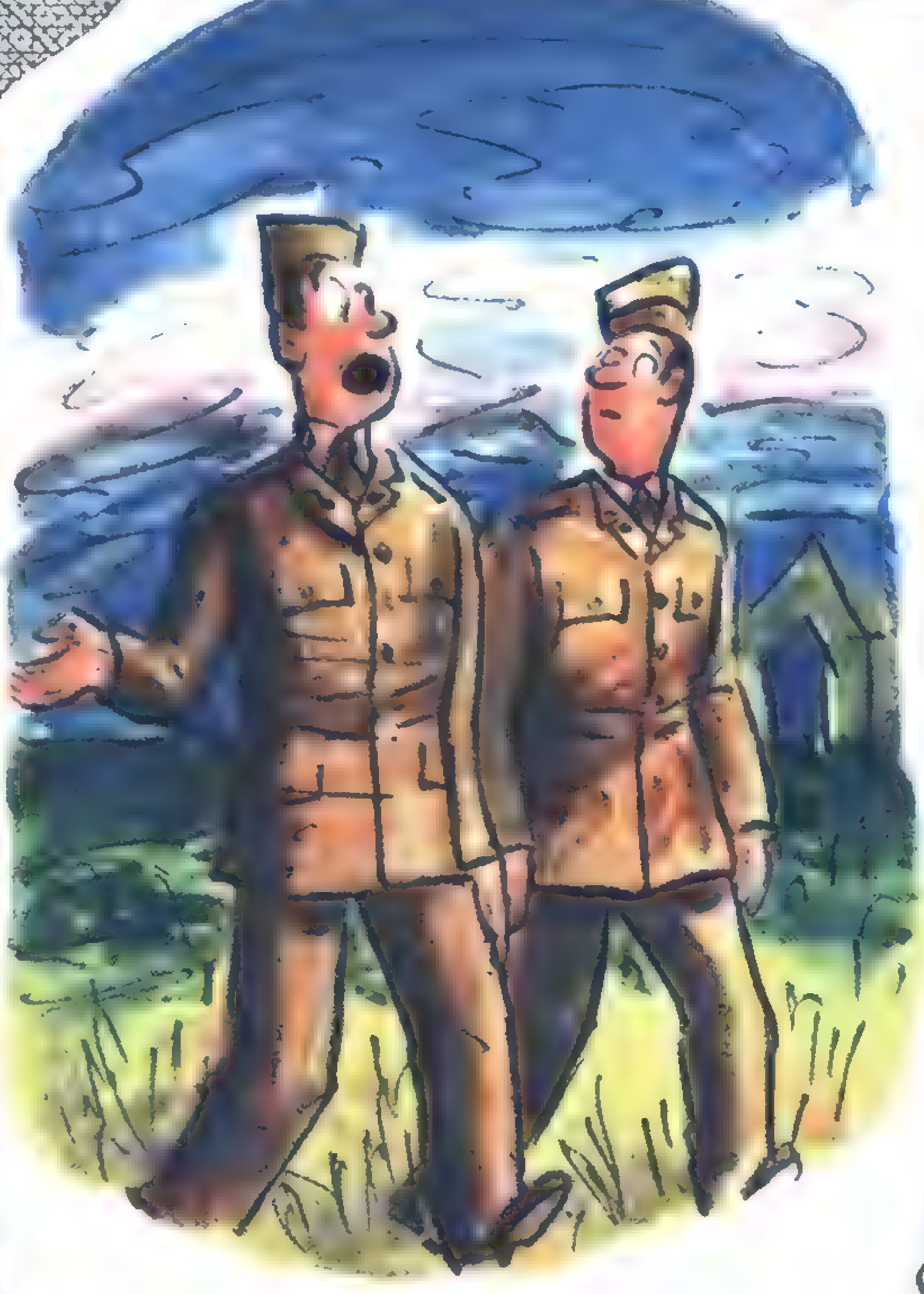
Besides the frantic life she leads vicariously on the drawing board, Madelon's days cannot be described as leisurely. She barely slows down for the corners as she skids from studio to studio, carrying her costume changes in a hatbox, and she's as blasé about it all as a kid at the circus. But in her spare time she likes the tempo *andante.* In the dear gasoline-drenched days of yesteryear her favorite sport was automobile riding. Now she'll settle for dancing on a big floor to a sweet band. You keep the jive. She'll take Lombardo. You could hardly expect her to step from those pages of popular fiction without absorbing some of the sweetness and light.

Madelon was born in Cleveland, Ohio. She got the idea of becoming a model when she was in school in Boston and accordingly tripped down to a local department store and applied for a job in a fashion show. When she left the home of the bean and the cod and came to New York a year ago, she tripped into Harry Conover's. When she went out the door, she was on her way to her first assignment.

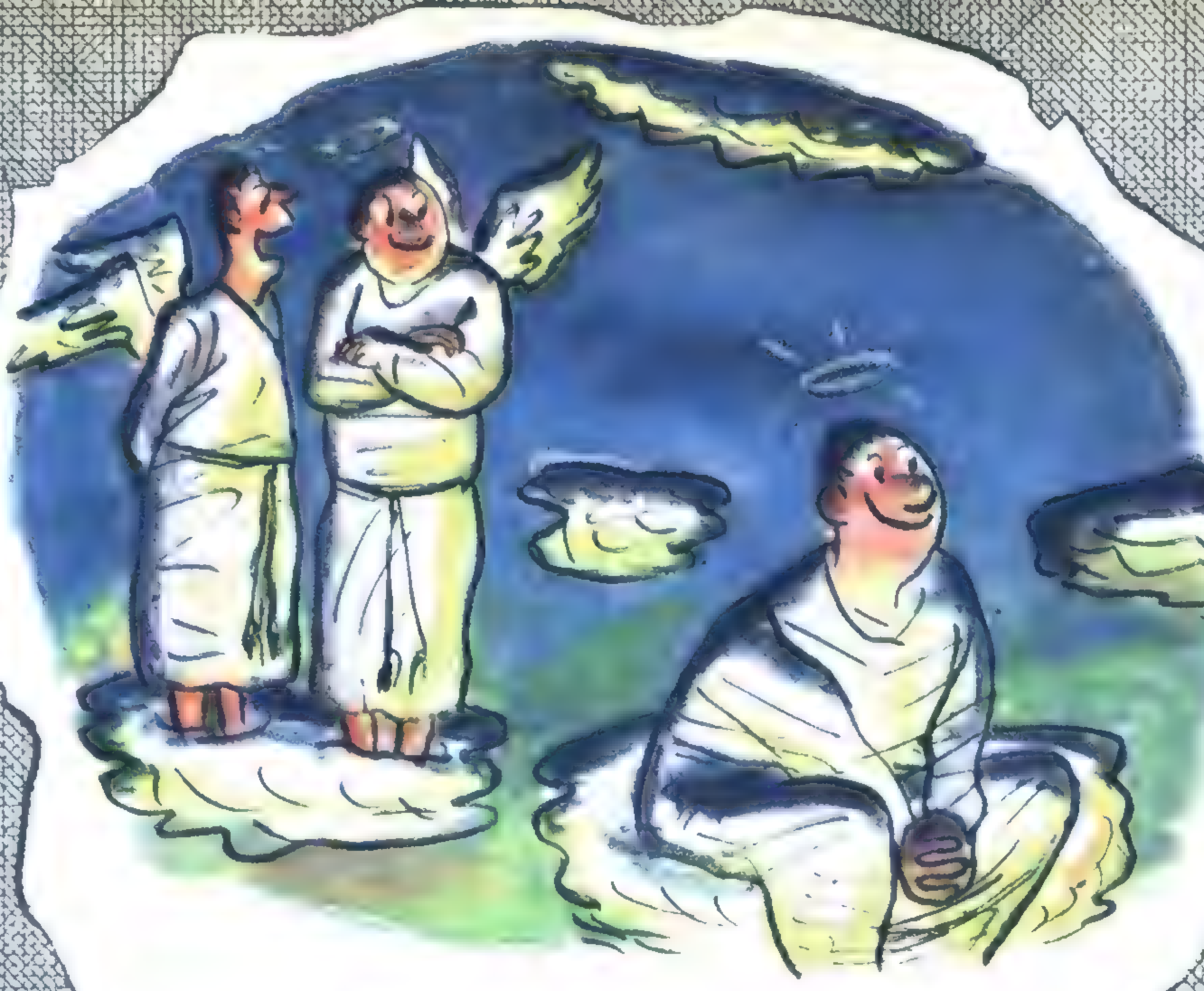
Miss Mason on Men: "I like them young, and—well—*nice.* I think the test of whether you really like a man is whether you are content just being with him. Someone you like to drive around with or go dancing with, and you don't feel you have to be talking to all the time."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 18; *Height:* 5′ 6″ with heels; *Weight:* 113 lbs.; *Bust:* 32″; *Waist:* 22″; *Hips:* 34″; *Type:* Junior Prom.

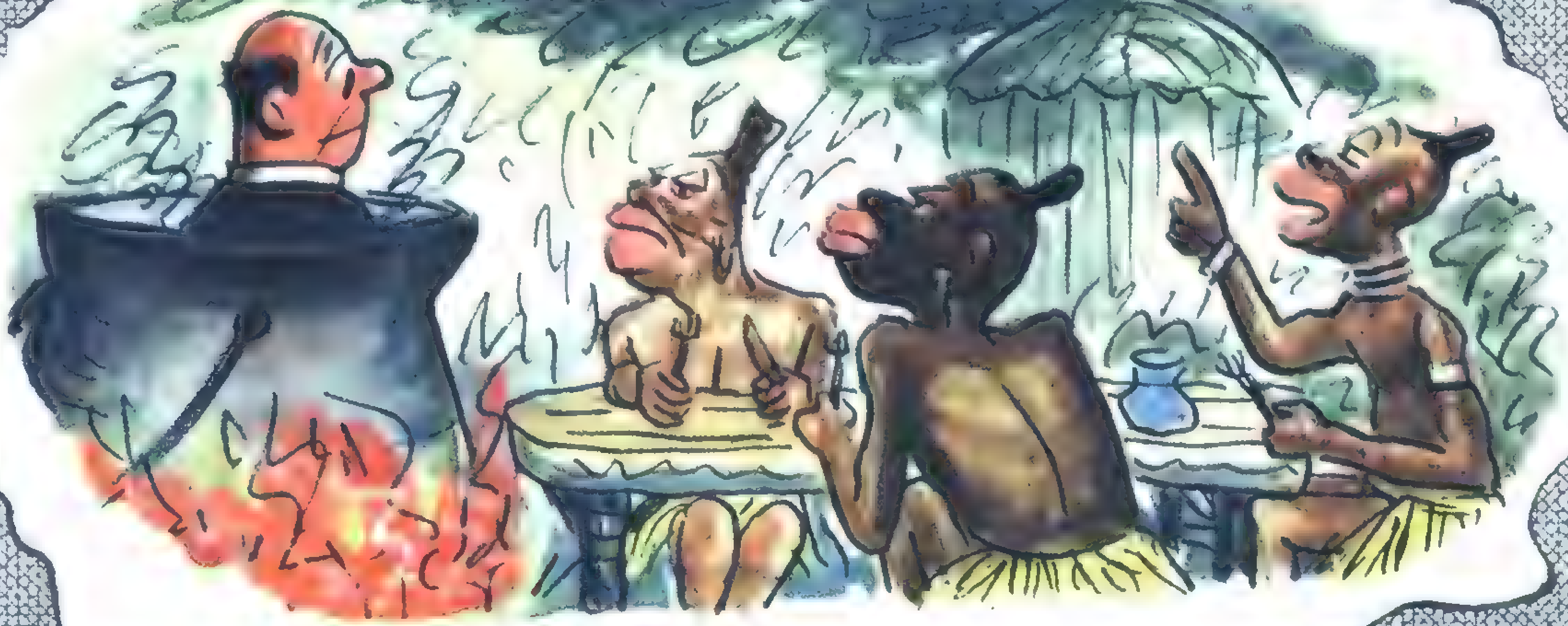
PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER



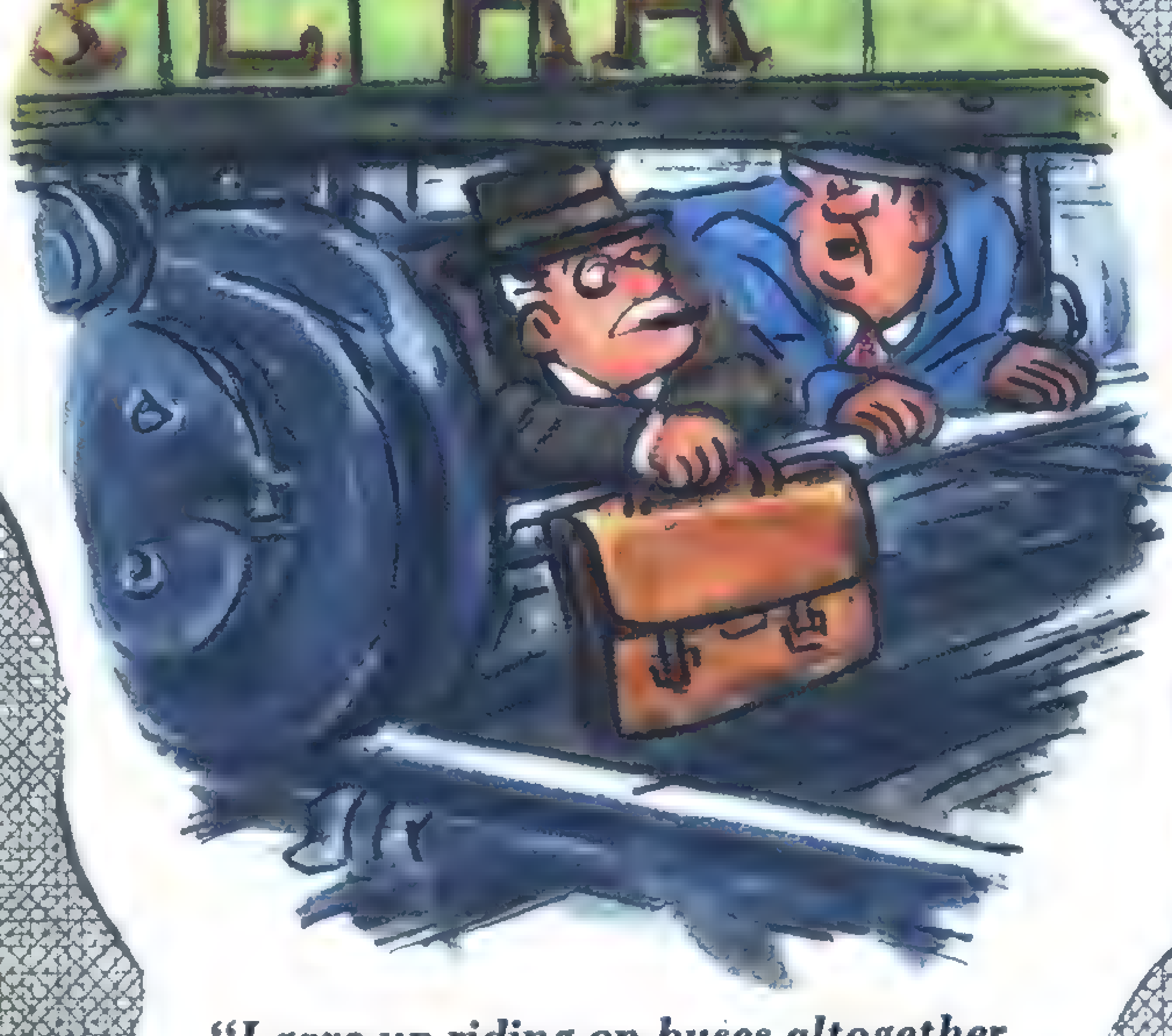
"She did eventually marry a man in uniform—a bellhop with ulcers"



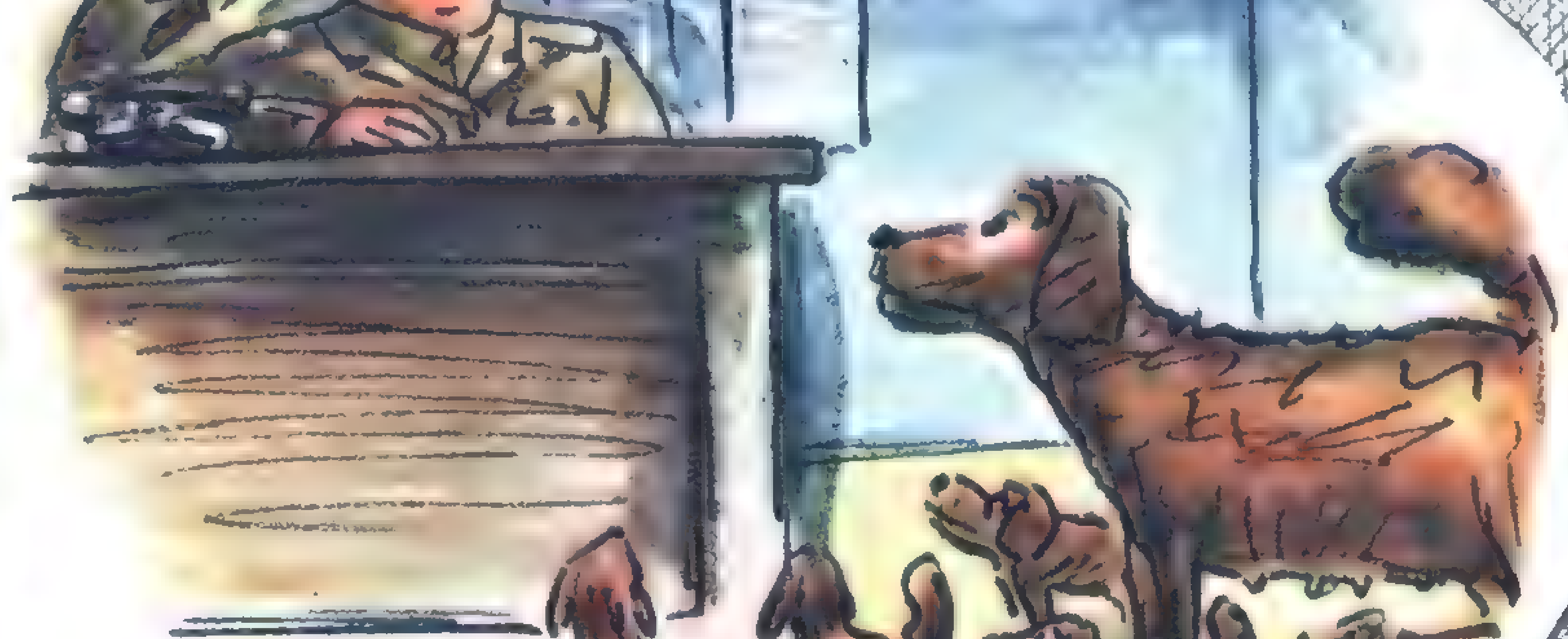
"Well, Simpson finally gets his wings today"



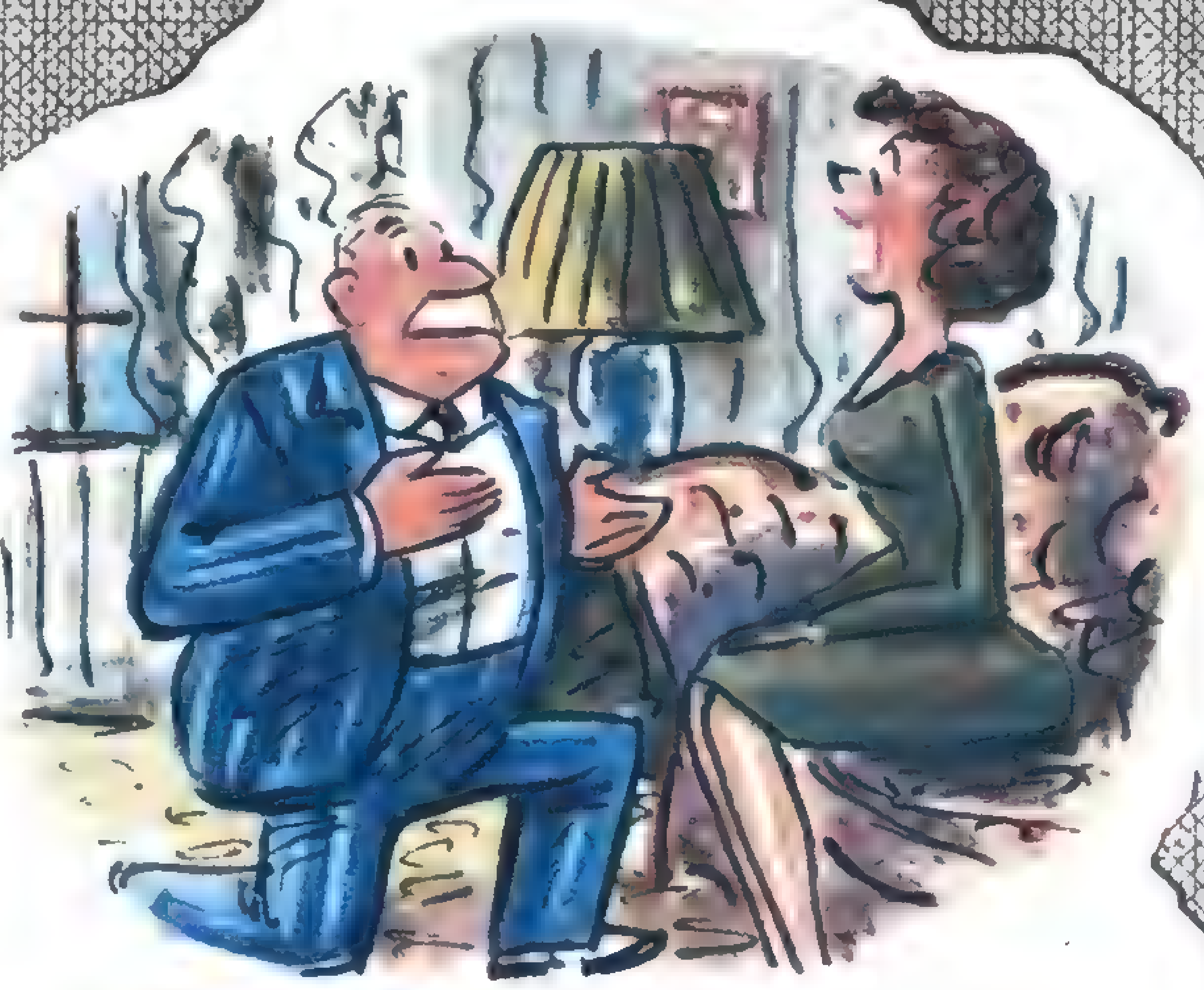
"Parson, will you say grace?"



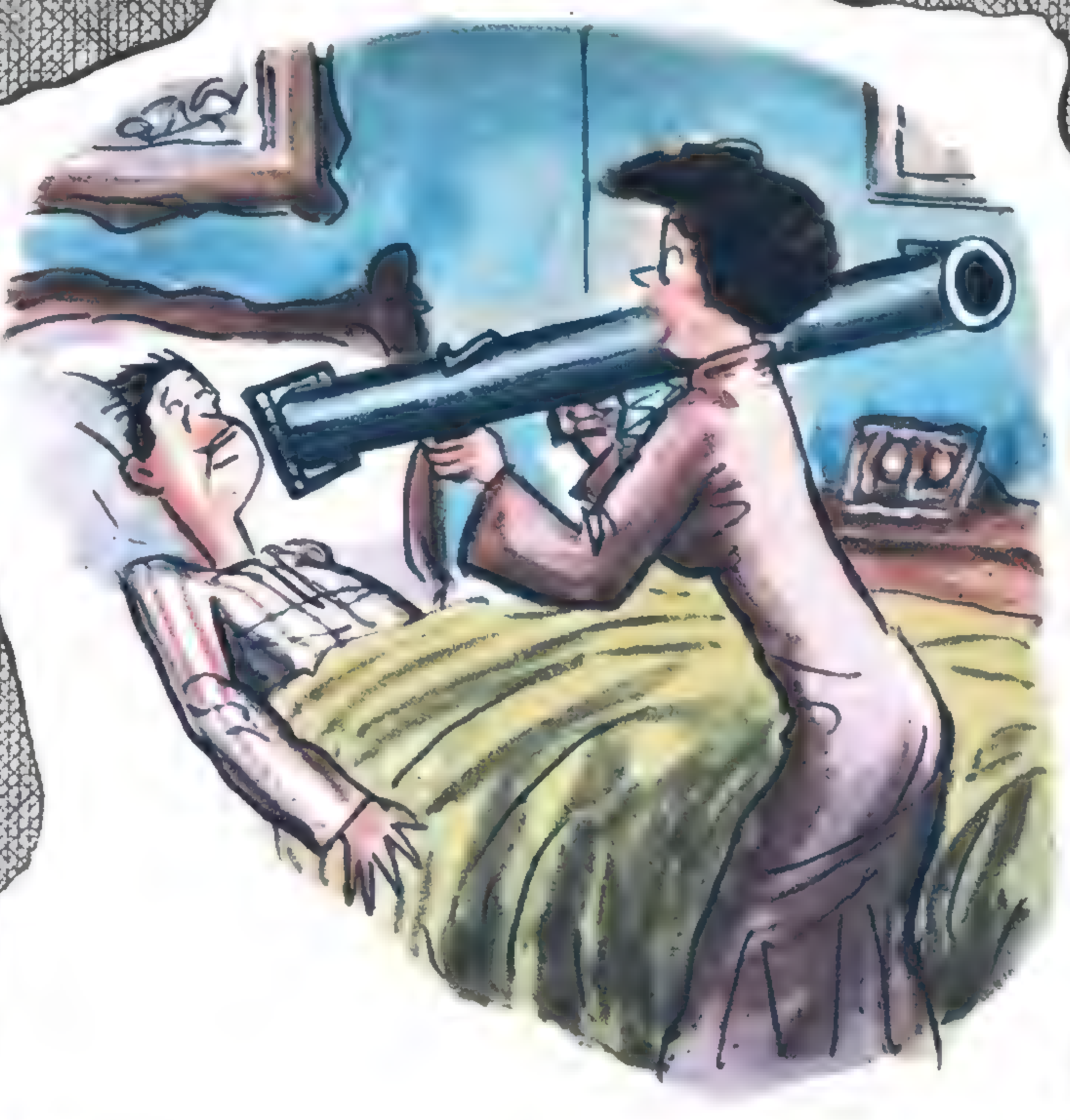
"I gave up riding on buses altogether —conditions were terrible"



"She's looking for a Sergeant Rover of the Wags"



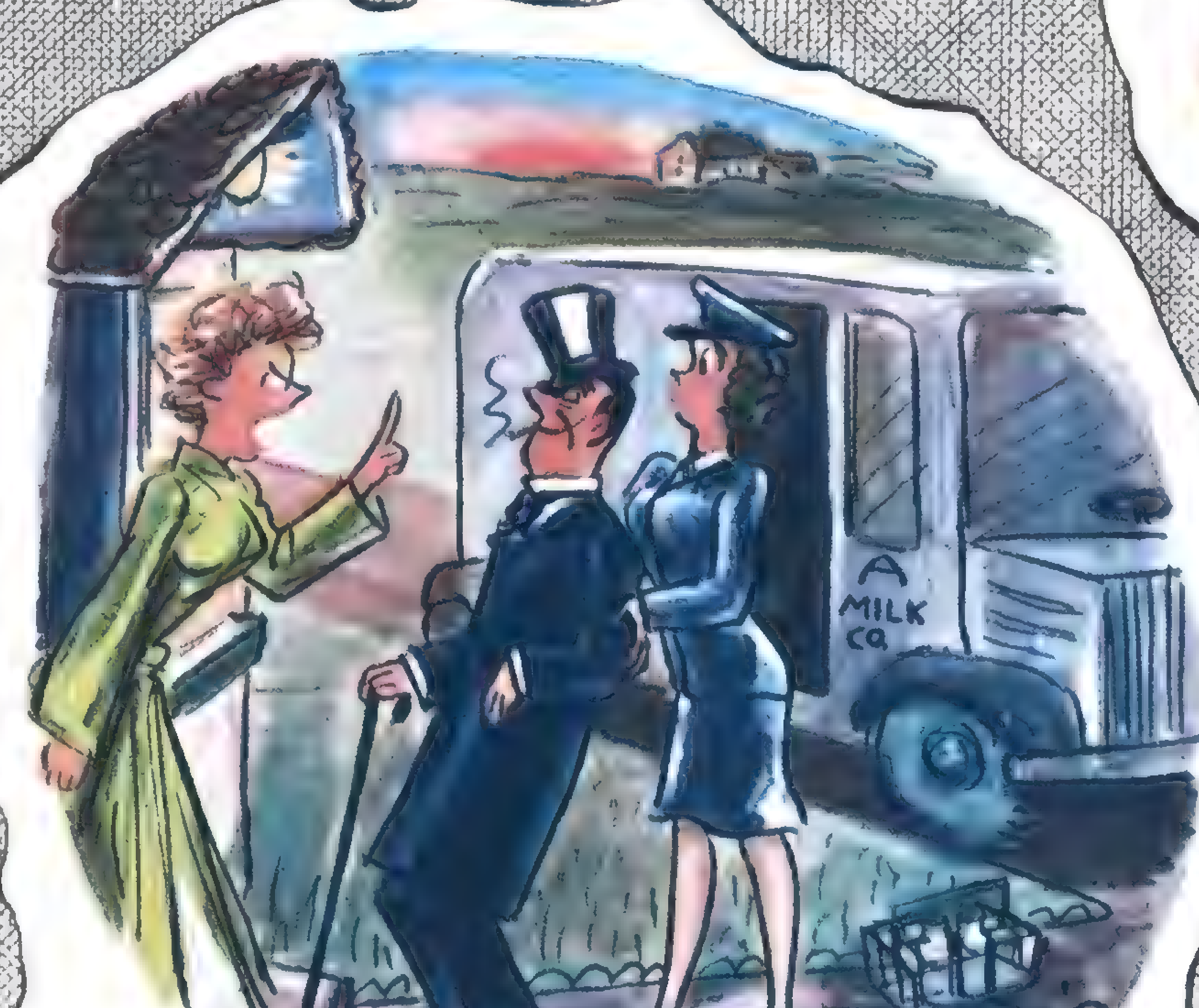
"I'll have to have time to think it over—I accept!"



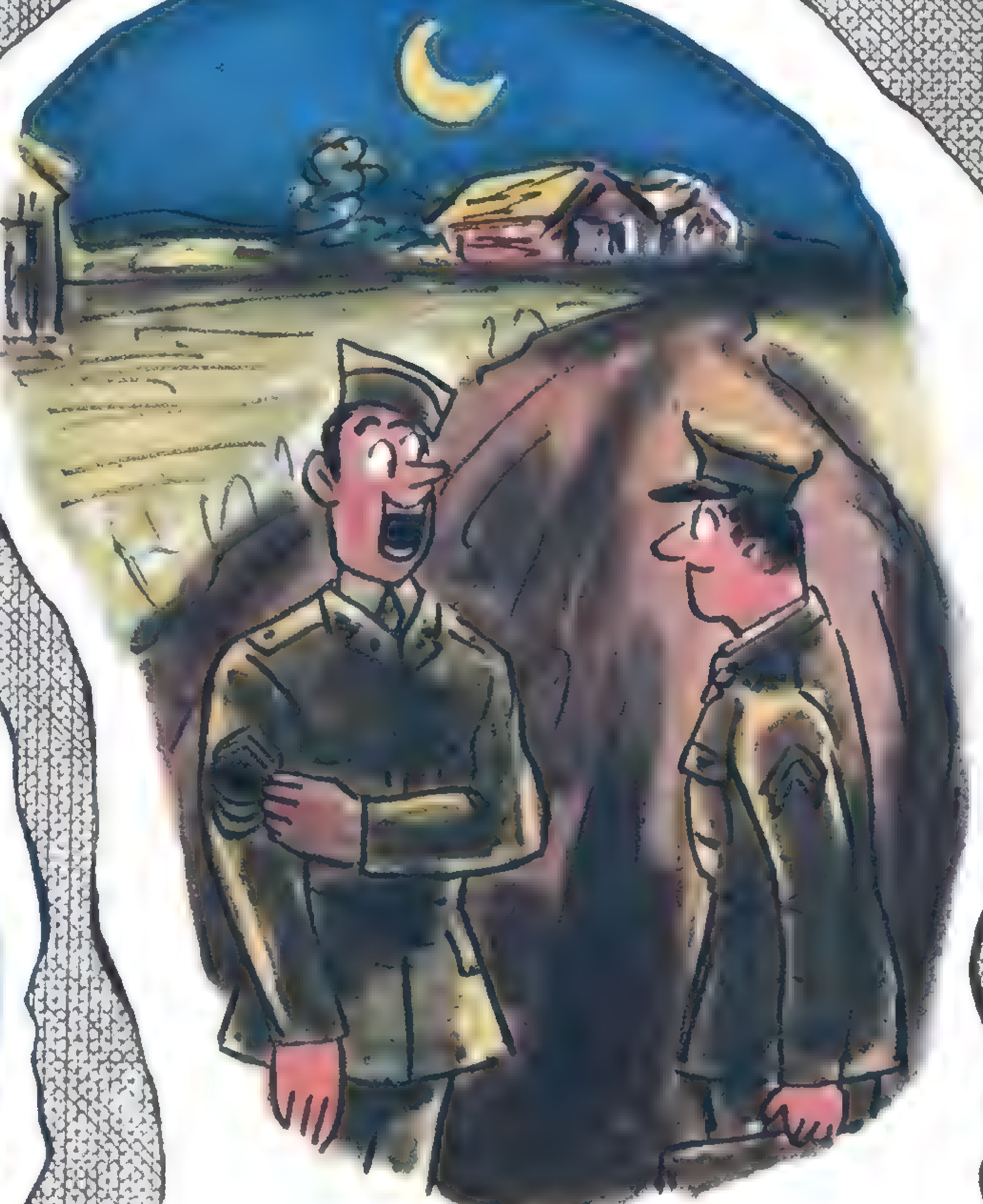
"I'm not mad at you or anything, honey—this is just my chance to go down in history as the first woman to kill her husband with a bazooka"

September Vineyards

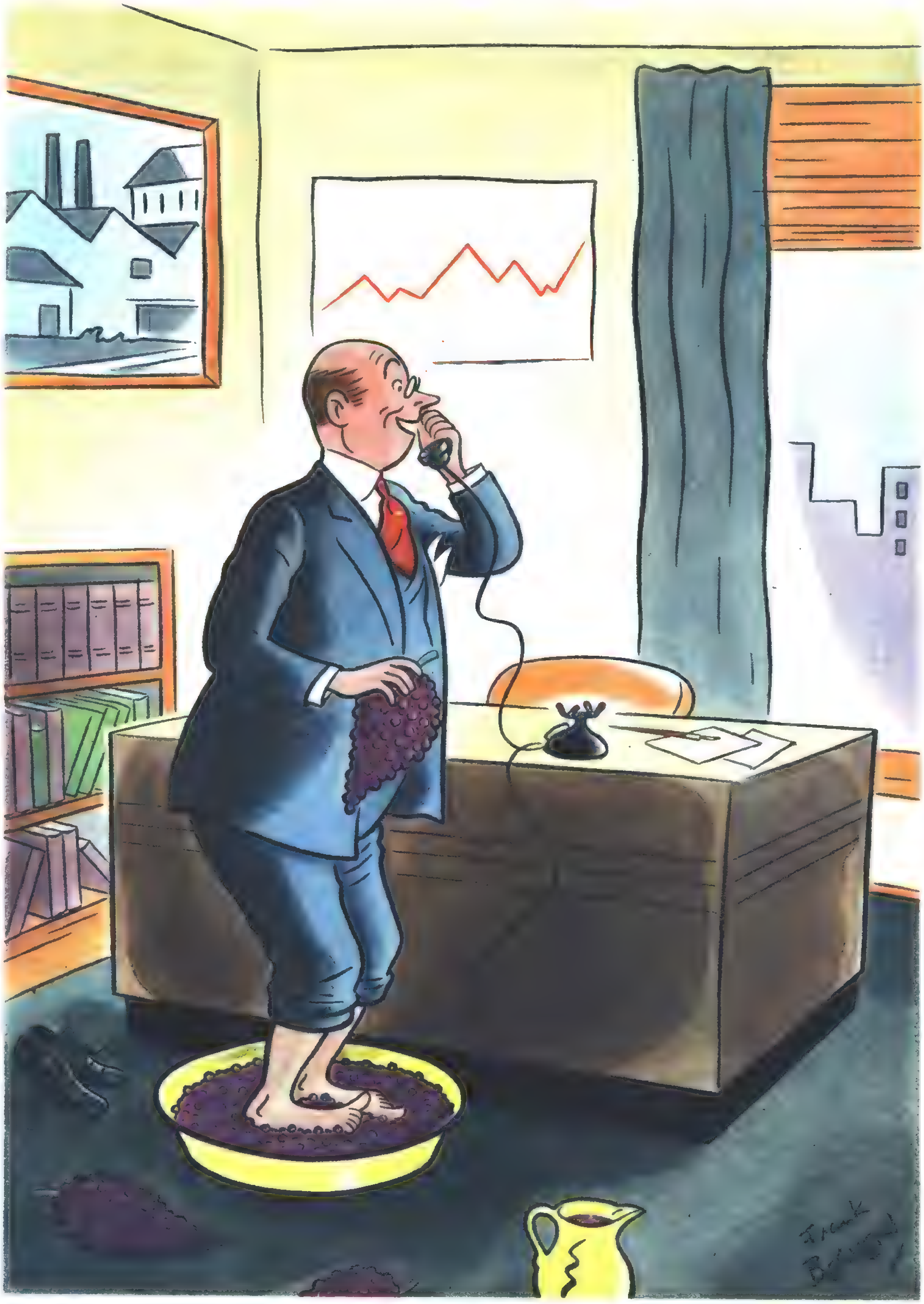
by IRVING ROIR



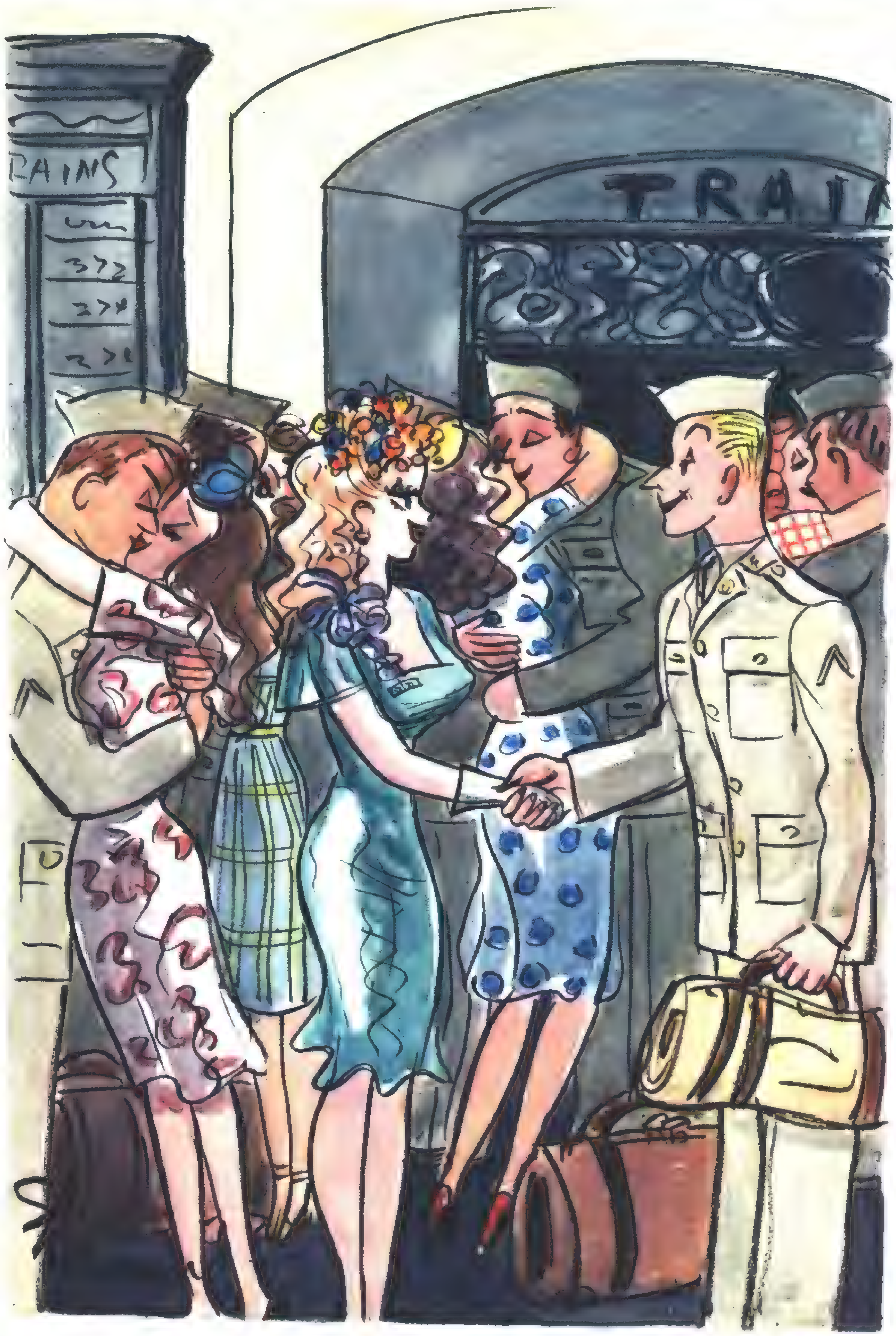
"I won't have you coming home with the milkwoman, Herbert"



"I always take my stripes off before I go home—my wife thinks I'm still making $50 a month"



"Why, no, thank you, the liquor shortage doesn't bother me"


RAINS
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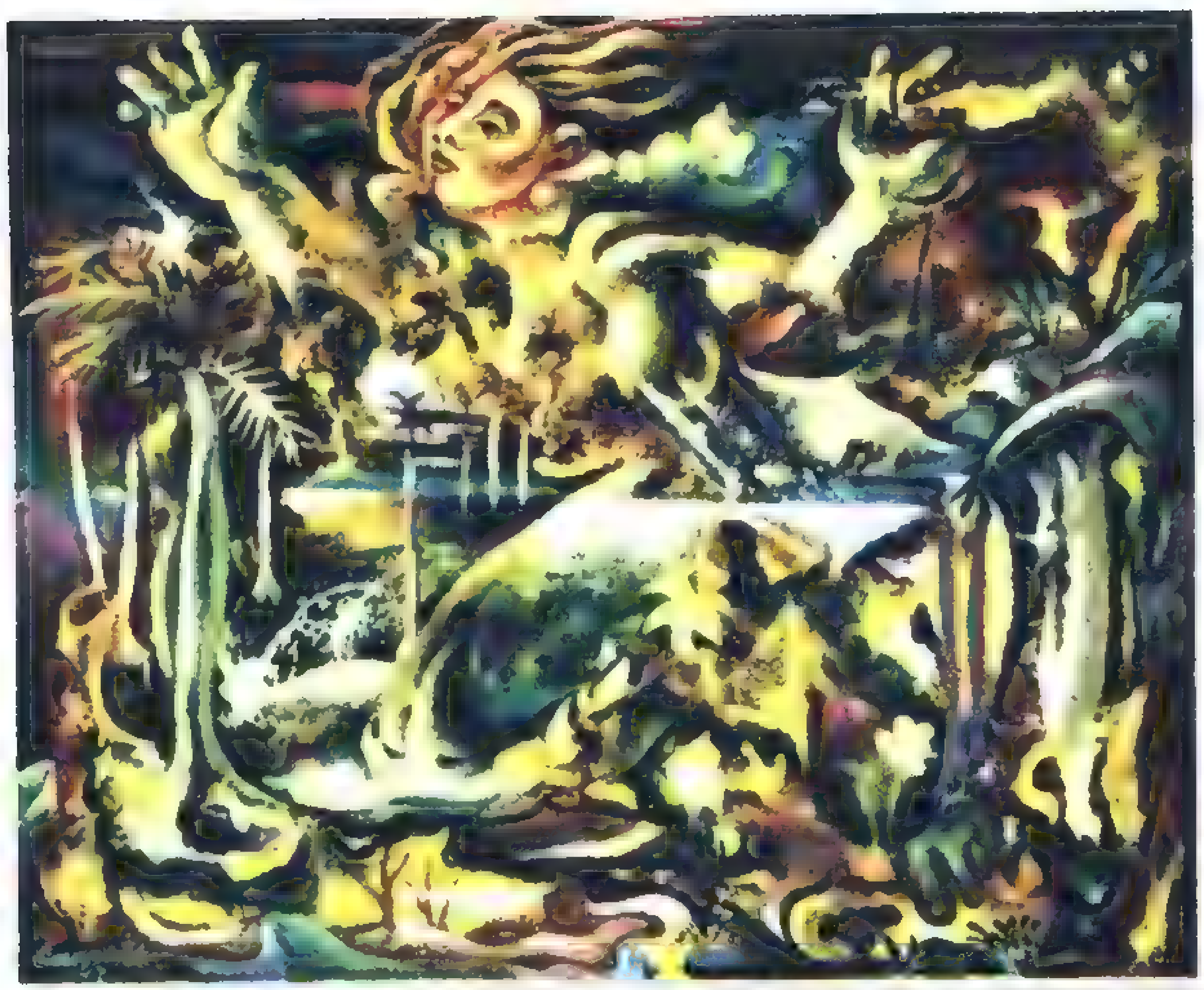
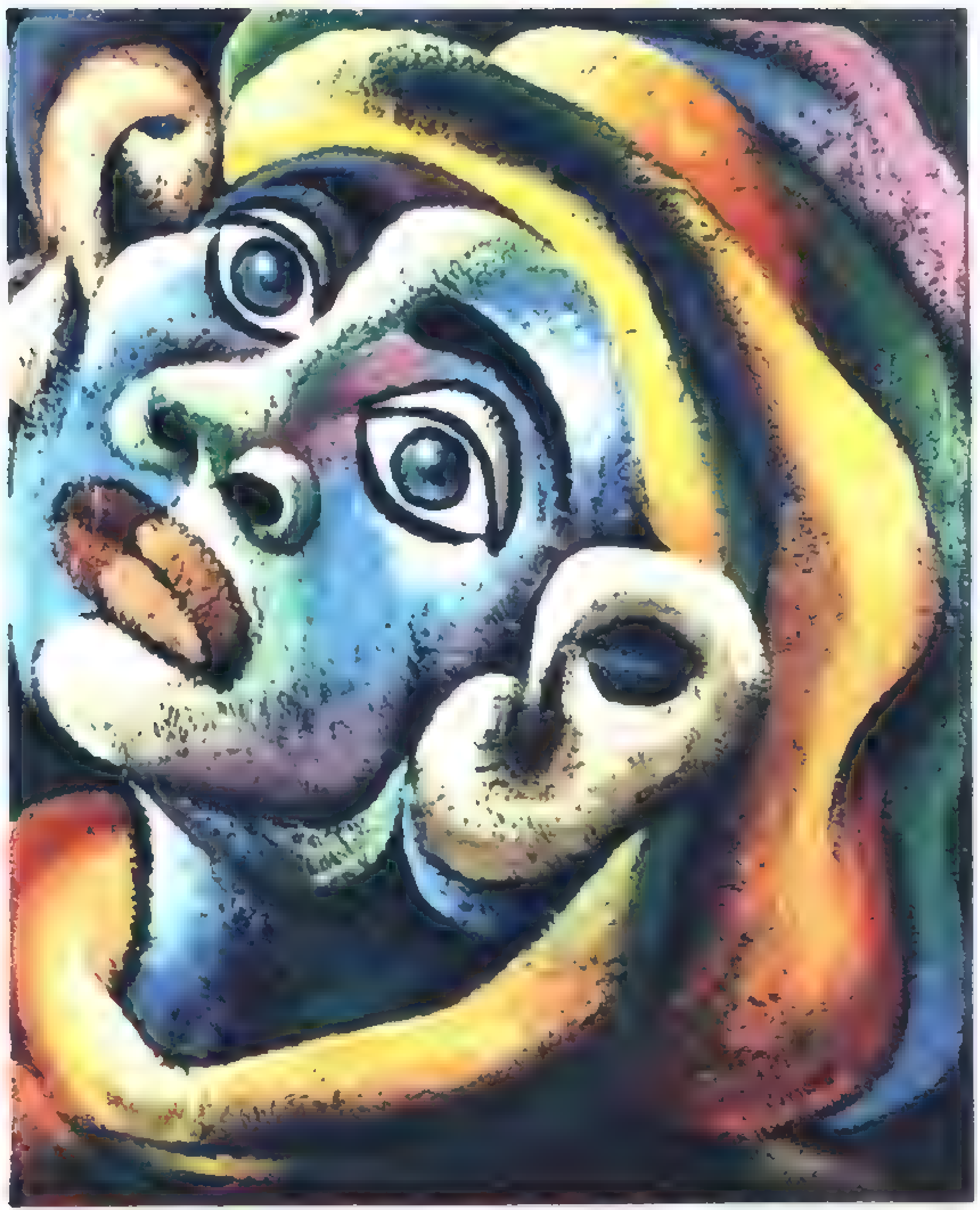


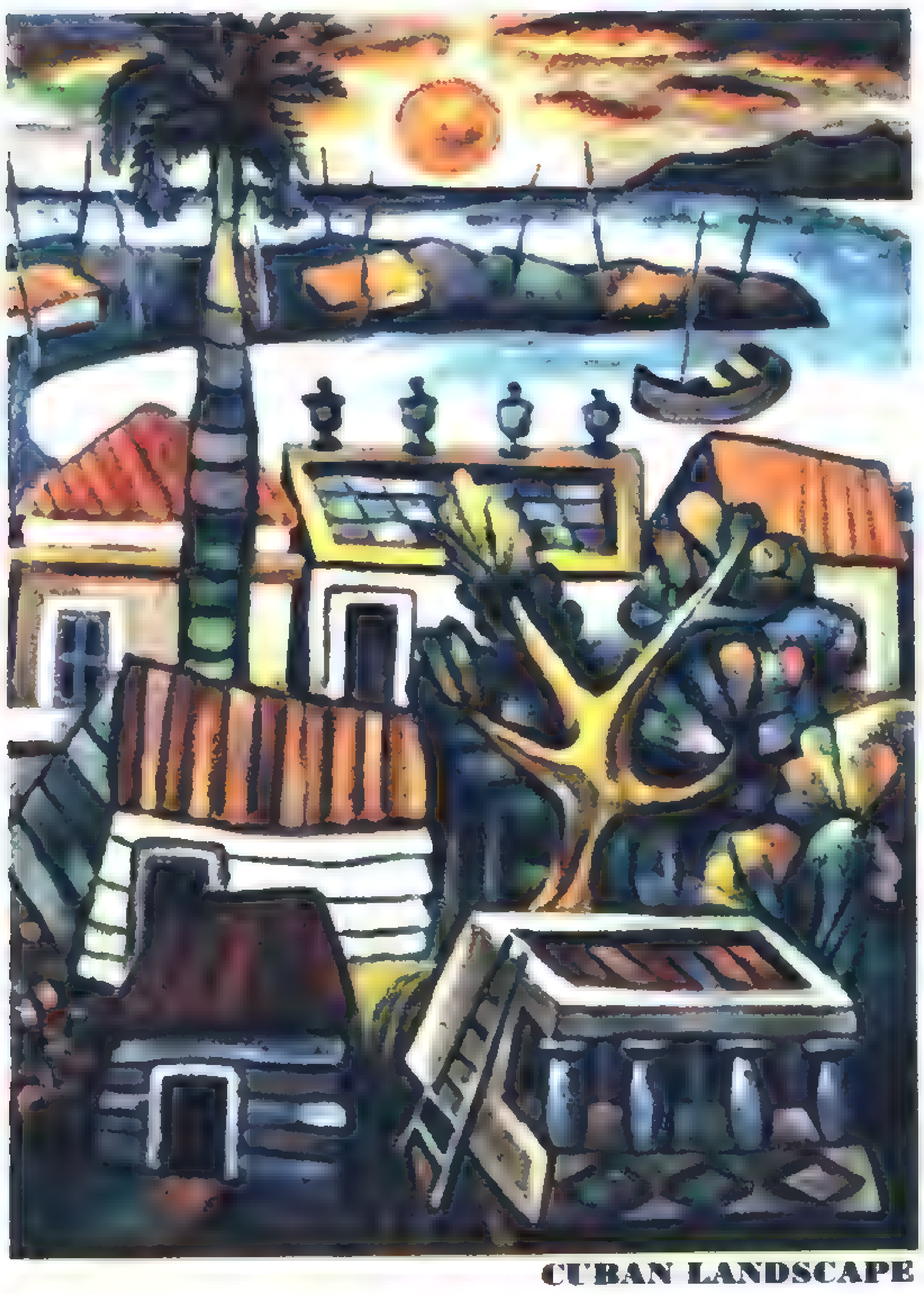
ALLEGORY OF CUBAN LANDSCAPE

A Group of Paintings

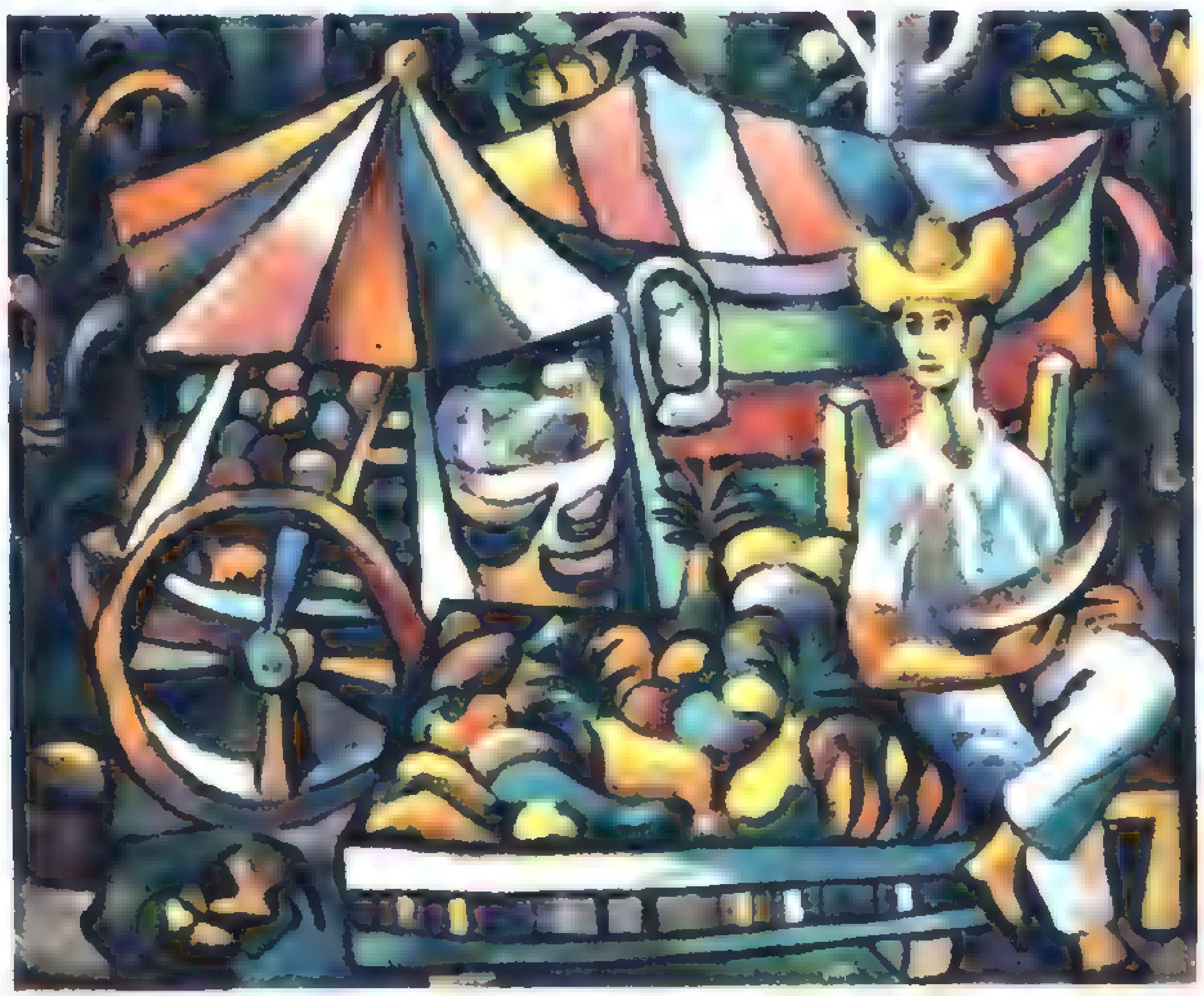
by **MARIO CARREÑO**



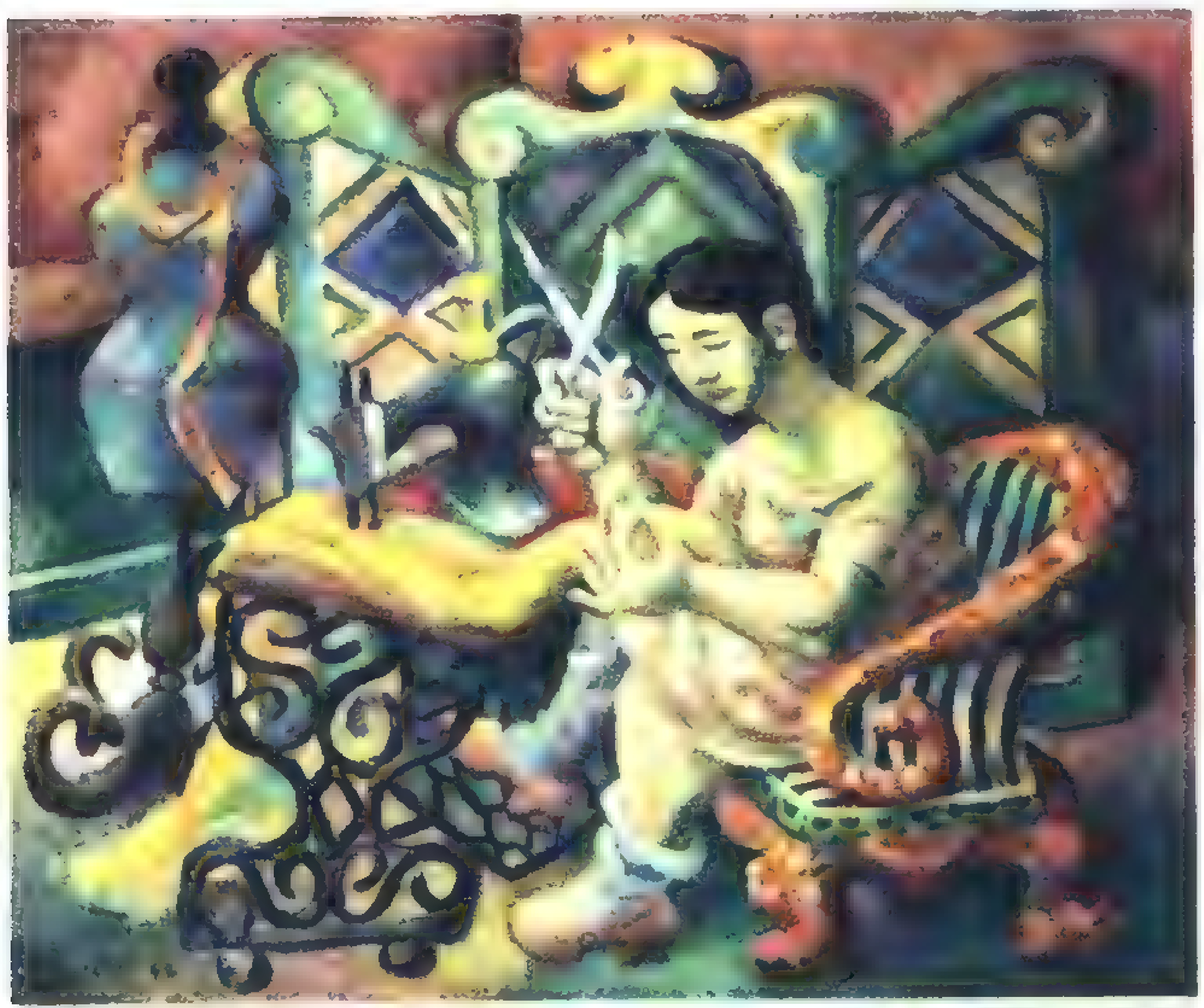
AFRO-CUBAN MASK



CUBAN LANDSCAPE

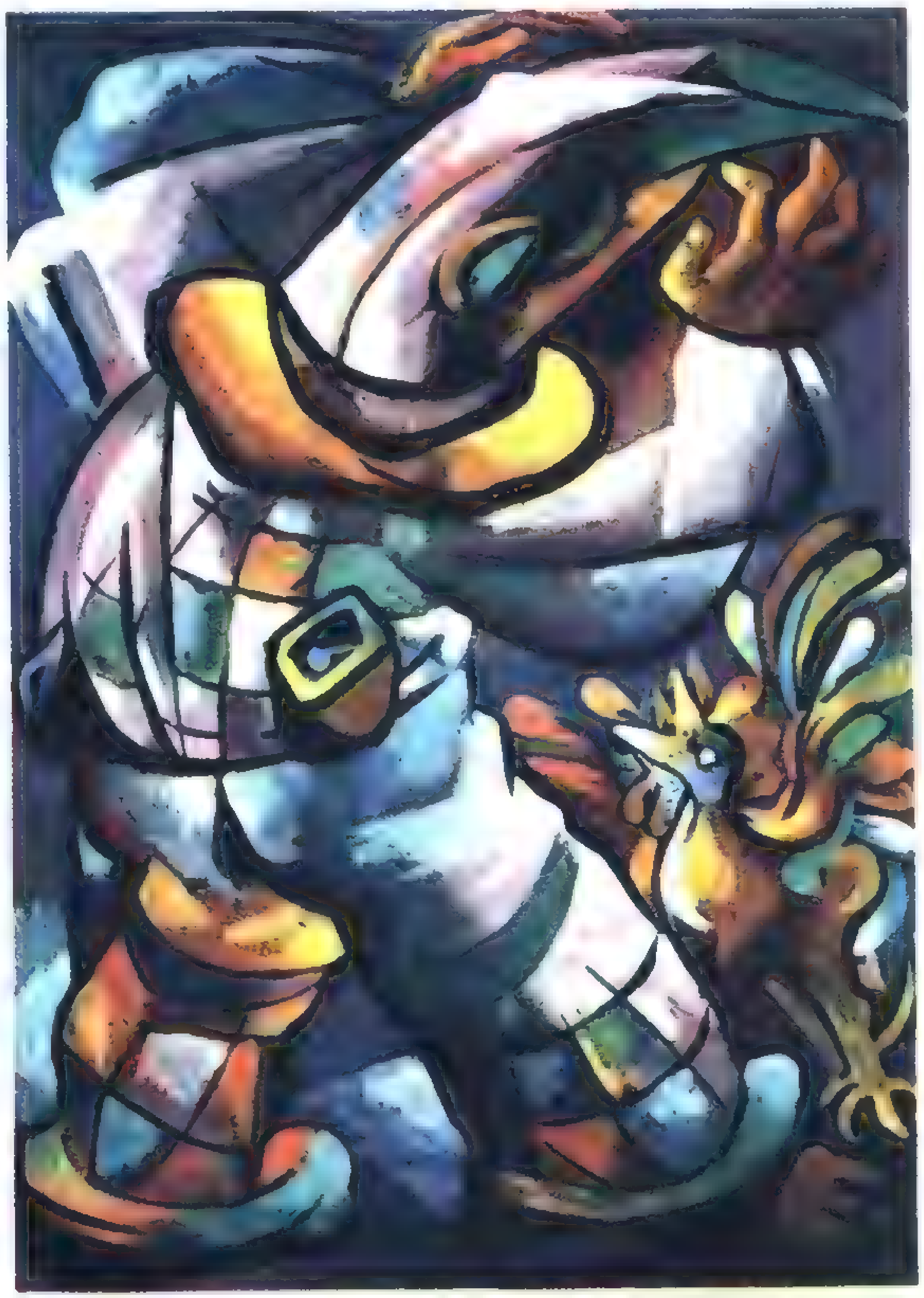


THE FRUIT VENDOR



ALL PAINTINGS COURTESY OF PERLS GALLERIES, INC., N. Y. C.

THE DRESSMAKER



AFRO-CUBAN DANCE

Carreño the Cubanist

The profuse fertility of the island, the drama of tropical sunsets, are shown in Mario Carreño's warmly-colored canvases

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

CUBA is not the center of the universe. Sugar and tobacco have been, and are, its chief exports. It is of dozens of other places one thinks when the subject of art comes up. Even Mexico has a world reputation as the mother that suckled Rivera and Orozco. The officially favored art of Cuba even today is a copy of the Spanish copy of the Academy of Napoleonic France, which draws a curtain upon the teeming, tropical peasant life of the island.

Modern art as produced in Cuba is still in swaddling clothes and is enabled to draw breath only through the vigorous patronage of a small group of wealthy persons, the direction of whose taste is resented officially. It is typical of Cuba's tardy recognition of the values of modern art that one of its most distinguished painters, who is only thirty-one years of age and who hit upon his present mode of expression no less than three years ago, had to obtain recognition for his work outside of Cuba before he could win tolerance for it within. It is a curious circumstance that the State, either because of hostility to modern art or because of indifference as to its sources of revenue, imposed an export tax upon paintings produced in Cuba that were shipped to New York for the exhibition of Cuban art at the Museum of Modern Art; and upon those unsold pictures which shall be returned to the island an import levy will be imposed—a curious instance of double jeopardy from which the producers of officially approved art probably would have been spared.

It is the private patronage of the Galería del Prado that gives to a small group of Cuban painters the sense of working within sight, sound and possibly approbation, of an audience, however small. In thumbing the reproductions of paintings produced by Mario Carreño, one is forced to recognize the stubbornness of the artist's search for a permanent foundation. For him, it would appear, Cuba has been like a promontory in a cultural desert, from which one scans the distant horizon in every direction for the place from which the true light comes. He has searched for guidance in the Spain of the Republic, in the France of Picasso, in the Italy of Raphael, in the Mexico of Rivera and Siqueiros and in the America of Thomas Benton.

But for a fundamental dissatisfaction he might have ended in the blind alley of San Alejandro, the Cuban Academy of Fine Arts, and have painted canvases of mural-like proportions in the tradition of Raphael and David. Or he might have become a Cuban Chirico, peopling Italian forms of architecture with the classic forms and dead faces of Greek sculpture. Or he might have become a Cubist, finding Picasso's play with the essentials of forms irresistible. But his flounderings brought him homeward more successfully. Maybe the painters of the American scene taught him the virtues and the rewards of digging in your own garden. In any event, he realized that he had the pictorial wealth of Cuba at his feet and in his hands, its people, its tropical luxuriance, wealth of sugar cane and other natural produce, its brilliant sunlight, its mixture of African and Indian lore and legend and ritual, and Mario Carreño became a Cubanist. That is the Mario Carreño of today.

There is no telling what he will do tomorrow. His Cuban themes are so firmly fixed in his mind that he can paint them anywhere, so that he can extend his leave from Havana. It would not be surprising if he were to put up his tent in New York and start painting vistas of steel and stone and concrete, free of tree and grass and illuminated only by a grey sunlight. So far, this Carreño does not exist. But there is no assurance that the restless Carreño will find permanent anchor in Cuba. There is neither serenity nor complacence enough in him to warrant such a conclusion.

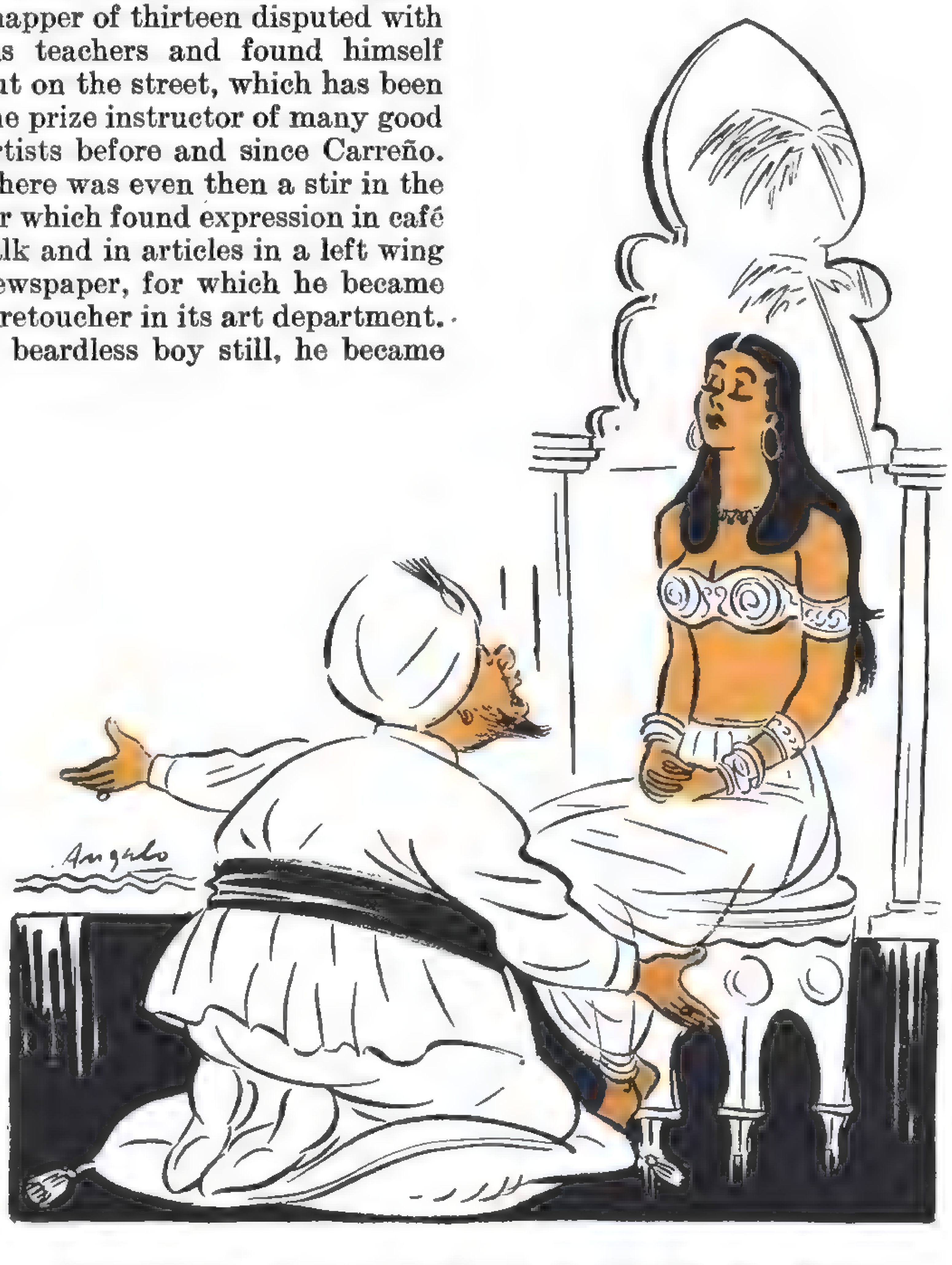
The Cuban Republic is not older than the Carreño family. At the end of the Spanish-American War, the artist's parents, immigrants from Spain, chose to become citizens of Cuba rather than retain their Spanish nationality. Among other reasons, they were prospering as tobacco exporters. Mario was born June 24, 1913, the youngest of ten children. Attentive and obedient, he profited from the conversation and the example of the numerous older people around him. Because a brother and a sister were showing proficiency in music, they hoped Mario also would be "artistic" and at the age of six, he was put to the violin and the piano and attempted to justify his family's fond hopes.

But his attention wandered. He was precocious enough, but all his promise was in the making of pictures. At the age of eight his drift toward the graphic arts was obvious. When he was eleven, there was no doubt about it—he was going to become a painter. Too young to enter the Academy, his family engaged for him as tutor an Academy professor and the director of the Cuban National Museum. Mario sent a drawing to a local exhibition, won a prize with it and at the age of twelve was permitted to become a regular student of San Alejandro, the Cuban National Academy. The year was 1925, when Machado, in whom centered many fond hopes for the future of Cuba, had become president.

There was something about the Academy's methods that took the joy out of art—the painful, precise and deliberate technique, the plaster casts, the control of independent flight—and in less than a year this precocious whippersnapper of thirteen disputed with his teachers and found himself out on the street, which has been the prize instructor of many good artists before and since Carreño. There was even then a stir in the air which found expression in café talk and in articles in a left wing newspaper, for which he became a retoucher in its art department. A beardless boy still, he became an illustrator for a local publication and a commercial artist, adopting from the European magazines, which were his chief sources of study, the applications of Cubism to illustrative art. Carreño became a Cubist in anticipation of the firsthand Cubism, with which, later on, he was to become familiar in Europe. Around 1930 a series of his drawings attracted attention as far away as Moscow, one of whose publications asked the young artist for permission to reproduce.

Machado's tyranny was taking such violent turns that it was creating rebellion by reflex action, which intensified the viciousness and cruelty of the despotism. Cuba's artists, writers, intellectuals and students were proclaiming in action and words a common front with the working classes. In Carreño, this radicalism took three forms: geometrical drawings, concentration upon the industrial theme of sugar cane

Continued on page 170



"For the 289th time, will you be my 113th wife?"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Piquant sketches of the season's show girls, chorines and dramatic actresses who somehow struck this critic's fancy

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

•THEATRE•

HEREWITH, in chronological order, a reviewer's memoirs of various ladies who graced the stage during the last season:

1. Ann Pennington, as the pert serving-maid in *The Student Prince*, who saucily flirted her short skirt up over her fundament sixty-three times by actual count.

2. Virginia Gilmore's cajoling performance in the final scene of *Those Endearing Young Charms*, wherein she won over a philanderer to matrimony.

3. Jeni Le Gon, the colored dickeybird in *Early to Bed*, who was the most engaging feminine item on an otherwise Caucasian stage.

4. Mary Jane Yeo, in the skating show, *Stars on Ice*, in the previous season slenderly attractive and in this indicating that she had been eating too much lemon meringue, coconut and apple pie, with chocolate sauce.

5. The chorus girls, in *The Vagabond King*, dressed as ladies of the Court of France in the period of Louis XI and comporting themselves like ladies of the police court of New York in the period of Fiorello I.

6. The female members of the cast of *Try and Get It*, whose combined charm rated a Crosley ten points lower than Dutch Schultz.

7. Irene Worth, as the siren in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, who suggested a thin, black, warm icicle.

8. Milada Mladova, in *The Merry Widow*, a ballerina whose calves for a welcome change didn't remind one of a pair of stockinged cantaloupes.

9. The portly Russian women, in *Chauve-Souris of 1943*, who demonstrated their uncontrollable joyous spirits by agitating their persons after the manner of elephants plagued by mosquitoes.

10. Frances Tannehill, as the supposedly murdered mistress in *Murder Without Crime*, who provided the murderer with considerable grunts when he tried to lift her sizable corpus onto an ottoman.

11. Florence MacMichael, in *The Snark Was a Boojum*, who indicated that she was *enceinte* by stuffing a pillow under her belt, the aforesaid pillow waywardly working itself up toward her bosom.

12. Jacqueline Susann, as the household maid in *Blossom Time*, ending the servant problem for the men in the audience.

13. Lucille Norman, in *Laugh Time*, vaudeville's blondest blonde.

14. Betty Field, in *A New Life*, her soft, agreeable speaking voice making the play at moments almost tolerable.

15. Beatrice Straight, in *Land of Fame*, who played her insane scene in the last act with such ferocity that the actors in the roles of the Nazi villains shifted about uneasily lest the scenery collapse and fall on them.

16. The knees of the females in *Hairpin Harmony*, like corrugated bowling balls.

17. Flora Campbell, in *All for All*, ruining her pleasant looks with so much crimson makeup that her face took on the appearance of the cheering section at a Harvard football game.

18. Mary Martin, in *One Touch of Venus*, in such a clinging black satin gown as would never get her a second-class entry with the Post Office.

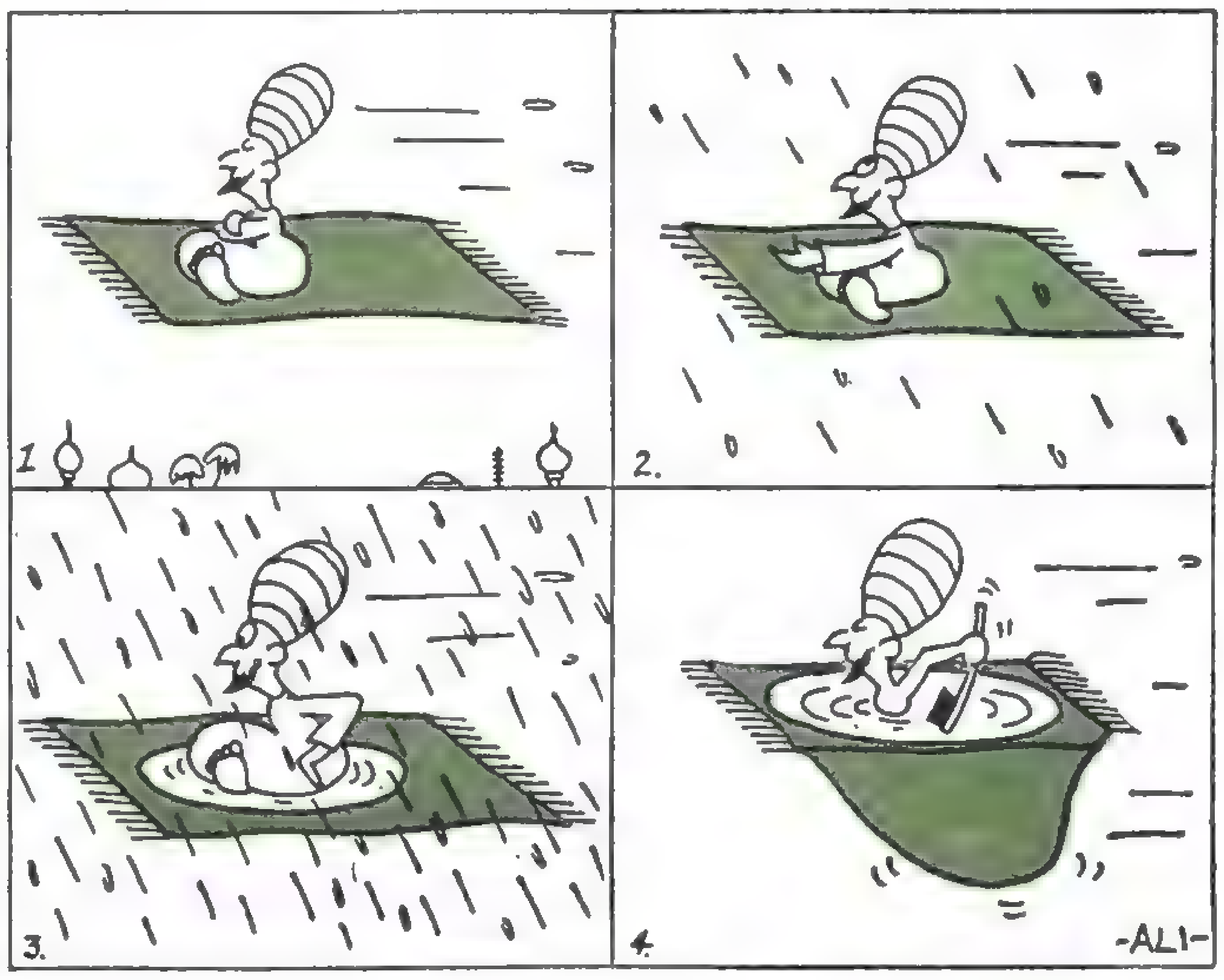
19. Jayne Cotter, in *Another Love Story*, a pretty girl who would be prettier if she refrained from that grimly indelible smile.

20. Edith King, the Bianca of *Othello*, who acted the role like Mae West swallowing Betty Hutton.

21. Joan Blondell, in *The Naked Genius*, who acted her role in turn as if Mae West had swallowed not only Betty Hutton but Eva Tanguay as a chaser.

22. Patty Pope, in *Slightly Married*, thoroughly convincing as a seventeen-year-old despite her considerably more advanced years.

23. Terry Holmes, naturally a comedienne, shining in a tragic role in *Manhattan Nocturne*.



24. The distaff members of the cast of *Victory Belles* comporting themselves in a manner that must have sorely embarrassed their mothers and driven their fathers to the bottle.

25. Elsie Ferguson, in *Outrageous Fortune*, now in her early sixties but creating, nevertheless, the illusion of physical beauty.

26. The show girls, in *Artists and Models*, with the regal demeanor of so many polar bears snooting the Eskimos.

27. Pat Marshall, in *What's Up*, a dark, slender little chick with something of the manner of Adele Astaire.

28. Vera-Ellen, who served as the rescuing Marines for *A Connecticut Yankee*.

29. The female members of the cast of *Lady, Behave!* who in combination acted farce as if it were something by Dostoievski.

30. Elisabeth Fraser, in *Winged Victory*, an attractive miss who, like Mary Jane Yeo, should begin to look the other way when the pie is served.

31. Joyce Mathews, in *Get Away Old Man*, cast for what Saroyan wrote as a passée, faded film star and looking as passée and faded as Ginger Rogers.

32. Anne Burr, in *Lovers and Friends*, as metallic as a quarter dropped on a cigar counter.

33. Carlotta Franzell, in *Carmen Jones*, a homely little creature with a greater hypnosis over an audience's emotions than half a herd of latter-day *Follies* girls.

34. Gloria Hallward, in *The World's Full of Girls*, in the sofa scene wherein she jitteringly protested against her boy friend's manual monkeyshines.

35. Perry Wilson, in *Pillar to Post*, acting the role of a young girl as if it were written for Effie Shannon.

36. Margaret Sullavan's fascinating voice in *The Voice of the Turtle*.

37. Gertrude Lawrence, in the revival of *Susan and God*, conducting herself as if her role were a fandango by Cab Calloway.

38. Julie Haydon, in *The Patriots*, of whom the British editor, Reginald Pound, writes in his latest book, *Pound Notes*, "She has the looks and air of a stained-glass figure made flesh—a remarkable other-world personality."

39. Peggy Conklin, in *Feathers in a Gale*, histrionically more gale than feathers.

40. Susan Robinson, in *Listen, Professor!*, a very capable child actress who should consult Notes 4 and 30 herein.

41. Barbara O'Neil, in *Doctors Disagree*, who when she put on her décolleté apparently confused the box of maple fudge on her dressing room table with her makeup box.

42. The surprisingly effective dramatic performance, in *South Pacific*, of the former dancing girl, Wini Johnson.

43. Beatrice Pearson, who was not snuff under George Abbott's direction in *Get Away Old Man*, turning in a satisfactory account of herself under George Kaufman's in *Over 21*.

44. Zasu Pitts, in *Ramshackle Inn*, playing her role as if it were a piano, entirely with her hands.

45. Gertrude Musgrove, in *Storm Operation*, who frequently screws up and unscrews her comely features as if they were out of a toy tool chest.

46. Jane Darwell, Kasia Orzazewski and Brenda Forbes as the beery cronies in *Suds in Your Eye*, a grandly hilarious trio.

47. Althea Elder, in *Jackpot*, the only girl on the stage, besides Nanette Fabray, that one could look at without experiencing the sensation of an eye cinder.

48. Katherine Emery and Lois Hall, in the revival of *The Cherry Orchard*, who alone among the women suggested Chekhov rather than Sam and Bella Spewak.

49. Sunnie O'Dea, in *Wallflower*, out of musical comedy and doing very nicely in her first role in a nonmusical.

50. June Havoc, Gypsy Rose

Lee's sister, proving herself an attractive musical show leading woman in *Mexican Hayride*, but someone should tell her that a too tight short skirt is not conducive to attractiveness in her dancing moments.

51. Joan Tetzel, in *Peepshow*, a potentially valuable ingénue who should have been told by someone to stop making so many faces.

52. Gwen Anderson, in *Decision*, who would have been better if she had taken a couple of glasses of sherry before going on and had lost some of her obvious self-consciousness.

53. Gloria Willis, in *Take It as It Comes*, a newcomer to the stage and cute.

54. Kathleen Roche, in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, the most beautiful young woman on the American operetta stage.

55. Jeanette Chinley, in *Right Next to Broadway*, who read nine tenths of her lines as if she had the utmost contempt for the author, which constituted her a better critic than an actress.

56. Vicki Cummings, in *Mrs. Kimball Presents*, with so much blue makeup on her eyes that they looked like Easter eggs.

57. Adrienne Gessner, as the Czechoslovakian junkwoman in *Thank You, Svoboda*, as clean and neat as if a junk pile were the Ritz.

58. Joyce Franklin, in *Bright Boy*, convincing as the species of flapper inevitably indigenous to the environs of a boys' school.

59. Annabella, in *Jacobowsky and the Colonel*, escaping from the Nazi hordes sweeping down on France in a wardrobe of choice confections by Lanvin, Molyneux and Schiaparelli.

60. Ludmilla Pitoeff, in *The House in Paris*, following the time-honored custom of French actresses in wearing dresses that cling so tightly to the bustle section that every move becomes a picture, of sorts.

61. In *Mrs. January and Mr. Ex*, Billie Burke—according to Burns Mantle's statistics now approaching her sixtieth birthday—looking younger and fairer than most actresses of forty.

62. Eleanor Anton, in *Only the Heart*, with apparently only a pair of patent leather shoes to her name, and wearing them in all seasons and whatever the occasion, including bicycling, hiking and evidently even bathing.

63. The comical hoarse-voiced giantess in *Chicken Every Sunday*, billed under the name of Hope Emerson, who everybody thought was a female impersonator until reassured by a back of the program note that it was really a she.

64. Ann Andrews, in *Public Relations*, a competent actress who gave a competent performance of a competent actress being ashamed of herself for appearing in such rubbish.

65. Geraldine Stroock, in *Follow the Girls*, a simple and softly pretty girl offering a sharp contrast to the ensemble of female aerial iron-jaw performers.

66. Elizabeth Patterson, in *"—But Not Goodbye,"* making such faces to indicate silent grief as are more usually associated with night club floor show imitations of Bert Lahr.

67. Barbara O'Neil, in *The Searching Wind*, in turn going in for some high and fancy mugging. (Critics who admire such actresses deftly employ the euphemism, "mobile expression.")

68. In *Pretty Little Parlor*, Joan Tetzel, having learned at length to keep that "mobile expression" under control and now developing into an engaging ingénue.

69. In *Sheppey*, Doris Patston, a talented actress, wearing the inevitable purple in the prostitute's role. (Why always purple?)

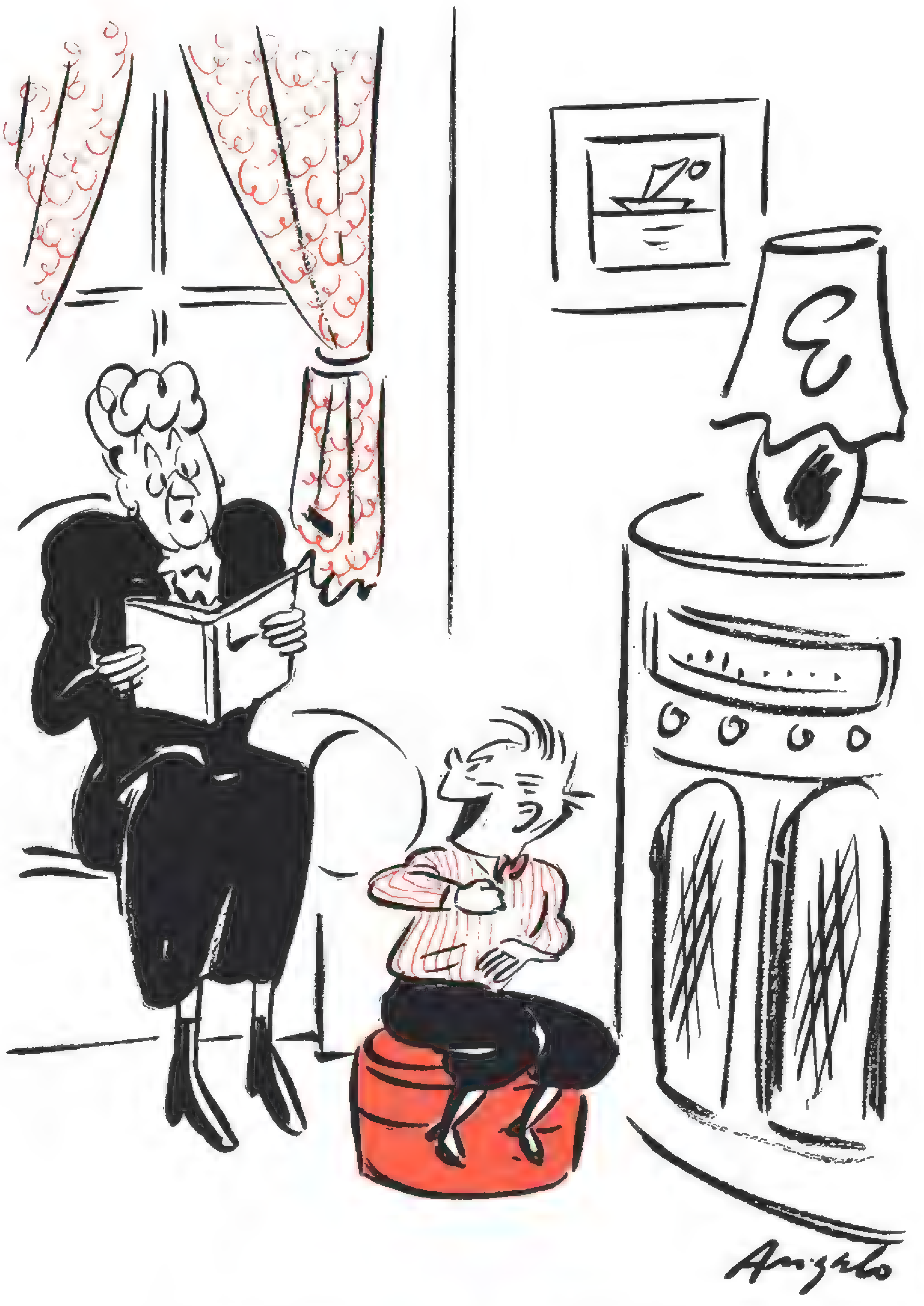
70. Milada Mladova, returning in *Allah Be Praised!* and providing the stage with its sole exhibit of gracious femininity, most of the rest of the girls suggesting dressed-up iron welders.

71. In *Helen Goes to Troy*, a seductive blonde bundle who may be, if one disentangled the program correctly, Phyllis Hill.

72. In *A Highland Fling*, Gloria Hallward drolly repeating her previous *The World's Full of Girls* performance as a saucy floozie, and doubtless doomed to all the former Dennie Moore roles.

73. In *Pick-Up Girl*, a highly realistic type of the current prevalent juvenile delinquent in the person of little Pamela Rivers, who, according to the notes in the back of the program, is a convent girl from Michigan, a faithful churchgoer and a profound student of the art of Coquelin, Rachel and Ristori.

74. In *Hickory Stick*, young Adrienne Bayan, of whom a program note announced, "Herman Shumlin hired her to understudy the role of Bessie Watty in *The Corn Is Green* because she 'didn't look like an ingénue.' " So far as I can make out, the only actress on our stage who looks like what Mr. Shumlin apparently regards as the established ingénue type is the hereinbefore mentioned almost sixty-year-old Billie Burke. ###



"I've got a swell idea for a radio play—a little boy, about my age, murders his grandma!"

Brass at Fort Christian

Knute-Thorson sometimes picked up an odd doubloon, for he could hardly live on the stipend received from the Crown

by HAMILTON COCHRAN

▪FICTION▪

Captain Knute-Thorson, Commandant of Fort Christian on the island of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, stared gloomily at the blank sheet of paper before him on the desk. During the past hour he had written nothing but the date: "August 17, 1675."

For the twentieth time he picked up his quill and dipped it in the ink pot. A drop of sweat from his forehead fell upon the paper. He muttered an oath, crumpled the paper into a tight ball and tossed it to the floor.

He reached across the desk, picked up the letter from Copenhagen and scanned it once more. It was scarcely necessary, for he knew its contents almost by heart:

"His Majesty's Treasury is desirous of knowing why, in the space of three years, you have requisitioned and secured delivery of ninety-six brass cannon, whereas the total requirements of Fort Christian are but a third of this number. Please submit a detailed report on the disposition of this ordnance."

"Stupid fool that I am!" he thought. "I should have spun out my requests. They're suspicious."

Never before had His Majesty's Treasury required an accounting for any supplies requisitioned for Fort Christian. Probably some officious underling was delving into the ledgers, hoping to effect economies and win the King's favor.

After all, a man of Captain Knute-Thorson's station could hardly be expected to live solely on the niggardly stipend from the Crown. A commandant had social obligations: officials to entertain, influential shipmasters and merchants to be wined and dined; moreover, a man certainly deserved good champagne and the company of pretty women....

What if certain adventurers, sometimes called pirates or buccaneers, happened to be in dire need of brass cannon with which to refit their ships after voyages to the Spanish Main? And suppose they offered golden doubloons in exchange? Well, the Crown of Denmark need not be the wiser! Yet it would *not* be politic to write the truth. To provide a plausible reason, that was the rub.

He dipped his quill once more in the ink and poised it resolutely over a fresh sheet of paper. At the same moment there was a whir of wings and a large mahogany-colored insect alighted on the paper and crawled ponderously across the surface.

Captain Knute-Thorson scowled at the creature. The island was alive with these great pests. Nothing could keep them out. They invaded kitchens, bedrooms, clothes presses, book shelves, destroying, eating holes....

Abruptly he swept the insect off the desk, put pen to paper and wrote rapidly. Then he leaned back and surveyed the words with satisfaction:

"In response to your recent inquiry, I have the honor to inform your Lordships that of the ninety-six brass cannon delivered to Fort Christian, thirty-two are in place on the walls. However, I regret to report that the sixty-four brass cannon held in reserve have been eaten by cockroaches."

Captain Knute-Thorson added his flourishing signature to the bottom of the letter, folded it carefully and applied his seal.

An October rain squall drummed against the jalousies of the commandant's room in the tower of Fort Christian. With studied deliberateness Knute-Thorson opened the Copenhagen dispatches. The one from His Majesty's Treasury caught his eye.

He opened it quickly and studied its flowing script:

"Your report as to the disposition of the cannon," he read, "has created profound interest. The Royal Entomological Society, in particular, is intrigued by your discovery of a new species of cockroach so voracious as to devour brass. Therefore, you are commanded by His Majesty to send us live specimens of the cockroaches on the very next ship."

"Surprise, dear—I'm bringing 'that fellow you should have married' home to dinner"

A fiery flush spread across the commandant's face.

"Damn them!" he muttered. "This is a cynical jest, designed to trap me."

A false move now would mean the end of his career; he would be court-martialed, drummed out of the army, to live out his days in poverty and disgrace.

Perspiration gathered about his well-groomed moustache, and he paced restlessly up and down in front of his desk. The air in the room was stifling and heavy with moisture. He noticed that the rain had ceased and he strode over to the window and flung the jalousies wide. A cool breeze from the harbor swept in, ruffling the papers on his desk. He looked out to where the brig *Dronnigan* lay at anchor. She would be weighing for Copenhagen with the dawn tide. His answer *must* go with her.

Just then he noticed a mahogany-colored insect crawl slowly across the window sill. When it came to the edge it hesitated, fell clumsily to the floor.

"Miserable creature," thought the commandant angrily, "except for you, I might not be in this fix. Now they order me to send a score of you to Denmark to prove me a liar!"

He lifted his boot and crushed the cockroach to a pulp.

"Eat brass..." he muttered again, staring once more at the squat hulk of the *Dronnigan* in the harbor.

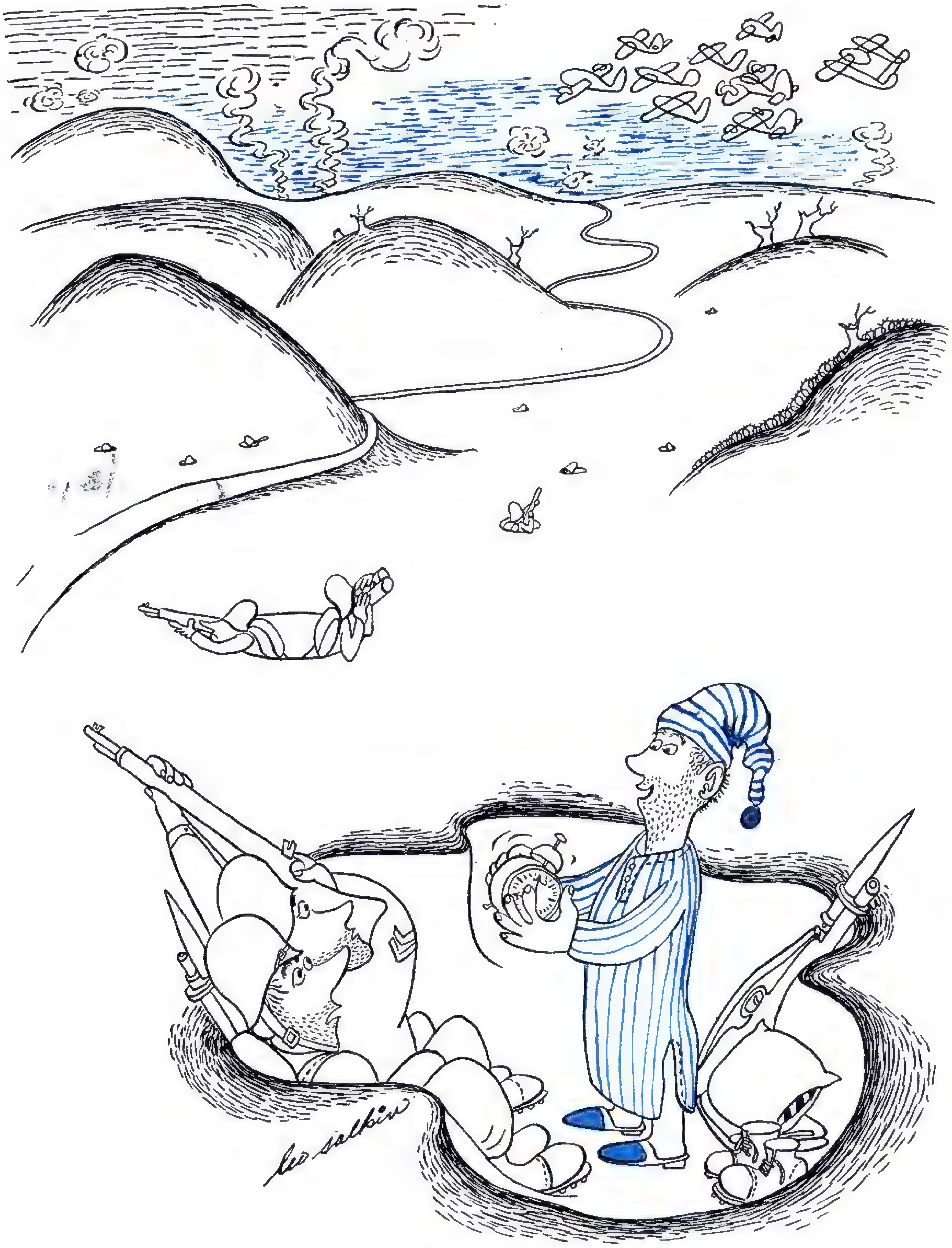
Then, suddenly, he stood transfixed. As the thought took form, he smote his hands together, turned and strode to his desk, half-smiling. He dragged up his chair, settled himself, reached for the quill and a sheet of paper.

For an instant he held the pen poised. Then he began to write:

"I am gratified to learn from your Lordships' letter of September first that my report regarding the rapacious habits of our St. Thomian cockroaches has aroused some interest, particularly on the part of the Royal Entomological Society. I can quite understand their desire to study live specimens of these insects.

"Much as I would like to obey your Lordships' order, how is it possible to send, *in a wooden ship*, cockroaches capable of eating *brass cannon?*"

Captain Knute-Thorson added his signature, smiled triumphantly and applied his seal.



"And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get a little shut-eye!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Passing pleasantly through summer's literary doldrums by recourse to that abundant source of humor, Mark Twain

by BENNETT CERF

• BOOKS •

In 1857, when Samuel Clemens was twenty-two, he became a journeyman pilot on the Mississippi, charged with keeping his packet from running aground on the numerous shoals and mud banks. This necessitated continual depth soundings, and one of the calls used to warn of shallow water and submerged rock was "mark twain." He explained later, "I was a fresh, new journalist and needed a *nom de guerre*, so I confiscated the mariner's one and have done my best to make it remain what it was in his hands—a sign and symbol and warrant that whatever is found in its company may be gambled on as being the petrified truth."

The motion-picture version of Mark Twain's life is inaccurate, sugar-coated, and far too long, but at least it made me look up his actual biography. And before I knew it, I was rereading *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. For that I am grateful. If you are weary of third-rate best-sellers, I beg you to pick up one of the many excellent and inexpensive editions that present *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* complete in one volume, and give yourself a treat! Maybe you remember the story of the tactful Englishman who first nonplussed Mark Twain by remarking, "I'd give ten thousand pounds not to have read *Huck Finn*," but then made everything perfect by adding, "so that I could have the joy again of reading it for the first time!"

Mark Twain made a fortune out of his books, went bankrupt when he turned publisher himself and then paid every cent of his debts and became rich again by virtue of new writings and fabulously successful lecture tours. The publishing house of which he was a partner was named Charles L. Webster & Company. It made huge profits out of Grant's *Memoirs*, but squandered them on subsequent ill-advised projects. Twain's financial troubles coincided with family tragedies and the last years of his life were unhappy ones. By this time, however, he was the country's recognized Number One Humorist, and people forgave his mounting affectations and vanities and hailed his most inane remarks as the epitome of wit and humor. He was, in effect, the Bernard Shaw of his day. He died in his home at Redding, Connecticut, in 1910, a lonely and tragic figure. Halley's Comet had heralded his birth; he often predicted that he would die when it came round again. He was right!

Mark Twain's financial troubles did not increase his affection for the banking fraternity. He defined a banker as a man who "loaned you an umbrella when the sun was shining and demanded its return the moment it started to rain." He invented the story of a bank president who was proud of a glass eye that had been made for him by the greatest artist in Paris. "Twain, you need 5,000 dollars," he quoted this gentleman. "I'll give it to you if you can guess which one of my eyes is the glass one." "It's the left one, of course," snapped Twain. "It's the only one with a glint of human kindness in it!"

Mark Twain is credited with the classic remark, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it," but Robert L. Cooke claims he can prove that an editor named Warner actually coined the phrase. Twain *did* say, "If you don't like the weather in New England, just wait a few minutes." "Cauliflower," he opined, "is nothing but cabbage with a college education." He told a lecture audience, "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principle difference between a dog and a man!" Acting as master of ceremonies at a dinner, he warned the speakers. "I once heard a preacher who was powerful good. I decided to give him every cent I had with me. But he kept at it too long. Ten minutes later I decided to keep the bills and just give him my loose change. Another ten minutes and I was darned if I'd give him anything at all. Then, when he finally stopped and the plate came around, I was so exhausted, I extracted two dollars out of sheer spite!"

"Aren't you being a bit hasty?"

Mark Twain's wife, whom he adored, was a genteel and highly moral product of Eastern society. She disapproved highly of his picturesque Western vocabulary and often persuaded him to censor some of the more outspoken passages in his manuscripts. Her intentions were the best, but her unceasing efforts to remold Twain's character probably were largely responsible for the inner tumults and confusions that assailed him in his declining years. Twain cut himself while shaving one morning and cussed vociferously for five minutes straight. His wife heard him and, intent upon shaming him, repeated every blasphemy he had spoken. Twain lisened calmly and told her, "You have the words, my dear, but I'm afraid you'll never get the tune!" She had an appointment to meet him at the Waldorf for luncheon one day, but was very late. He left a note for her with the headwaiter: "Never the Twains shall meet!" He wanted to take her to see Sarah Bernhardt, but when she heard that balcony tickets were three dollars apiece, she raised the roof. "And you're the man," she reproached him, "who told me you couldn't afford to raise our poor maids three dollars a month! You take that six dollars right out to the kitchen and give it to them!" Twain sheepishly did her bidding. The maids added four dollars of their own to the six and went to see Sarah Bernhardt—in the orchestra.

One friend of Mark Twain (Mr. Miller Hutchison) invented both the Klaxon Horn and the Acousticon for the deaf. "Hmpfh," commented Twain. "Hutchison invented that confounded horn to deafen people so they'd have to buy his Acousticons!" Another friend was the sort who would punctuate a story at least three times with, "Now stop me if you've heard this one before." Twain grew impatient one day and assured him, "I not only heard your damn story—I made it up!" Of his father he said, "When I was twenty, I thought him the stupidest man I had ever known. When I was thirty, I was amazed to learn how much the old man had learned in the past ten years!"

Twain was a distinguished-looking figure in his later years. One day he was strolling in the park when a little girl pattered up to him and asked if she could walk with him. Highly flattered, Twain told her stories for an hour, then gave her a nickel and said, "Now run along home—and when you grow up you can tell your friends you once walked with Mark Twain." "Mark Twain!" echoed the little girl, bursting into tears. "I thought you were Buffalo Bill!" He received countless letters and photographs from harmless souls all over the world who insisted that they looked just like him. Twain finally composed a form letter to acknowledge such communications. It read, "I thank you very much for your letter and your photograph. In my opinion you are more like me than any other of my numerous doubles. I may even say that you resemble me more closely than I do myself. In fact, I intend to use your picture to shave by. Yours thankfully, S. Clemens."

The standard story of Mark Twain's life is the three-volume biography by Albert Bigelow Paine. It is a rich and rewarding study of one of the most complex figures in American literature, but perhaps too long for the hurried reader of today. Settle for *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, and if you want more, move on to *The Prince and the Pauper* and *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.*

Speaking of Mark Twain's doubles, Fredric March's portrayal on the screen is a triumph of acting and makeup. While the picture was in production, March passed Jack Benny on the Warner Brothers lot but didn't see him. "How do you like that?" commented Benny. "March is made up so good he doesn't even recognize me!"

In the June Five-Minute Shelf I asked what there was about working on a sports page that made men learn to write so well. I cited as examples Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun, John Kieran, Westbrook Pegler and Bob Considine. This brought forth a letter from Nunnally Johnson, eminent writer and producer in Hollywood, and once a crack newsman himself, which pins back not only my ears, but those of at least two of my nominees as well:

"Dear Bennett: How long is this dreary legend going to last that newspaper sports departments squirt out good writers like food shot from a gun? In Esquire this month you give it another thoughtless little lift, citing five examples (the same number and more or less the same names I've been listening to since puberty), and you had to span thirty years of Chicago as well as New York to dredge up that many. Is that really what you call a bumper crop?

"In thirty years there must have been literally thousands of guys spreading themselves on the sports pages of those two cities, with the freest and greatest of writing opportunities in journalism, with more space and less editorial constriction than any city room reporter ever dreamed of, and out of all that thundering herd of word painters the best you can do is name five names, only three of which actually have any stature as writers. Against that, just think of the acres of bad writing, of grammar school humor, foolish styles, threadbare phrases, spurious enthusiasm and heavy-footed comedy, the nauseating sentimentality and agonized slang—above all, the breeziness, breeziness, breeziness!—that passes for good sports writing in most papers! Why, even the movie gossip writers shake their heads sadly over the sports page jollities.

"If you meant, though, that in comparison with the record of real estate page graduates or old obit editors the sports boys' accomplishments are impressive, that's another thing. That's not an unfair match. But let's not think of them in the same breath with the man in the city room.

"Out of one city room of one newspaper in New York came George S. Kaufman, J. P. Marquand, Stanley Walker, Herbert Asbury, Joel Sayre, John O'Hara, Alva Johnston, St. Clair McKelway and Deems Taylor, to give you a short list, and there must be a half dozen other papers in New York and Chicago, any one of which could show a more distinguished body of alumni than all the sports departments in the land. The truth of the matter is that the sports boys ought to be ashamed of themselves. Sooner or later they are simply going to have to face the fact that Ring Lardner's great gifts were not hereditary. Some of them are going to have to get out and hustle pretty soon or the whole craft is going to be headed over the hill to the literary poorhouse."

If any sports writers read this article and feel an urge to speak

Continued on page 165

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Angelo

This Man's World

Musing on the palmy days of Sweet Caps, the way of a Dry Martini, the monotony of Katzenjammer kidding

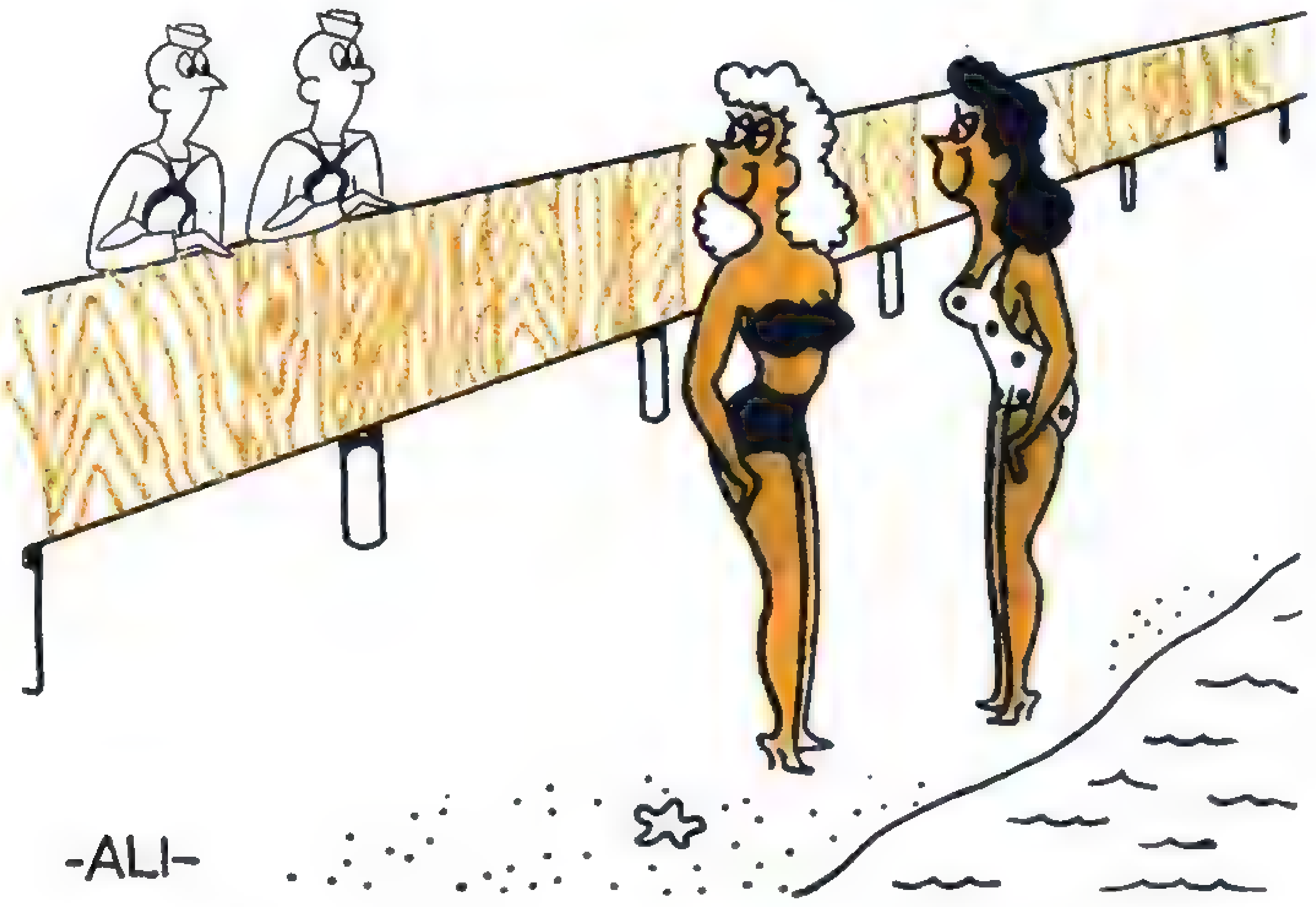
by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •

I HAVE often wondered why, during those days before the war when the Nazi propagandists were busy selling the Germans to us as the sweethearts of the universe, the guys who invented Christmas, Hamburger steak and Bock beer, etc., Herr Goebbels never thought of protesting the weekly appearance of *The Katzenjammer Kids* in our Sunday papers.

Alone of all the famous comics of the past it has survived, year in, year out, to parade before the eyes of Americans of two generations the tender charm of the Teutonic humor of cruelty and brutality and the Germanic joy in the practical joke that injures, maims and cripples.

If one were to try to secure a propagandist to keep this honest reflection of the German character before the public as a constant reminder and warning, one could never in one's wildest dreams hope for such a constant, reiterative, long-range demonstration.



"Look! Sailors—let's go drown ourselves again"

But even better, there is still another of these weekly shows, since *The Katzenjammer Kids* has a syndicated rival born at the time of a comic strip war among the newspapers many years ago, called *The Captain and the Kids*, which makes use of exactly the same characters and characteristics.

We are all too familiar with the chief characters of both these strips: Hans and Fritz, the walrusy Captain who is their father, Mama, who isn't quite bright, and the Inspector, the shrimp with the stovepipe hat, long white beard and yellow coat buttoned down to his ankles.

For years longer than I can remember, Hans and Fritz each Sunday have been blowing up, with firecrackers, dynamite, T. N. T. and black powder, drowning, torturing, putting glue into the whiskers of, releasing wild animals into the room with and setting fire to —Der Captain and the Inspector.

Yet, I am afraid, so has long habit blunted perception that probably not one in a hundred thousand Americans today realize that Hans and Fritz are two little German darlings, that the entire family is Teutonic and speaks in German dialect, and probably not more than one in half a million would know that in the dim long ago of the turn of the century the Katzenjammer Kids were acquired lock, stock and barrel from a German publication and transplanted to the United States. They have not changed from that day to this.

Not even the oldest syndicate man in this country remembers exactly from what German magazine the Katzenjammer family evolved. A succession of American comic strip artists has drawn it and, except for the addition of a few minor characters, has kept intact the looks, costume, speech and monotonously revolting behavior of the little angels exactly as they were conceived in the spirit of innocent merriment by some long-forgotten Teuton genius who knew how to create a laugh back in that dear Fatherland. Hans und Fritz slamming a sledge hammer down on der Captain's gouty foot. Wow! Was that funny!

Even the origin of the name "Katzenjammer" has become dimmed by time and familiarity. Literally translated it means "cat's yowling," in German the word standing for "hangover."

Oldsters like myself suspect that behind the characters of Hans and Fritz there existed as a source (probably the source from which the original German humorist-artist lifted it) another dreadful pair of Master-Race brats named "Max und Moritz," their adventures being the object of a typically Germanic sermon on what happens to bad little boys.

This sweet children's book consisted of a set of illustrated jingles detailing the career of two small German boys, Max and Moritz, who looked suspiciously like Hans and Fritz, even to the forelock on Hans and the military hair-do of Fritz.

Eventually, at the end of the story, Max and Moritz received their come-uppance and suffered proper Wagnerian immolation, but not before they had whizzed through a satisfactorily illustrated and keenly humorous career of theft, arson, mayhem and protracted torture of barnyard animals. Punishment did catch up with them in the end, but not until the very last page. Up to that moment, their vicious shenanigans brought great joy to the hearts of the young of the Fatherland who at the time of its publications were preparing to grow up big enough to start World War I.

In the same manner, it must be noted that the tone of *The Katzenjammer Kids*, and its sadistic rival of the American comic syndicates, *The Captain and the Kids*, is pseudomoral. The end of each colored strip finds Hans and Fritz being spanked by either the Captain or the Inspector or both for their misdeeds and giving vent to that short classic sound by which American cartoonists indicate a crying child, namely—"Baw!"

However, in the seven cartoon frames preceding the moral finale, Hans and Fritz will have stolen a set of pies or cookies baked by Mama, released a wildcat from a cage to leap upon the Captain and claw him, having first nailed their father to the floor by driving spikes through his feet and setting fire to his coattails as further jest, and likewise will have hung the Inspector from a tree or a hook on the wall, after having inverted an occupied goldfish bowl over his head. They will, in short, year in and year out, have behaved in a manner now considered quite normal to any well-trained and properly indoctrinated Gestapo hero of the Third Reich.

The only important point I really have to make in this essay is that unfortunately we seem to have become inured to the fact that those cute little German lads, Hans and Fritz, never seem to learn. Nor do we seem to care. There they are in the final picture, one Sunday, bawing at the top of their lungs as their bottoms are fanned, just as they have been doing weekly for more than four decades. And there they will be again the next Sunday, beginning in the first frame to serve the Inspector with a birthday cake in which is concealed a can of blasting powder with a sputtering fuse, having previously filled his hat with liquid out of a can marked "Glue," while preparing as further childish and innocent merriment to drop a hornet's nest upon the head of the sleeping Captain and then push him into a pond in which may be observed a swarm of hungry crocodiles.

Somehow in all these doings there seems to be a kind of fatal resemblance to Hans und Fritz across the sea, those eternal Pan-Germanic Katzenjammer Kids who have been playing their agonizing pranks on Europe likewise for the past four decades and even longer.

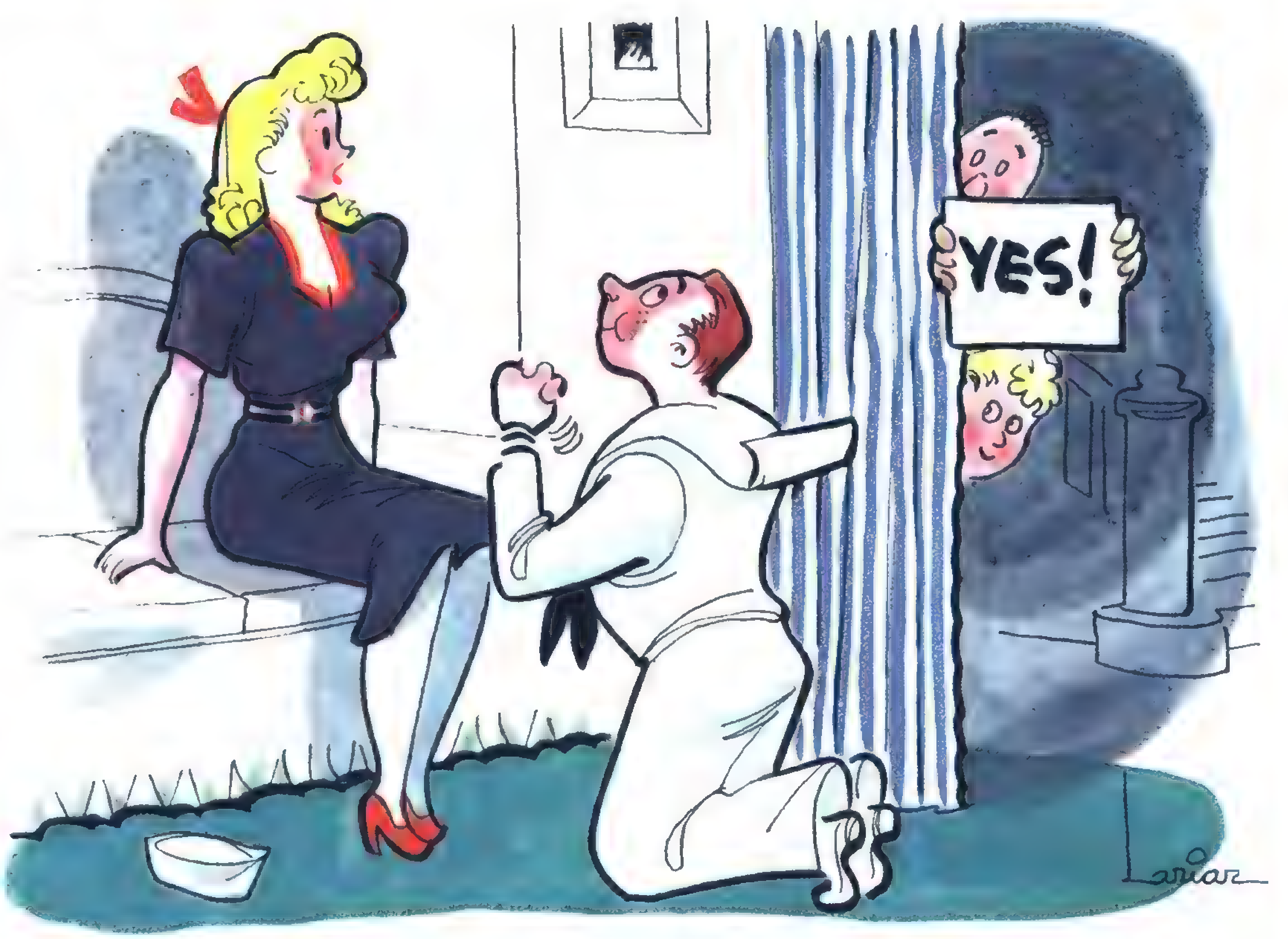
In 1918 we helped to spank their bottoms once and then fondly sat back and watched them get ready for the newest installment of shenanigans, in which this time, it

Continued on page 176

Planning Future Homes

Men in the services and civilians, too, look forward to peacetime when it will be possible to build the new homes that are now being planned. The architect, standing, wears a blue sharkskin worsted suit with two-button jacket that gives appearance of reduced waistline. His accessories include a broadcloth shirt, printed rayon tie, black shoes. The man seated wears a two-tone grey worsted suit with grey and red stripes, broadcloth shirt, rayon tie, lisle socks, brown town last shoes.

a leydenfrost



◆ INTRODUCING THE GENERAL'S JEEP

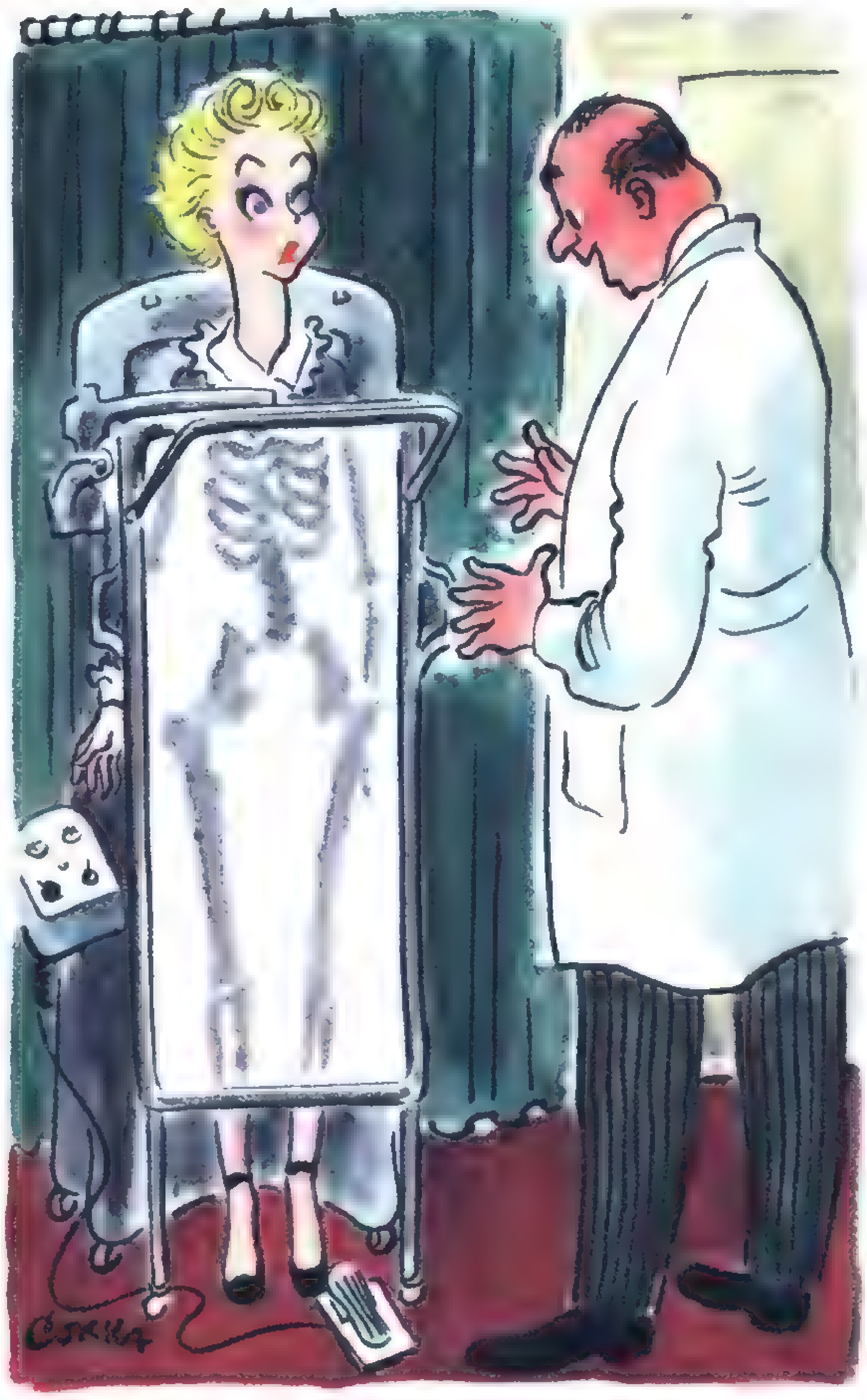
The scene is Naples and its famed azure sky is clouded with the fire and smoke of war. Blasted by our Flying Fortresses and sacked by retreating Germans, this peacetime city of flowers has been reduced to ruins. The time is October, 1943, and the American plane just landing is the Piper Cub. Seated behind the pilot is Lt. General Mark W. Clark, Commanding General of the Allied Fifth Army.

Transporting officer personnel is just one of the uses made of the Piper Cub by our Armed Forces. Affectionately called "Grasshoppers" by the A.A.F. and "Hell Raisers" by Nazis who have felt their rain of steel, Piper Cubs are employed by our artillery for air observation and the spotting of enemy positions.

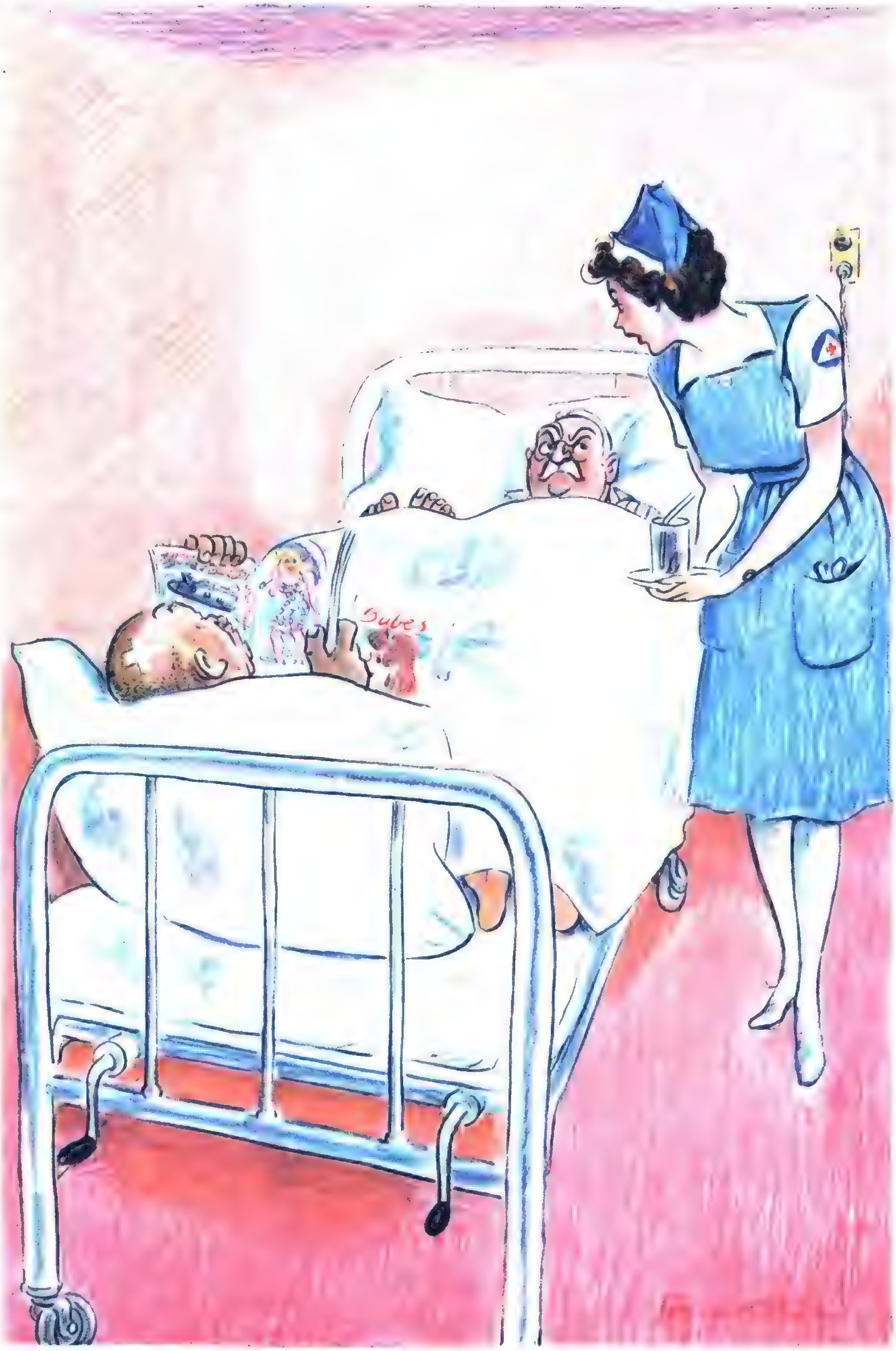
These stout little planes have also proved themselves equal to the job of parachuting food and ammunition to outlying infantry combat patrols. An isolated patrol in the Southwest Pacific was out of communication with its parent unit until a Piper delivered a new portable radio. Up in the hills another patrol radioed for water. As soon as there was a rift in the overcast, a Piper dropped a drum of fresh water for the thirsty men.

This plane is successfully used to deliver messages, to spot enemy infiltration, to direct artillery fire and troop movements. These small craft are a familiar sight on Allied airports throughout the European theatre. Their low rate of speed makes it possible for observers to single out small but important targets which swifter, larger scout planes may have missed. They land and take off readily from small, restricted areas. Under tropical weather and terrain conditions, their adaptability and ease of handling have been decided assets.

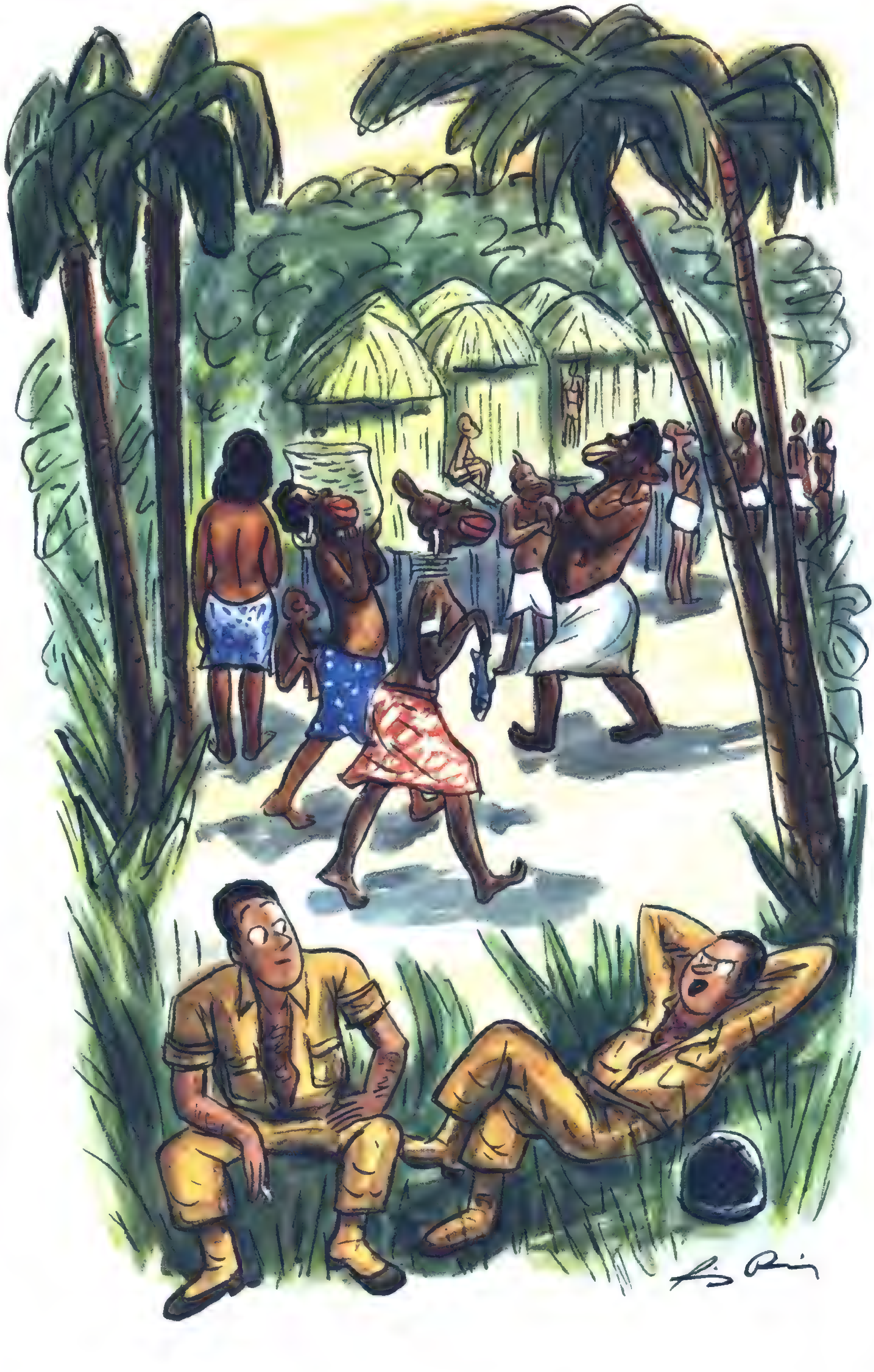
Lieutenant Colonel Joe C. Lambert, reporting his experiences in Italy as a front-line Army Ground Forces observer, cited an interesting exploit of the Piper Cub. Used as a field artillery liaison plane, one of our "Grasshoppers" located an isolated American infantry regiment on an Italian mountainside and shepherded it until the unit regained contact with larger forces miles away. The regiment had lost contact with main American forces after penetrating enemy-held territory, and the liaison plane had to fly through the hostile area in its search for the stranded forces. "Despite that," Col. Lambert said, "communications with the regiment were regained, and it eventually made its way to friendly territory, with the Piper Cub marking the way."



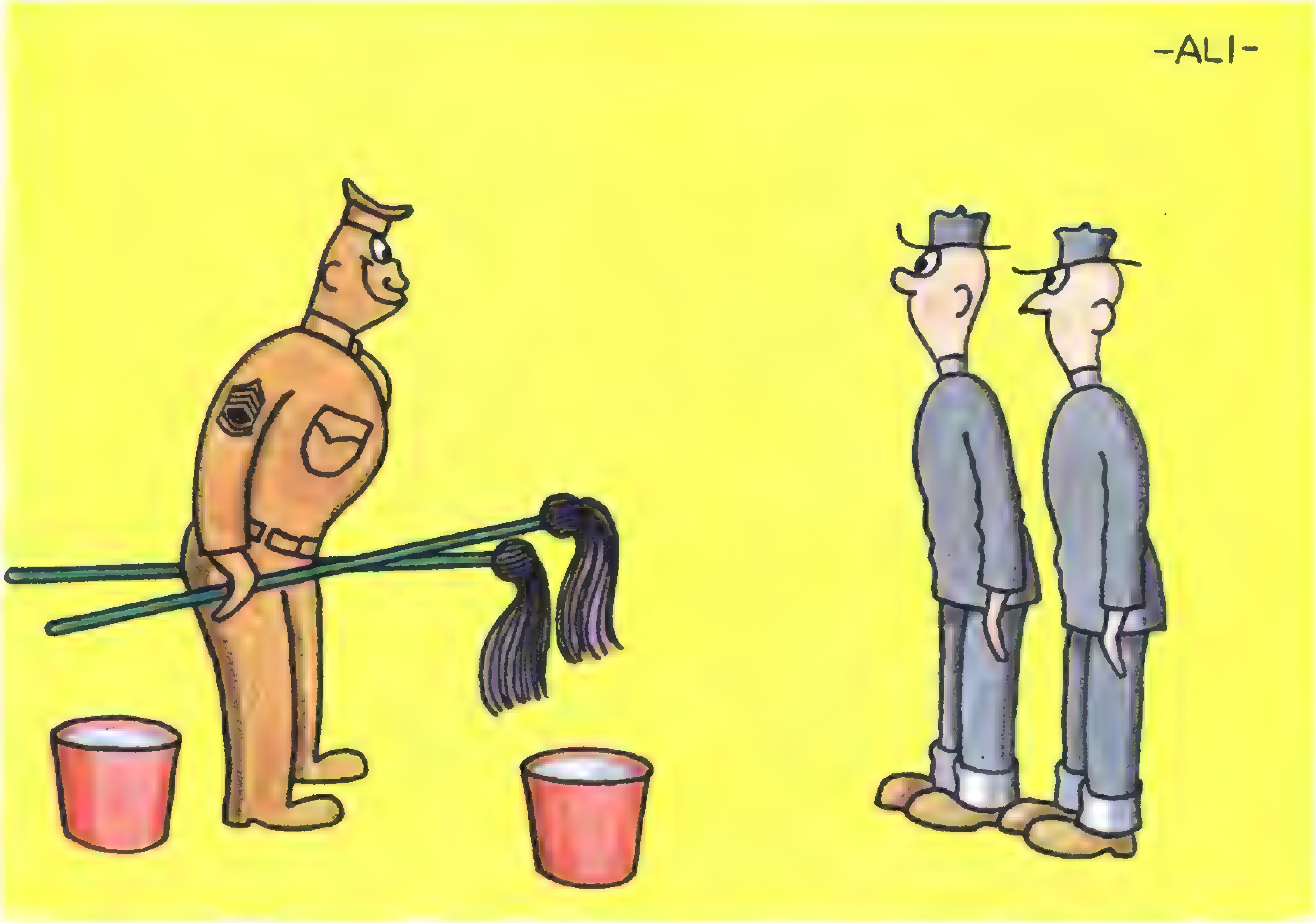
"Ah, Miss Miller—what a lovely xylophone you'd make!"



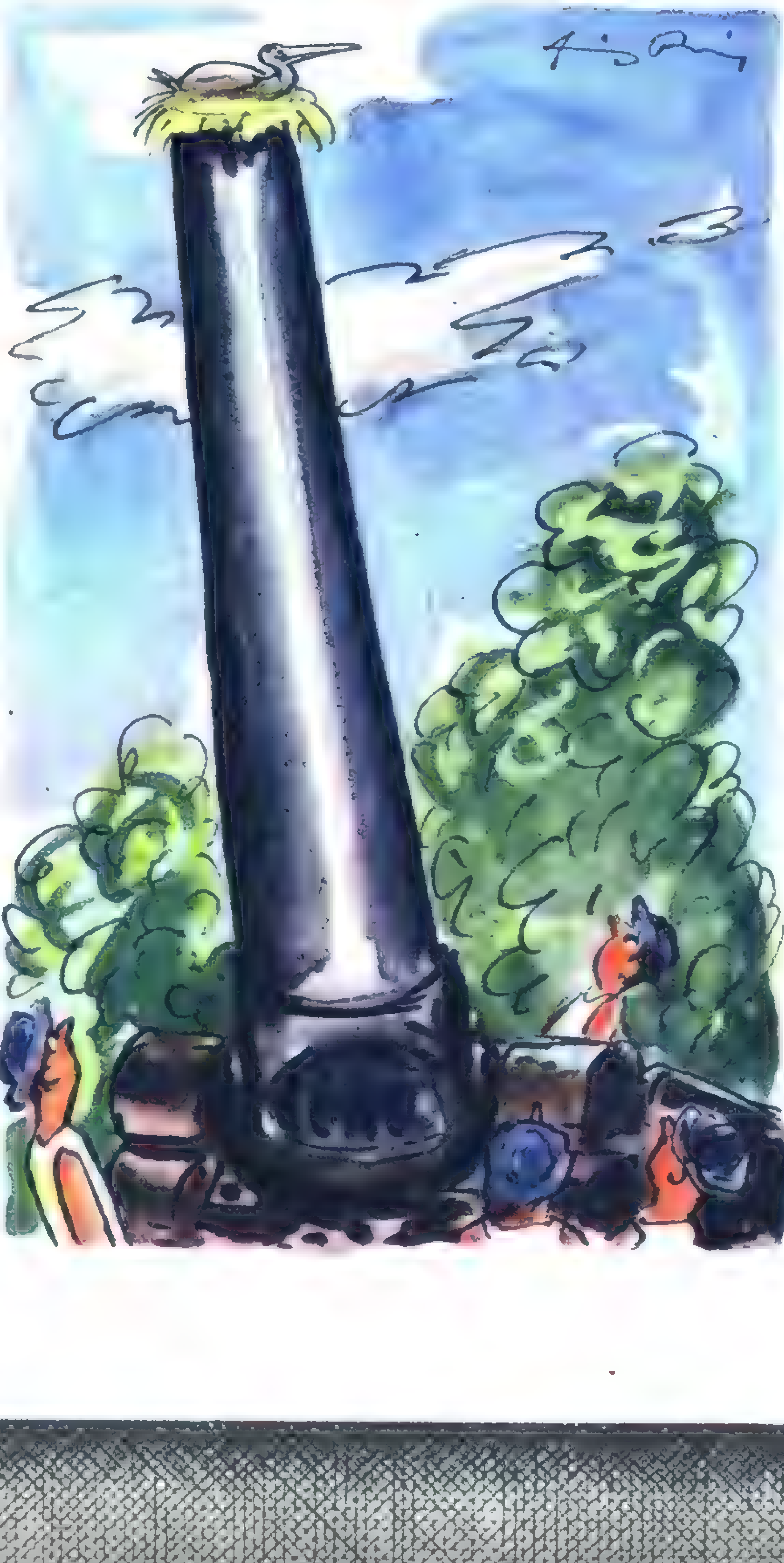
"We'll let you know as soon as there is an empty bed, Mr. Worthington"



"Boy, will I be glad to get back to the States an' see women with shoes on!"



"All right, men, will two volunteers step forward for this job?"



HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Four little chicks and how they groove

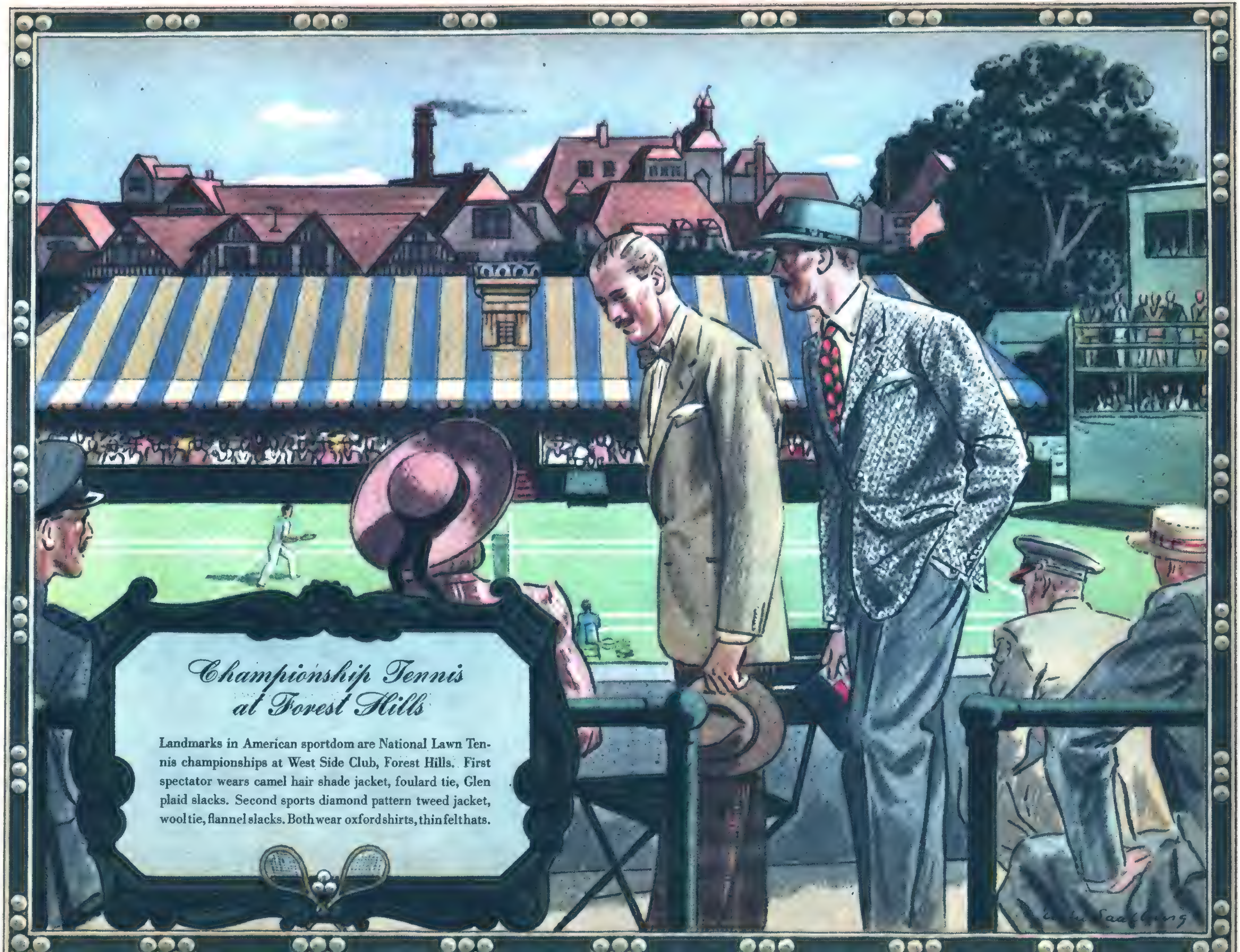
THERE was fun on the Brothers Warner lot with Broadway's teen-age darling *Janie.* Director Mike Curtiz, Oscar-winner of *Casablanca* fame, says the picture was a vacation as the kid cast practically directed itself. And Agnes Christine Johnson, who should win some sort of a reward for blue penciling the archaic gee-whizzes out of the Hardy series, is responsible for the *Janie* jargon.

She explains it is simply a matter of speaking by ear or having a teen-ager around the house. Even Grandma with a bit of prompting can learn that not hipped to the jive merely means a slick chick gone to sea. Cooking on the front burner is just a quick way of pointing out that someone is in the groove. As for let's go out and chip tea, obviously that's a short cut to an invitation to a dish of smooching. What could be more complicated?

The story opens with poor old anachronistic dad, who made an issue of blanket parties until Janie told him the only difference between smooching and spooning was twenty years, futiley trying to use the telephone. He didn't have a prayer because Janie and her girl friends had the wires crossed. (N. B. Waxman's interpretation of haywires!) The girls' conversation is about the individual merits of the Armed Forces just stationed in town and is carried on in OP language. OP language, for the benefit of anyone not in the groove, consists of putting OP before each vowel. That's easy, too, but requires all study-hall time formerly devoted to reading OPesqOPuOPirOPe.

These slick little chicks in their jitterbug pinafores, especially designed by Milo Anderson for this color shot, are: Joyce Reynolds, right, as Janie. Joyce headed into Hollywood from Texas to step from the wings of the University of California theatre smack into a contract on the Warner lot. Next come Virginia Patton and Georgia Lee Settle and the fourth little chick is Colleen Townsend. The group's combined age is sixty-eight, make of it what you will. *Their weight:* 400 lbs.; *Ambition:* to always be right in there cooking with gas!

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



Championship Tennis at Forest Hills

Landmarks in American sportdom are National Lawn Tennis championships at West Side Club, Forest Hills. First spectator wears camel hair shade jacket, foulard tie, Glen plaid slacks. Second sports diamond pattern tweed jacket, wool tie, flannel slacks. Both wear oxford shirts, thin felt hats.

The Sporting Scene

A lighthearted, desultory debate about whether or not the air age will bring the major leagues to the Pacific Coast

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

In sports one should avoid facts if possible. Facts reduce arguments. Without arguments an essential element of sports disappears. Without sports arguments the production of sportsmen's grog might slump from a high of 223,659,000 gallons in 1936 to a trickle for medicinal purposes and husbands whose wives don't understand them. The beer production might diminish from the 1942 figure of 67,701,035 barrels to a few buckets for maintaining health of nursing mothers and a quantity necessary to float *kalter Aufschnitt* to a snug harbor. A guy would have to go somewhere east of Suez to raise a wholesome thirst. And after this war who the hell wants to go back there? It would be much greater fun to stay around home or a hospitable bar or locker room and unload a few schooners or snorts debating about something in sports.

Strict adherence to the facts would smother sports under statistics. No longer would we be happy in parking a hip on our bunks and inhaling the thuriferous fumes of Bill Stern's romantic sports broadcasts. Bill's dramatic tales of sports events in Never Never Land paint pretty pictures on the black mantle of night. Shall we offer these and our other fond fantasies and our furious and futile discussions of sports to the consuming fire of facts? No! A thousand times no. Or maybe fewer times, but, no anyway. Would a changed sports land in which the ranking authority might be a certified public accountant, rather than a sports scribe with bunions on his backside, be the country the boys want to see when they come back? What would happen to the spirit of free enterprise if a man had to know what he was talking about before he qualified to make loud hot noises in a sports controversy?

In view of the fact that facts often are drab items in sports affairs, one should handle them with care in such sports post-war planning as that which contemplates the use of airplane travel in revolutionizing and expanding competitive calendars. There has been plenty of air travel in sports already, but not to the extent that it has become a matter of only casual comment. The fact is that the athletes, particularly the pros, are in no hurry to get anywhere. Hurry, except under pressure and competition, is contrary to the nature of the typical athletic star. Jim Thorpe, George Gipp, Walter Hagen, Babe Ruth and others of sport's brightest constellation always displayed the high gift of languor when exertion could be avoided. Unless the temperament of star athletes changes greatly, rushing some place to work will be against the star's strong principles. That's a fact.

The major traffic movement of sports to date was transportation of Sonja Henie's ice show troupers from Hollywood to Chicago in 1939. Three T.W.A. chartered planes flew the performers. American Airlines carried a Cardinal ball club from St. Louis to Chicago to make game time. Several varsity football squads have been moved through the air. Before the war the lads were all for it and the chances are that after the war, with millions of young men having established a custom of sky travel, the collegians will consider taking a street car far more of a novelty than a plane ride.

However, although such revision of the varsity football travel routine may contribute to a geographical spread of schedules, there also is a probability that the kids will not quickly adjust themselves to abandoning that fine old tradition of long leisurely train rides. Such a trip as the University of Pittsburgh pigskin squad took to Seattle in 1940 was speedy, safe and novel. But loafing on a de luxe train also would have had its charms for Pitt and other amateur gridiron gladiators. One is supposed to study on those trips, of course. But thorough examination of the records probably would not disclose a case of an athletically adept student getting tired eyes or nervous indigestion by close application to his school books during such hegiras.

Can it be that young men will be rushed around the country on week-end plane trips and denied the alibi of football travels handicapping scholastic efforts? Generally in the past a kindly professor, approved by a sports-minded campus administration, has given the traveling football youth a break, notwithstanding the faculty member's conviction that the alibiing athlete couldn't make five yards through reading, writing and arithmetic in twenty-five downs.

Shall such consideration be sacrificed to the age of swift flight?

Longest of the sports flights have been those made by American professional golfers at the invitation and expense of the Argentine Golf Association. Our links stars have been able to go to the Argentine following the close of the busy season at their clubs, pick up guarantees and prize money and return on Pan American planes in time to engage in the early events of the winter tournament circuit in the United States southland.

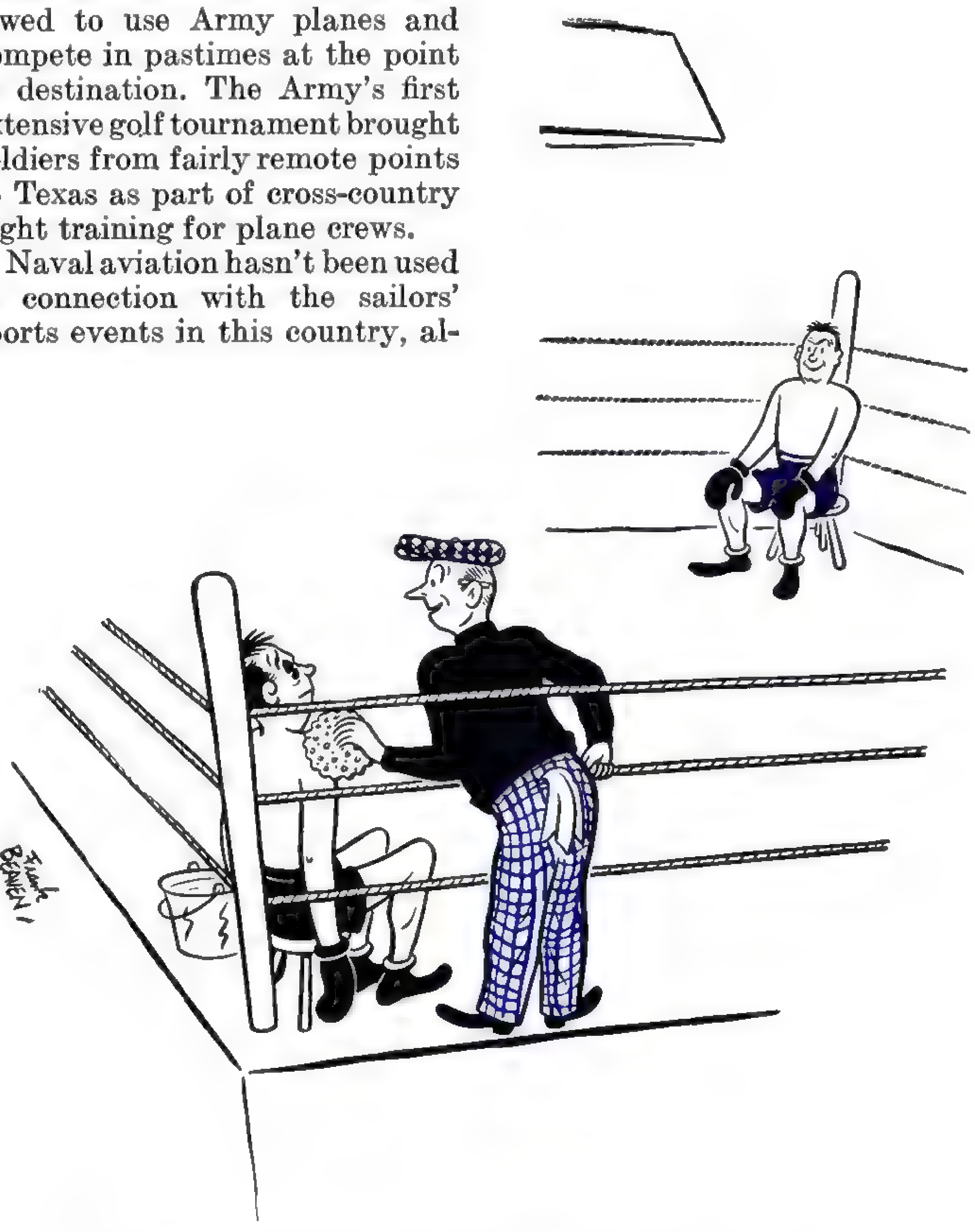
By boat passage the time required for the South American trip would have been too long for the canny commercial golfers. That case probably indicates what the major factor in air sports travel will be for many years to come. It'll be cash rather than promotion of the international brotherhood of man by sports events scattered over the One World.

But, should you want to argue that point, you can cite the plane travel of Army athletes who go by air for the fun of it, and mighty handy fun it is, too, as the mileage can be legitimately entered as part of the Air Corps training in instances where the lads are allowed to use Army planes and compete in pastimes at the point of destination. The Army's first extensive golf tournament brought soldiers from fairly remote points to Texas as part of cross-country flight training for plane crews.

Naval aviation hasn't been used in connection with the sailors' sports events in this country, although air travel could vastly enlarge the radius of the gobs' journeys from their stations in week-end games. Overseas there has been some air transportation of sailor athletes, but virtually on a hitchhiking basis, and mainly by boxers whose abilities are highly rated by their shipmates. It is an old American Naval tradition that a shipmate who can bat the ears off a gentleman of his same weight class attached to another ship or station must be given every opportunity to exercise his talents, especially if the suckers who sponsor the opposition will give nice odds.

Even in such instances you will note that Mammon is at the ringside. Nevertheless, it must be admitted to the great credit of the Navy men that to them money is only money. However, when you get into sports for the general public, whether the sports are professional or amateur, money is the stuff that will make the mo-

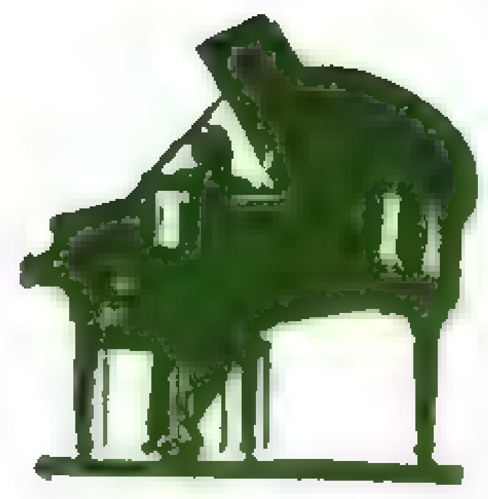
Continued on page 150



"I suppose it's silly to suggest it, but why not try closing your eyes and swinging?"

The Rhythm Section

Summing up past sins against jazz by the Old Men of Music, and presenting musicians' reports on Jim Crow tactics



by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER

▪ JAZZ ▪

Curious among the features on today's frontiers of jazz is its kindly, if somewhat surreptitious, patronage by certain archbishops of criticism heretofore associated exclusively (and superiorly) with the older art of the symphony. Indeed, the hum of progress accompanying the discovery of hot jazz by the intellectual infantry is quite surpassing the development of the music itself. It was only a season or so ago that the engaging Mr. Deems Taylor was cautiously putting his tongue in his cheek whenever the word *jazz* slipped into his annotations for the Philharmonic broadcasts. I can therefore hardly believe my eyes when I find myself reading in one of the esoteric jazz magazines that Mr. Taylor, along with other critical confreres such as Carl Van Doren and Gilbert Seldes, recently arranged for a most respectable audition of some of the hottest stuff east of New Orleans. For some odd reason this affair excluded the press, but we are informed that the event was ablaze with luminaries from the artistic and critical netherlands. Nor is this all. A casual glance around the bar at any jam session reveals that the intellectuals, ranging from authors of best-sellers to college professors, are as busily investigating jazz as they were sex back in the twenties.

It is with some trepidation that I ask myself: What accounts for the sudden commingling of the deadly jitterbug with frocked symphonic dignitaries and critical ambassadors? Is it conceivable that after nearly twenty-five years of estrangement Mr. Taylor and Mr. Van Doren and Mr. Seldes can see eye to eye with Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon? A thorough examination of the new critical attitudes of these gentlemen does not particularly encourage me to gladsomeness on behalf of jazz. For while the interest may be a sincere one, the response bears all the earmarks of a hangover from an iconoclastic binge and is still essentially negative. Until, therefore, these gentlemen come up with something conclusive in the way of demonstration that the meaning of jazz is as clear to them as that of Beethoven's *Minuet in G*, their opinions must of necessity occasion some skepticism and apprehension on the part of the true jazz lover. I say apprehension because I recall that it was the influence of this same type of critic which not only held back the progress of jazz in the twenties and thirties, but did it a kind of damage which was vicious in the extreme.

Mr. Seldes, for example, totally confused about jazz himself in 1923, likewise confused his readers by writing: "Nowhere is the failure of the Negro to exploit his gifts more obvious than in the use he has made of the jazz orchestra . . . " This, at a time when such Negroes as King Oliver, Louis Armstrong and Johnny Dodds were making some of the finest recordings in jazz history, and when Erskine Tate and Doc Cooke were leading large orchestras which boasted some of the greatest soloists of the day!

Like Deems Taylor, who has always been more or less abashed by the work of George Gershwin (essentially a light classical instead of a jazz composer), Mr. Seldes found comfort in believing that ". . . no Negro band has yet come up to the level of the best white ones; and the leader of the best of all, by a little joke, is called Whiteman." A joke, perhaps, but no joke to the many fine Negro and white musicians forced to buck up against the growing commercialism of organizations such as Whiteman's; no joke to Bix Beiderbecke and The Wolverines making records in New Richmond, Indiana; no joke to Muggsy Spanier and Frank Teschemacher playing at a taxi dance hall on Chicago's North Clark Street.

Nor was Mr. Seldes the only critic to stick out his neck. From my collection of notes on the jazz mania I find the following authorities raving at random:

Dr. Walter Damrosch: "Jazz is a monotony of rhythm. It is rhythm without music and without soul. Personally, it annoys me. Jazz is quite unsatisfactory to any intelligent person." 1926.

Virgil Thomson: "It (jazz) is exactly analogous to the hoochie-coochie." 1924.

Paul Rosenfeld: "American music is not jazz. Jazz is not music. . . . It is just another means of escape." 1926.

Dr. Frederick Stock: "The appeal of jazz is to the lowest part of our anatomy. It appeals to our most stupid instincts." 1927.

George Jean Nathan: "Jazz is too cheap and shallow a musical medium to evoke, convey and further any save cheap and shallow emotions." 1928.

Henry L. Mencken: "Why did they (the Negroes) wait for Paul Whiteman to make jazz a serious matter?" 1927.

Clive Bell: "Jazz is dying . . . Jazz art is soon created, soon liked and soon forgotten. It is the movement of the masters of eighteen . . . created by boys barely escaped from college." 1921.

Jazz music, as it is played today, is basically the same as it was twenty years ago. The beat of its rhythm, termed monotonous and uninteresting by nearly every serious critic, has not varied noticeably. Its directness of approach and lack of thematic embroidery is essentially the same as it always was. Its great performing artists—those who have not succumbed to the fate attendant upon disappointment and obscurity—are blowing the selfsame trumpets and saxophones. To be sure, there are those who have gone into the restaurant business or who, like Rappolo, have drowned the voices of their instruments in many Lake Pontchartrains, but there are enough of the boys left to remind us what jazz was like when they shot their lips for the music's sake. It cannot be claimed that jazz has suddenly taken a turn for the better or has acquired a more artistic nature than it had twenty years ago. Whatever art quality is in jazz today was part and parcel of the jazz of Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver.

For these reasons, the friendliness of the highbrows today, while welcome and desirable to jazz, nevertheless is suspect on the grounds that when these gentlemen had an opportunity to acclaim jazz, they muffed it. The record offers concise and overwhelming evidence that their approach was flimsy, their judgments erroneous, frequently based upon unstudied prejudice, and that their influence upon the public mind was such that retractions are now in order. Until these are forthcoming are we not justified in assuming that their interests are the interests of commercialism, and that some of our most respected intellectuals have jumped on the jazz bandwagon merely because such a move promises to pay dividends?—P. E. M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

It was a great day for jazz when, several months ago, the Blue Network scheduled a series of thirteen broadcasts featuring Eddie Condon's Town Hall jazz concerts (Saturdays, 3:30 p.m., EWT). It was a magnificent opportunity for New York's hibernating jazzicians—including clarinetists Pee Wee Russell and Edmond Hall, trumpeters Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Lips Page and Billy Butterfield and trombonists Benny Morton and Miff Mole—to bring their kind of music to listeners throughout the nation. Having proved themselves capable of performing excellent jazz on records (*Basin St. Blues*, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*, etc.), it was natural to expect that these same men would produce an acceptable jazz radio program. Judging from the first half dozen broadcasts of the series, they have managed to give listeners some fine examples of solo work by a number of ranking jazz virtuosi. They have currently proved to a large radio audience that their abilities have not been overrated.

Thirty minutes of jazz is not very much, and one of the limitations of this type of program is that it is calculated to show up but one variety of jazz, and although it does that well enough, there is still plenty of room on the air for other types. That may come if network officials grant jazz the radio recognition it deserves—commensurate with its wide appeal.

My suggestions for improving the program would be (1) the elimination of any concessions to radio tradition in the length of each musical selection: give the full half hour to the performance of perhaps three compositions, devoting from eight to fifteen minutes for each; (2) the dispensation of vocalisms and irrelevant commentary intended to give the program a cute twist; (3) straightforward informative announcements intended and timed not to interfere with the rendition of what occasionally turns out to be the best number on the program; (4) giving at least as much time to a rehearsal of the show as is given to a recording date—this in spite of the fact that the spontaneity and "improvisation" of the players is unduly emphasized by announcements.

In short, the program in its present format deviates too little from previous jazz radio shows (the old *Basin Street*, *Saturday Night Swing Session*, *Jazz Laboratory*). Nevertheless, the Condon concerts have blazed a trail by the *direct* manner in which they approach jazz.

—Paul Eduard Miller

Jazz Symposium

How have Jim Crow tactics affected your career?

Fletcher Henderson, veteran arranger, pianist and bandleader:

I've seen Jim Crow from both sides—as a colored member of a white band, and as an employer of white men in my own colored band. When I played piano with Benny Goodman in 1939 I never ran into any trouble. The only problem occurred in Beverly Hills, where I couldn't find a home and was forced to live thirteen miles away from where the band was working.

Later, when I had my own band, a couple of white boys wrote to me asking for a job. Well, if a man can read my music and play it right, I don't care if he's an Eskimo. My union card doesn't tell me who and who not to hire. Between that, and the manpower shortage, and the fact that I felt it would be a nice gesture of reciprocity toward men like Benny Goodman and Charlie Barnet who've hired colored musicians, I thought it was a good idea. I hired an alto player and a guitarist who were with the band for a while and we didn't have any difficulties. Later on, after they'd left, two other white boys joined me, a seventeen-year-old trombonist named Bob Calese and a young trumpet player, Tony de Nardi.

A little while later the band went south. All through Georgia and Texas there were no incidents. Then we went to Chattanooga to play a date. The first part of the evening we did a concert, then they closed the curtain while the chairs were being pulled away for a dance. Then the cops came in. They said if I played for the white dancers with these two boys in my band, there'd be trouble. Some of the white spectators got to hear about this and walked out in disgust; they said there was a war going on and we were supposed to be fighting against that kind of intolerance. Later on a white promoter booked me to play a colored dance in Birmingham. When he saw my white musicians arrive he said, "Now you've done it. We'll have a riot." But the Negro spectators applauded and bought tickets. When I refused to play without the white boys, this promoter sent for the police. The police came in and called the sergeant at headquarters. The sergeant called the mayor. The mayor called the district attorney.

Finally word came through that if they stopped me from playing I'd have a case for a lawsuit. So *then* they let me play. The next night they made the white musicians put dark brown powder on their faces!

The only time I had to go on and play without the two ofay boys was once in Miami, where they sent special police to the date who made me call up the local white union head. There was a lot of fuss and later on the case went to Petrillo, who called me back and said if I ever ran into any trouble like that again I should let him know, as he wouldn't stand for it.

Once we got out of the South we all felt at home again and there was no problem at all. And those white boys took a fine attitude; the whole time they were in the South they traveled in the Jim Crow coaches with us even if they were crowded in there like sardines, rather than be separated from the rest of the band.

Yes, Jim Crow caused me a few headaches, but I managed to make a little progress fighting it, and there's a lot of satisfaction in that.

Teddy Wilson, pianist and bandleader, formerly with Benny Goodman:

It was Jim Crow, curiously enough, that caused me to go into the music business in the first place. I studied at Tuskegee Institute and was a qualified linotype operator, but when I left there and was ready to get a job, I found out that the A.F.L. Printers' Union at that time was Jim Crow, and it was almost impossible for a Negro printer to get linotype work with any of the big newspapers. Well, I was only a mediocre pianist who happened to love music, but there was nothing left for me except to turn to music as a career. That was in 1929.

The whole time I was with Benny Goodman's Quartet, from 1935 to 1939, there was no significant trouble. I lost some movie work when they wanted me to do the recording for a musical sequence in *Big Broadcast of 1936* but have a white musician substitute for me when they shot the pictures. I refused to do that. The following year Benny made *Hollywood Hotel* for Warners and they did photograph the Quartet, with all of us wearing the same uniform and no suggestion of segregation. But the scene was shot in such a way that they could cut it out in movie houses down South.

When I got a big band together in 1939 I found out more about how Jim Crow works against musicians. They had an equal rights law in Pennsylvania, and promoters were scared to hire colored bands because it might attract Negro patrons and they'd be risking lawsuits by refusing them admittance. That means that where a white band doing a road tour out of New York could break it up into short, convenient transportation jumps, a colored band could not break the journey until it got to Pittsburgh, the first town large enough to hold a strictly colored dance.

Of course, the biggest handicap is in radio. A lot of the best locations with network wires, like the Astor and the Pennsylvania and the New Yorker Hotel, don't hire Negro bands, and the commercial radio shows are almost entirely impossible because the sponsors are afraid their product would be boycotted by white Southerners if they hired a colored outfit. Radio and records are the lifeblood of a band, so that means that a colored band has to rely mainly on records.

Lips Page, trumpeter, vocalist and bandleader:

The first thing Jim Crow does here in America is to limit your earning power. That's practically an open-and-shut case. But that's only one aspect of it. In addition, it cuts off the availability of certain things you could learn through study. Only some parts of the musical circle are liberal, while the general public is not so at all. The public likes to hear us play all right, but it thinks of us principally as entertainers. It rarely gives any attention to the problems of how we live, how much money we make in comparison to whites in similar jobs. There are these and lots of other smaller things. It's Jim Crow all the way down the line. And the funny part of it is that the Negro has no problem, since the white man created it and sustains it. I say leave good music alone and it will be happy and good. I think people are the same way and would act differently if they were not hemmed in by a lot of taboos.

J. C. Higginbotham, trombonist now with Red Allen:

There isn't a Negro living in America, whether it's in the South or up North, who isn't affected by Jim Crow. In the case of a student of music in the South, there aren't enough good schools open to Negroes. In the North conditions are better, of course, and most of the schools accept Negroes freely. However, I've experienced race prejudice in other forms; in housing, traveling, restaurants, hotel accommodations. Colored musicians have discouraging experiences in the symphony and opera fields, too; and in writing music, a Negro has to have a name before most bands will play his tunes; often he's forced to sell his tune outright for a small sum. It's not easy to get into A.S.C.A.P. either; you have to wait and try a considerably longer time than most white song writers.

But in spite of all the stupid and petty irritations of Jim Crowism, the Negro people have made their mark in all the arts. As a musician, I've been able to escape some of the insults of Jim Crow, though by no means all of them. The tactics of segregation and discrimination affect all working classes of Negroes in general, and after all the musician is just a man seeking to earn a living. But it can truly be said that music has done great things to break down race prejudice. I look forward to the time when musicians like myself will be able to play in all the large hotel rooms and ballrooms, when my wage scale will be on the same level with that of white musicians in the same talent bracket and where I won't have to miss out on prestige and money by being forced to play where no broadcasting can be done. And I look forward to the time when the Negro musician will not have to play in places where members of his own race are excluded as patrons.—L. F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS: Count Basie is the man of the month, with an album on Columbia and some singles on Keynote. The album, *Blues by Basie*, exhausts the possibilities of its title endlessly. Half of the eight sides simply present the Count at the piano with his rhythm section; on the other four sides there are the added attractions of some trumpet by Mr. (now Pvt.) Buck Clayton and tenor sax by Don Byas. The Keynote sides are pseudonymous; the Count becomes "Prince Charming" and the band is the Kansas City Seven. The music is still strictly Basie, amply spread onto twelve-inch pressings, all very attractive, especially *After Theatre Jump*. Another Keynote release you shouldn't miss is *Thru' for the Night*, by Cozy Cole, Earl Hines, Coleman Hawkins, et al.

Duke Ellington's *Someone* on Victor is noteworthy for the fervent and fragrant trumpet chorus by Ray Nance. You can skip the reverse, *My Little Brown Book*, which is far from *echt* Ellington. On Columbia, Harry James, momentarily divorced from his band and his schmaltz, on *Sleepy Time Gal*, reminds us that Muggsy Spanier was right in asserting that James is still a swell jazz trumpet man for a' that. The full band rejoins Harry overleaf in *Memphis Blues*, an excellent arrangement by Leroy Holmes, also one of the best items of the post-Hollywood James era.

IN PERSON—A lot of jazz is where you *can't* find it. Take, for instance, the case of Mary Osborne. Mary is a tall, lovely, brown-haired girl who has been buried in Mickey Mouse bands in Chicago for so long that the hip gentry haven't had a chance to discover her, but the fact is that she plays as much jazz guitar as the late Charlie Christian or almost anybody else you care to name. When Stuff Smith made some records with Mary recently he said: "I never heard any girl play that much on *any* instrument," an opinion I hasten to share. So just keep the name in mind and maybe some day she'll be leading a group of her own along 52nd Street and I'll be able to say, "See?"

Jazz is where you *can* find it at the Garrick Lounge in Chicago, where the current outfits are Red Allen—Higginbotham, Stuff Smith and Jesse Price (another swell trumpet man). In New York, try the Onyx, the Three Deuces or the Down Beat. If you stand at a certain point on West 52nd between Fifth and Sixth on a taxiless night, you can hear the music from all three simultaneously without being run down, and with positively no cover charge or twenty per cent tax. —LEONARD FEATHER

The All-American Boys' Ball Game

Reviewing the Boys' Baseball Game at the Polo Grounds, a competition of sandlot talent picked by leading sports writers

by **RALPH CANNON & HERB GRAFFIS**

▪ SPORTS ▪

AFTER reading exciting reports of sports editors or their aides who were delegated to comb the sandlots, the playgrounds, the sagebrush and the alfalfa for all-star personnel to appear in the first All-American Boys' Baseball Game, the engineers of Esquire's monthly sports polls felt an urge to hurl a defi. A defi is something hurled in sports pages by somebody who really is throwing something else—meaning the old bulleroo.

What we itched to do was to challenge the winner of the major leagues' All-Star game to play the winner of Esquire's All-American kid contest. Many fellows on the twenty-eight newspaper sports departments who worked with high school and American Legion baseball authorities in selecting the line-ups for the Eastern and Western All-American boys' teams heated us up by assuring us that the chosen youngsters are competent to step onto the National or American League diamonds as paid employees of any of the sixteen top-ranking clubs.

Practically all that restrained us from telling Will Harridge, the American League chief, and Ford Frick, head of the National circuit, that our kids would take their guys on was the bitter reflection that we still are working for our living because we took too much expert advice on horses, fights and football games from sports writers.

These All-American youngsters were named after the most thorough ivory hunt ever conducted among teen-age ballplayers. The performance at the Polo Grounds in New York August 7 was calculated to draw the canniest diamond talent scouts to appraise the lads as contract possibilities.

The idea of selecting the prize juvenile baseball virtuosi in fourteen Eastern and fourteen Western zones and financing the youngsters and their guardians to and from the Polo Grounds conflict did not occur to Esquire because this magazine is worrying about the recruiting job of the majors.

And don't let Gingrich get you as well as himself off base with his editorial on page 6 of last month's issue. In that statement Esquire's editor got fervent about the Living War Memorials fund, the beneficiary of Esquire's All-Star Boys' Game, because these memorial playfields are a great improvement on memorial statues.

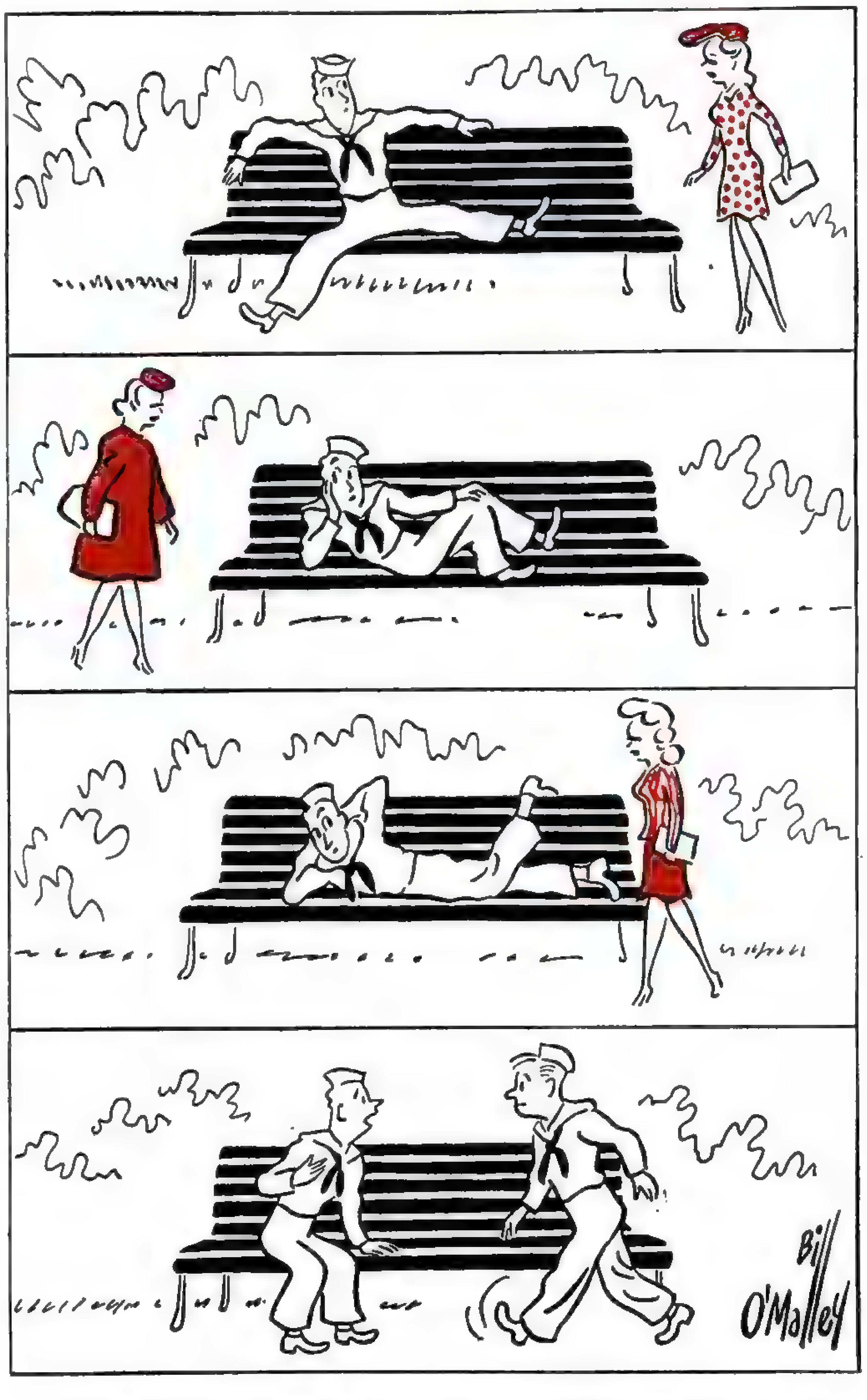
Actually Gingrich is against statues because he hates pigeons.

He thinks a pigeon should be content with the ample facilities of straw hats instead of being spoiled by practically every pigeon having its own personal monument and reading matter to be perused at the pigeon's comfort.

Furthermore, Gingrich had to move out of town onto a farm because his own kids were knocking baseballs through neighbors' windows in town. In addition, his little boys are growing up so fast that if their old man ever started to cock a punch at any one of them for drawing a bead with a foul on a neighbor's window, even his youngest probably would beat him to the slug and have his nose smelling his ears.

So the real reason Esquire asked the twenty-eight newspapers and the Legion to select two All-Star kid ball clubs to play for the national championship at the Polo Grounds was because we all like kids and we all like baseball. And, in common with all other fans, we know that unless the American youngster these days is given an opportunity to show himself as a star of potential diamond material, it's going to be tough to restore baseball calibre to its normal standard in the post-war years.

Then, too, many of these kids who played in the first All-American Boys' All-Star team may be signed up by Uncle Whiskers for his All-Star team before the war ends. And why shouldn't we and everybody else see to it that these youngsters enjoy Freedom Number One, which is Freedom of Fun, and their crowded hours of normal American glory while they're still kids?



"I had the darnedest time saving this seat for you"

One of the biggest thrills we ever got out of baseball was seeing a husky New York high school kid hammer a homer over the right field fence at Cubs' park during a New York-Chicago high school championship game. After watching that boy that day we babbled to divers and sundry that the lad was destined for the majors if we ever were right in our lives. The boy was Lou Gehrig. We were right, even though we do have to go far back to remember the time.

Now that you've seen the stories and the box score in the papers—and maybe the game itself—you can select from the following notes on the All-American Boys' rosters those youngsters you believe can be endorsed to the major league clubs.

The game itself was the climax of Esquire's plan to take the picked players and representatives of the papers which conducted the regional selective procedure on an all-expense tour to and from New York.

After a week's entertainment and training, the boys went to bat in their memorable game at the Polo Grounds with the East's cohorts led by the venerated **Connie Mack,** and the Westerners under the wing of young **Mel Ott**—the outstanding example of a boy stepping off the sandlots and making good in the majors.

And how did the boys like it? "Gee, it's great!" That was the spontaneous exclamation of **Jack Lindsey,** Dallas' great shortstop, who was the first boy to be named for the show. "I don't know how to thank Esquire for making this possible."

In Dallas every year there is a Texas high school baseball tournament. It was from this tournament that **Lindsey** was plucked for the All-American game by a committee composed of **P. C. Cobb,** athletic director of the Dallas high schools, who was in charge of the Texas high school championships; **Graham Pierce,** president of the Southwestern A. A. U.; **Louis Cox** and **Jere Hayes** of the Dallas *Times Herald* and a group of big league scouts who had been following the Texas prep teams all spring.

Lindsey, a fine-throwing, steady-fielding shortstop, is rated the best high school star to come out of Adamson High of Dallas since **Pinky Higgins,** star Detroit third-sacker, played there over a decade ago.

Chronologically the second boy to be selected for the great game in New York was **Marvin Homan,** hard-hitting left-handed outfielder of the Cheyenne, Wyoming, High School team. **Abe Krash,** sports editor of the *Wyoming Eagle* of Cheyenne, carried on a thorough and comprehensive survey of his vast zone of Wyoming and Montana, after which a committee chose **Homan** over **George W. Gray,** pitcher of the Great Falls, Montana, Legion team who hurled his nine to the Montana Legion title. **Homan** is one of these natural athletes, having been all-state in both football and basketball, and that he is also a natural leader is attested by the fact that he was elected president of the Cheyenne High School student body.

Connie got a "Zero" for his Eastern team when **Dale Stafford** of the Detroit *Free Press* selected **Bill Pierce,** left-handed pitcher of the Highland Park High School team in Detroit from a great field of fine players. started nine games, pitching six shutouts and one no-hitter. Because of the long string of goose eggs he dealt out he was known as "Mr. Zero." In seventy-two innings in the Detroit Metropolitan League he allowed only four runs, of which two were unearned. In his final game on June 8th he pitched Highland Park to a two-to-one decision over Northwestern in the city championship game at Briggs Stadium.

Other outstanding candidates in Michigan were **Arthur Houtteman,** pitcher, first baseman and third baseman for Detroit's Catholic Central High School, who pitched his team to its tenth straight title, striking out seventeen of the twenty-five men to face him in the championship game; and **Rex Carrow,** shortstop and pitcher for the Grand Ledge, Michigan, High School team.

A great catcher came out of Nebraska when **Floyd Olds** of the Omaha *World-Herald,* with the aid of **Chip Bowley** of the Legion, spotted **Rich Ashburn** of the little town of Tilden, Nebraska. **Ashburn** is a great thrower and a fine left-handed hitter. He was the outstanding boy in the St. Louis Cardinal tryout camp in Omaha. After **Ashburn** in the Nebraska slate were the following: **John Dinzele,** Omaha North High, catcher; **Loren Babe,** Creighten Prep, infielder; **William Betz,** Lincoln, Nebraska, third base; **Richard Weekes,** Omaha Central High, pitcher; **William Danze,** Omaha Tech High, pitcher; **Robert Becker,** Papillion, Nebraska, catcher; **Dale Katzberg,** Hastings, outfielder; and **Don Dutcher,** Omaha Bensen High, third base.

A swell young second sacker of the **Johnny Evers** type was named to work with **Jack Lindsey** on the western team when fifteen-year-old **Jim Enright** was chosen from the Missouri zone by **Ed Wray** and **Harold Tuthill** of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* working in close co-operation with **Leo A. Browne,** an ex-Marine who is chairman of the Missouri American Legion Junior Baseball Program. Young **Enright** is a left-handed line-drive hitter who batted .368 in helping his Stockham Post team win the pennant last year. He is very fast and active, a good thrower and can make that double-play like a big leaguer. His father before him, **Michael F. Enright,** was a semipro ballplayer and started his son right in the fine points of the game when he was only four years old. **Leo Browne** claims that **Enright** "could play on any boys' team in the country." **Jim** is a fine, clean-cut, alert chap who is a credit already to the game. He wants to become a big league ballplayer after going through Washington U. in St. Louis—a goal which he undoubtedly will achieve. When told that he had been chosen for the All-American Boys' Game he used exactly the same expression as **Jack Lindsey** of Dallas who will work beside him: "Gee, that's great!"

Dick Cullum, sports editor, and **James W. Crossett,** promotion manager, of the Minneapolis *Daily Times,* staged a tryout and all-star ball game from which their board of judges named **Roger Brown,** shortstop of the national championship Minneapolis Richfield Post team of 1943 as their zone's All-American Boy. The board of judges was comprised of **Rosy Ryan,** Minneapolis manager; **Ray Blades,** St. Paul manager; **Ollie Marquardt,** Toledo manager; **Nick Cullop,** Columbus manager, and **Park Carroll,** business manager of the Minneapolis club.

A runner-up was chosen—another shortstop, **Milt Olson** of St. Paul's Johnson High School. Also an All-State team was named.

Continued on page 136

BALL PARK
-ALI-

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**

If Admiral Nimitz could spare a few minutes from slapping the Japs all over the Pacific, he'd probably get a kick out of reading this true tale.

A while back a colored steward's mate at N.A.T.T.C., Memphis, Tenn., asked an officer of the B.O.Q. when he could 'get a raise.'

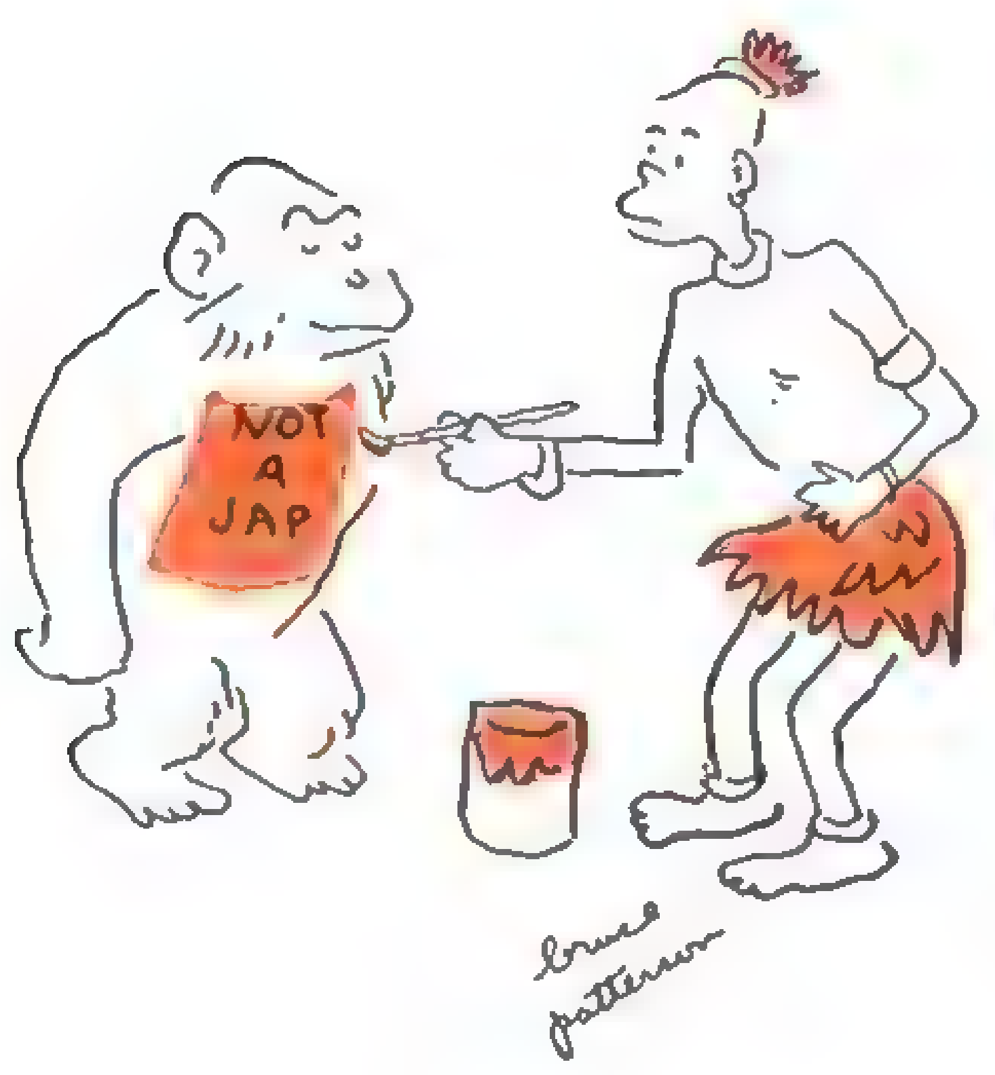
"How long have you been your present rate?" asked the officer.

"Twenty-six years," was the reply.

"What!! You mean you haven't had a promotion in twenty-six years?"

"No, Sir! When Lieutenant Nimitz gave me this rate he said you must earn your rate in the Navy, not ask for it."

—Reprinted in the *Bull Horn*



Communications Officer (to new telephone operator): "No, no, Miss, in the Army we say, 'Just a moment, General,' not 'Hang on to your pants, jerk'."

—*Camp Polk* (Louisiana) *Armoreader*

"Papa, what do you call a person who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender."

—*Camp Howze* (Texas) *Howitzer*

Cussing carelessly over a plane radio is a dangerous business, a ferrying pilot learned recently, when you're accidentally tuned in on the "tower" frequency in these days of women tower operators.

The pilot, after making a poor approach for a landing confided (he thought) in his co-pilot that he had really tarfued things in no uncertain terms. The outburst, to the surprise of the pilot, brought an immediate reply from another source—the tower.

"Will the profane pilot please furnish the tower with his name and Army serial number," an irate woman's voice ordered.

"Lady, I'm dumb for having my radio tuned to your frequency," the pilot replied, "but not dumb enough to give you my name."

—*Hendricks Field* (Florida) *Hi-Life*

A farm boy, after watching one of Uncle Sam's tanks on maneuvers, wrote to the Secretary of War: "Please reserve me one of them tanks when you sell them after the war. With one of those we can do our fall plowing without fear of being killed by the city hunters hunting deer."

—*Camp Livingston* (Louisiana) *Communiqué*

"Thank you for the flowers you sent," she said,
And smiled and blushed and bowed her pretty head.
"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night;
Your sending flowers proved that you were right;
Forgive me?" He forgave her and with grace,
He swept her in a powerful embrace.
And as they sat and necked beneath the bowers,
He wondered who in hell had sent the flowers.

—*Hendricks Field* (Florida) *Hi-Life*

The party given for the servicemen in town the other night was a big success with lots to eat and drink. We will remember it mostly for an incident that occurred early in the evening. An older woman whispered to one quiet G.I: "Don't be bashful, talk to the girl next to you."

"Hell, lady," he exclaimed, "that's my wife."

—*Mitchell Field* (New York) *Beacon*

Lady of the house: "I saw the milkman kiss you this morning, Jane. I'll take the milk in myself after this."

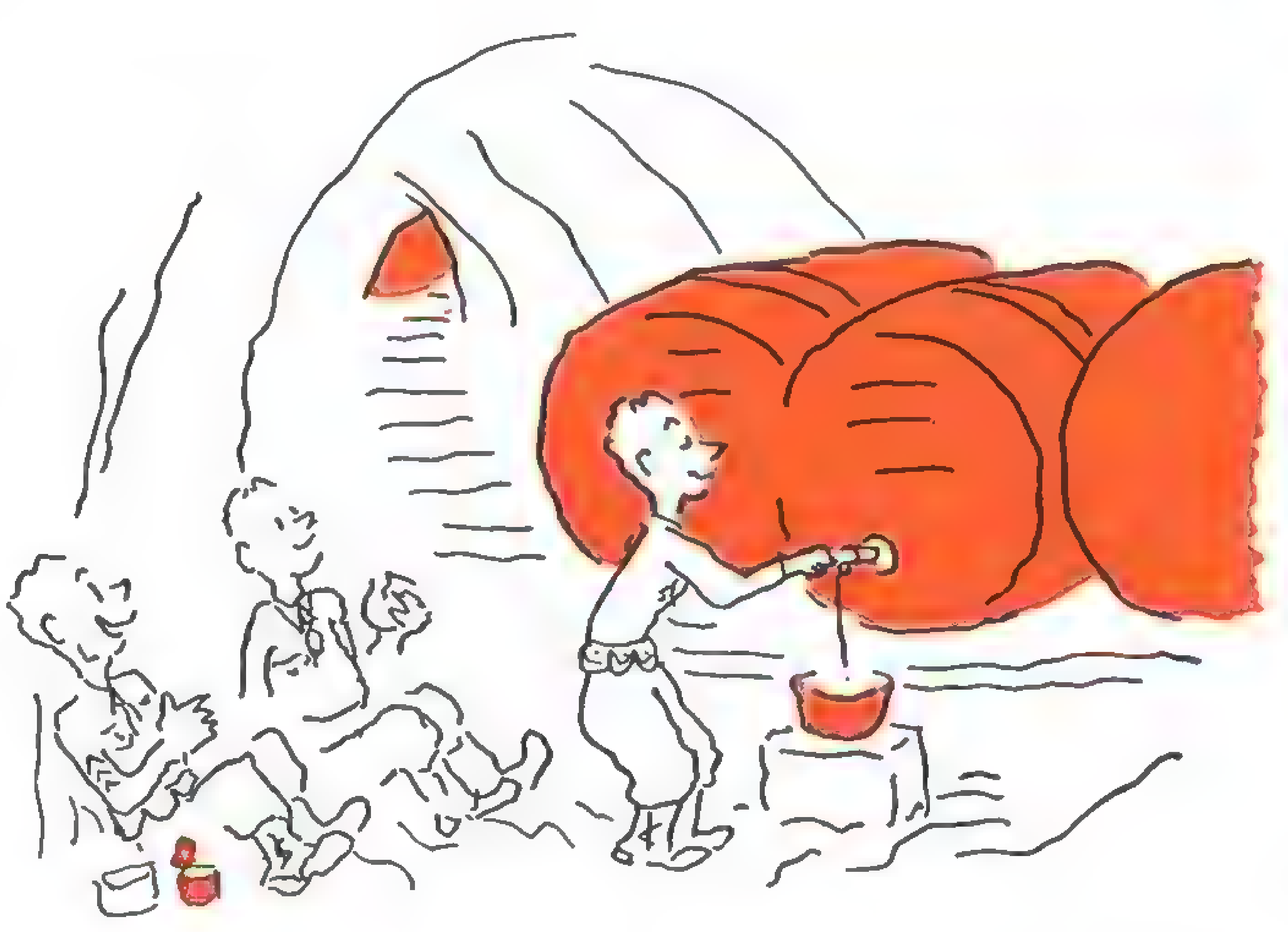
Jane: "It won't do you no good, Ma'am. He promised to be true to me."

—*New Orleans Pelican*

"What is a lieutenant commander?"

"A lieutenant's wife."

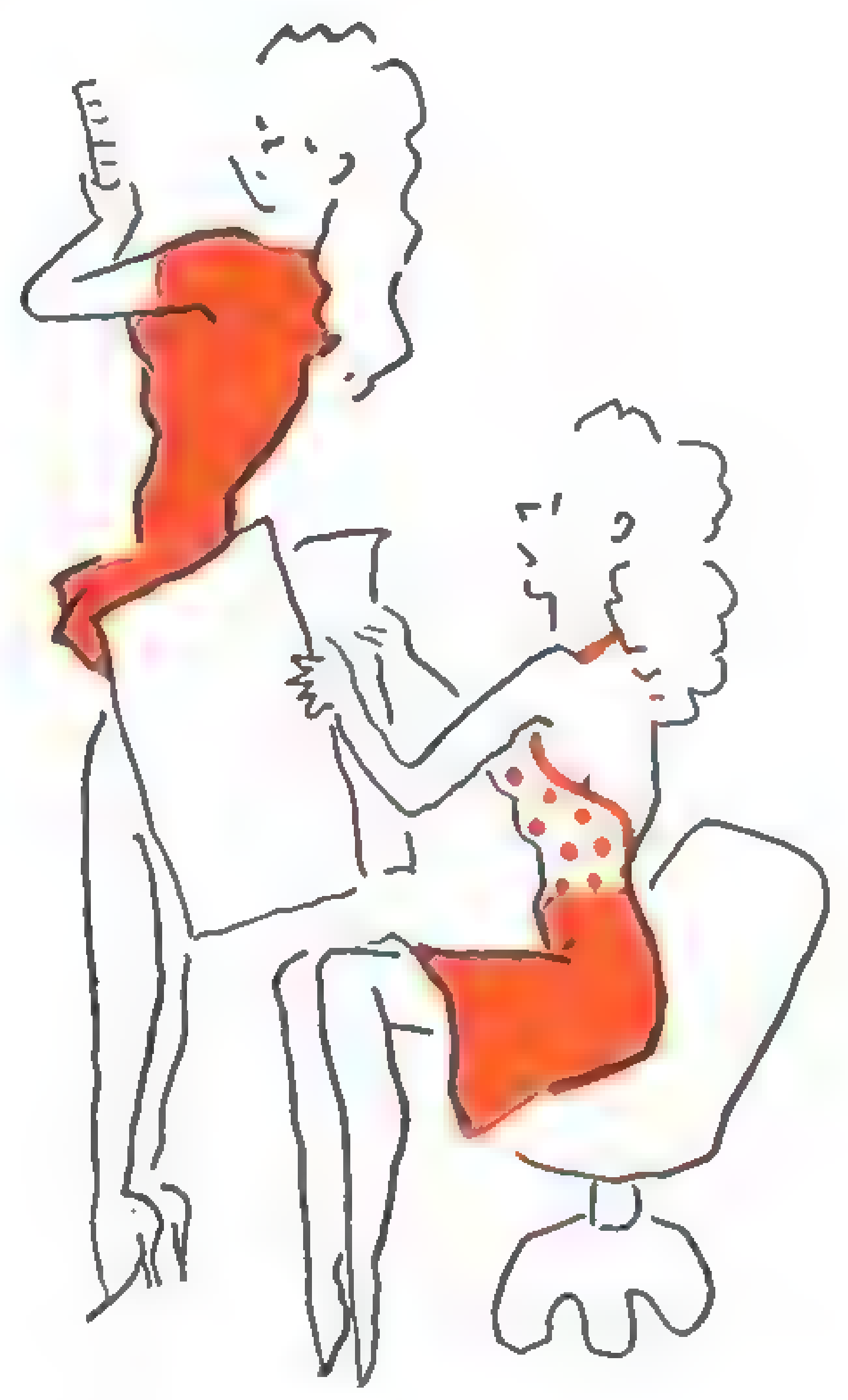
—*Floyd Bennett Field Skyscrapers*



"Okay, James, you may serve the after-dinner wine"

"Marriage," says G.I. Joe, "is like boxing . . . the preliminaries are often better than the main event."

—*Camp Callan* (California) *Range Finder*



"I expected our boys to surprise the Germans—they always could fool me"

A young man and his fiancée had wed and were spending their honeymoon at a large hotel. When bedtime came the bride went to bed and the groom took a seat by the window staring up at the sky. The bride called to him and asked: "Why don't you come to bed?" He replied: "My father told me my wedding night would be the most beautiful night of my life and I'm not going to miss a minute of it."

—*Fingal* (Ontario, Canada) *Observer*

Some men smile in the evening,
Some men smile at dawn,
But the man worthwhile
Is the man who can smile
When all his front teeth are gone.

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch*

A Maine logger fresh from the big woods was watching a store clerk open a package of men's gaily colored pajamas.

"What's them?" he asked.

"Pajamas."

"What are they for?"

"Why, you wear them nights," explained the clerk. "Do you want to buy a pair?"

"No," said the logger, "I don't go nowhere nights, just to bed."

—*Whidby Island* (Washington) *Prop Wash*

"Do you love me alone?"

"Yes, dear."

"Will you always be true to me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then let's elope tonight."

"I can't, dear—I gotta date."

—*Douglas* (Arizona) *Flight Pattern*

Sentry: "Halt, who's there?"

Voice: "An American."

Sentry: "Advance and recite *The Star Spangled Banner*."

Voice: "I don't know it."

Sentry: "Proceed, American.

—*Norman* (Oklahoma) *Bull Horn*

A colored preacher was hearing the confession of a young man. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner, saying: "Wait a minute, young man, wait a minute. You ain't confessin'—you's braggin'."

—*Paine Field* (Washington) *Ace-Pursuiter*

Gob: "Would you turn off the lights if we were sitting over on the davenport?"

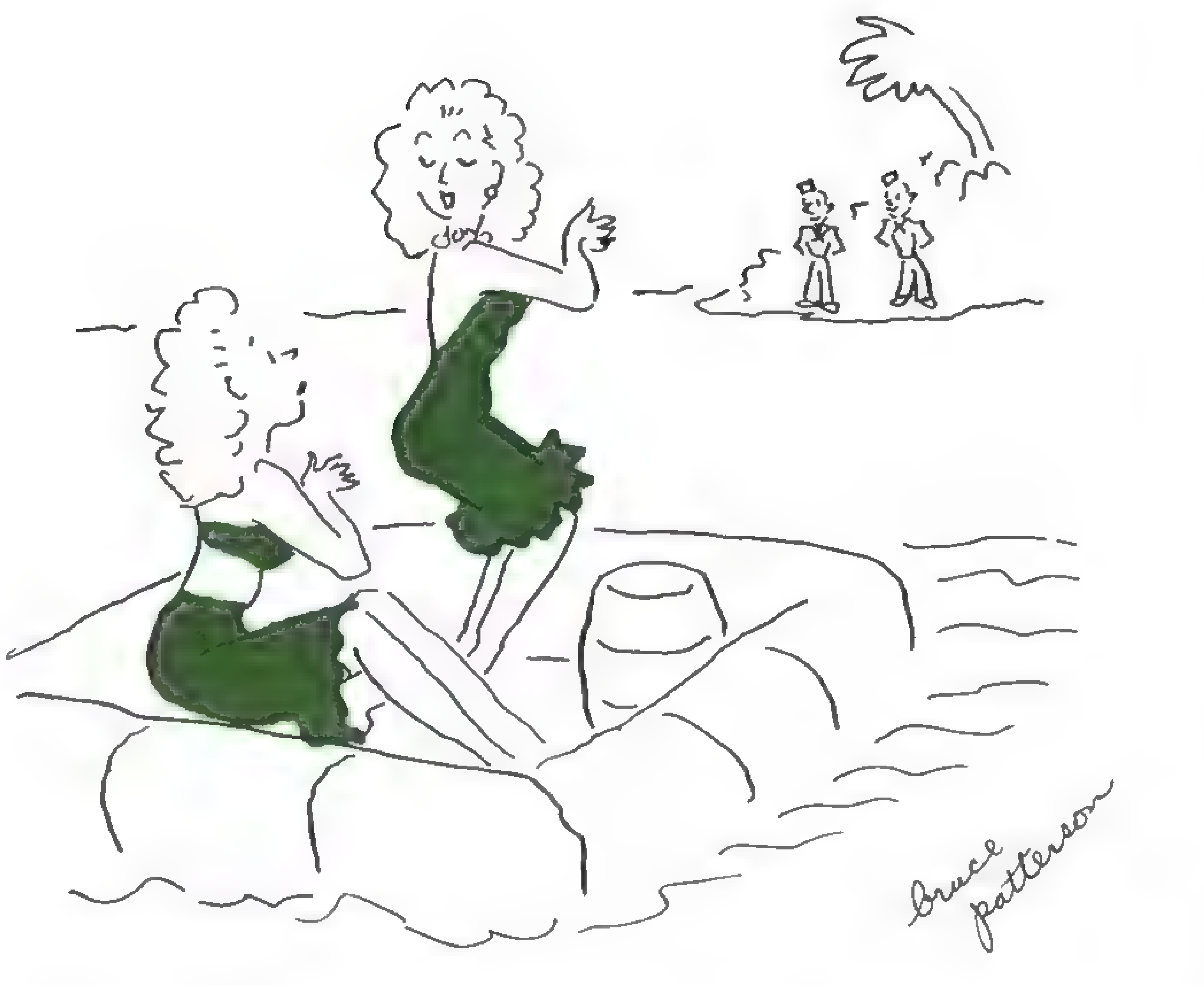
She: "Why, of course not—you lazy thing."

—*Douglas* (Georgia) *Zombie*

MAIL

What more welcome cry is there
Than the cry of mail?
Men seem to come from everywhere
I've never seen it fail.

Shove and jostle eagerly
While a hundred voices shout,
"Is there any for me?"
And a hundred hands reach out.



"He says they are the natives and that they are very friendly"

They sit down in the nearest place,
Wherever they can read.
And the happy smile on every face
Is a warming sight indeed.

But when the mail is all passed out,
Some slowly turn away.
And I truly pity those without
Any mail today.

If the folks back home knew what it meant.
Those letters to receive,
I'm sure those letters would be sent
To gladden hearts that grieve.

I can appreciate their hungry eyes;
It's a sight I hate to see,
For I know how my own hope dies
When there's no mail for me.

—*Kodiak* (Alaska) *Bear*

"Sometimes," said the mistress to the new maid, "it will be necessary for you to help the butler upstairs."

"I understand, Madam," replied the girl, "I drink a bit myself."

—*Fingal* (Ontario, Canada) *Observer*

According to unofficial sources the new simplified income tax now being devised in Washington contains only three lines:

1. What was your income for the year?
2. What were your expenses?
3. How much have you left? Send it in.

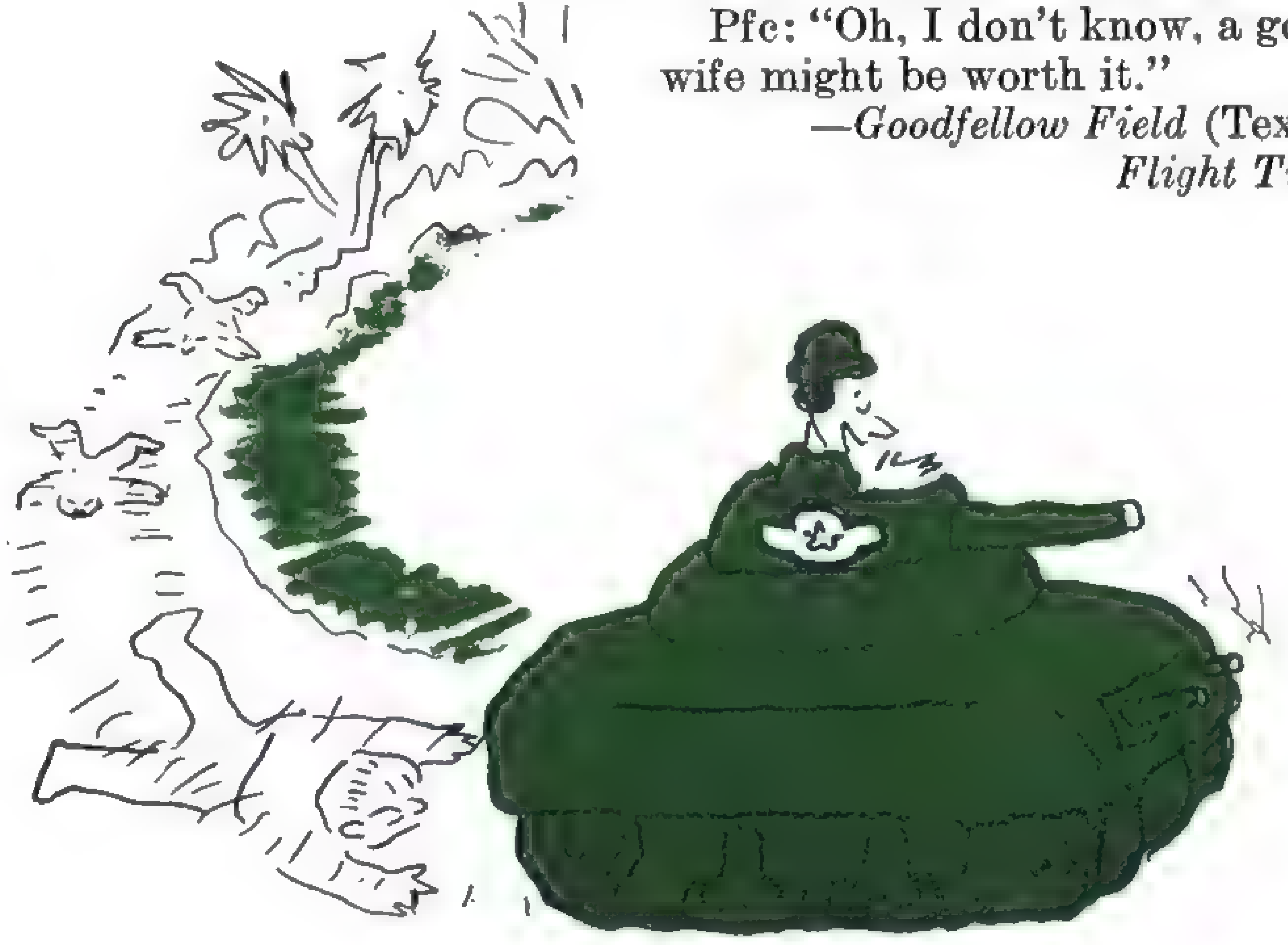
—*Douglas* (Arizona) *Flight Pattern*

She This!
Was Like
The At
Kind Look
Of A You
Girl

—*Homestead* (Florida) *Clipper*

God made women without a sense of humor so they would love men instead of laughing at them!

—*Camp Gordon* (Georgia) *Cadence*



"The score is now four killed by your shooting and five by my driving"

A young lady found herself spending the week end with a notoriously straight-laced country family. Fearing that the pajamas she wore instead of a nightgown might be considered improper she carefully hid them each morning when she got up. But one morning at breakfast she suddenly realized she had forgotten them, that they were lying brazenly on the bed. Excusing herself she rushed to her room. The pajamas had disappeared.

While she was feverishly hunting for them, looking vainly in closets and drawers, a dour elderly maid appeared at the door and said: "If it's the pajamas you're looking for, Miss, I put them back in the young gentleman's room."

—*Paine Field* (Washington) *Ace-Pursuiter*

Sign in the Mess Hall: If the steak is too tough for you, get out. This is no place for weaklings.

—*Goodfellow Field* (Texas) *Flight Time*

Oh, I am worried till I'm weary
O'er this problem grave and deep,
Shall I sleep and lose my breakfast,
Or shall I rise and lose my sleep?

—*Purcell* (Oklahoma) *Bam*

Doctor: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."

Pvt: "Can I look at them on the street?"

—*Camp Chaffee* (Arkansas) *Armodier*

Pfc: "They say that in China you can buy a wife for five dollars."

Pvt: "Why, that's frightful."

Pfc: "Oh, I don't know, a good wife might be worth it."

—*Goodfellow Field* (Texas) *Flight Time*

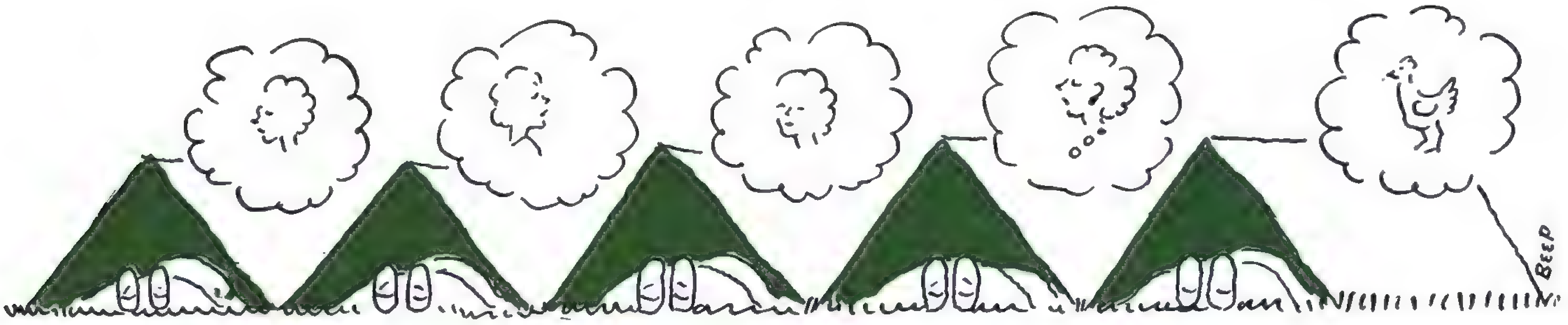
When a man gets too old to set a bad example he starts giving good advice.

—*Marine Corps* (San Diego) *Chevron*

"What is puppy love?"

"The prelude to a dog's life."

—*Goodfellow Field Flight Time*



Man the Kitchenette

Tale of an optimistic and a pessimistic lobster, together with sage counsel on preparing and eating these crustaceans

by ILES BRODY

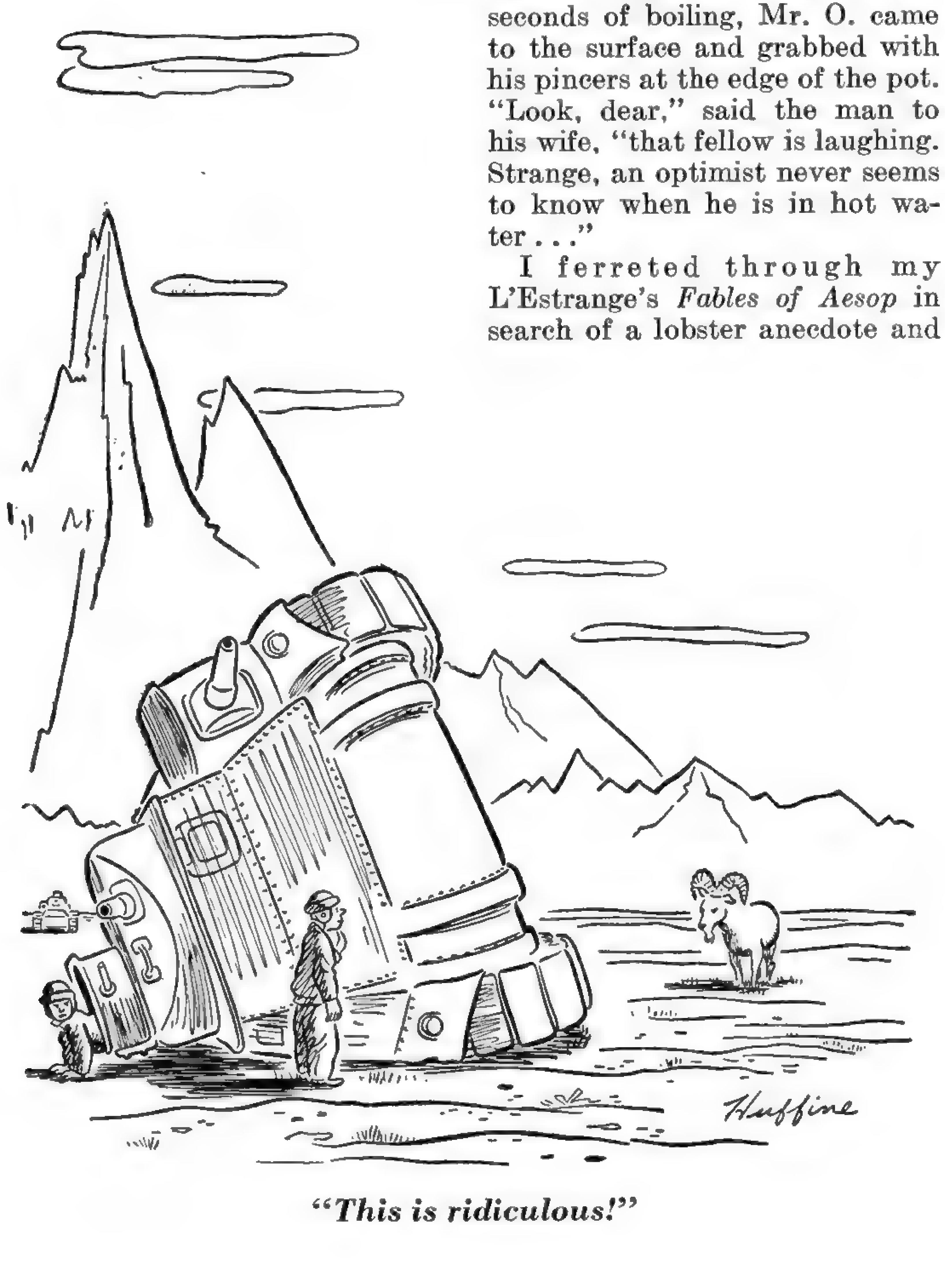
▪ EDIBLES ▪

I AM certain you haven't heard the tale of the two lobsters which were caught together—yes, this piece is going to be about *Homarus americanus* and a few cousins splashing and crawling in the muddy waters of the Old Country. One was a pessimist, the other an optimist. When they were trapped, Mr. P. said to Mr. O. that all was lost. "Patience," said the optimistic lobster, "and fortitude." (No doubt he had been in the habit of listening to New York's Mayor La Guardia's Sunday broadcasts.) When they were transferred by the lobsterman from his creel into a tank filled with ocean water, Mr. O. smiled at Mr. P. indulgently. "You see," he said, "we merely changed residence." But Mr. P. wouldn't be consoled; he went on lamenting and fretting and moaning. When they were speeding from Maine to New York, Mr. O. outshouted the wheels of the freight car: "Oh, what a glorious thing it is to travel! To go toward a better future!" Meanwhile, Mr. P. was trembling and weak from anxiety.

They spent a few days in the wholesaler's basin; then in the retailer's; then a lady bought them and took them home in a basket of ice. "Oh, what torture! Bruised, sore-afflicted, ruined!" cried Mr. P. "Hope for the best in this best of all worlds," replied Mr. O. sweetly. When the lady was about to plunge them into a boiling *court-bouillon*, her husband came into the kitchen to watch the operation. "Now you must admit yourself that we are finished," said Mr. P. with his last breath. Mr. O. still kept on smiling even when his tail touched the surface of the *court-bouillon*. "You remember what Louis B. Mayer said? Or was it one of his gagmen? 'If you reach the end of your rope tie a knot in it and hang on.' "

The human beings didn't understand what Mr. O. and Mr. P. talked about—they didn't know lobster language. But after a few seconds of boiling, Mr. O. came to the surface and grabbed with his pincers at the edge of the pot. "Look, dear," said the man to his wife, "that fellow is laughing. Strange, an optimist never seems to know when he is in hot water . . ."

I ferreted through my L'Estrange's *Fables of Aesop* in search of a lobster anecdote and because I couldn't find any I had to make this one up. But tolerance, patience, indulgence—now I will tell you all about lobsters, or at least as much as goes into this curtailed department.



"This is ridiculous!"

The very best time for lobster feasting is the summer months, but they are fine fare all the year round, excepting perhaps February and March. At this season they are breeding (in rather a peculiar way, the male swimming before the female, and never really coming in close contact). And even during this period they are not dangerous to eat; it is simply that the meat then is leaner and tougher. To start out on a practical and highly important note, it is imperative that the lobster be boiled or split for broiling while it is still *alive*, since otherwise it may be dangerous to eat. Crustaceans—and mollusks—lose much of their meat after they die a natural death and if a lobster comes on your plate half empty, so to speak, you mustn't touch it. This is a maxim concerning crustaceans that gourmets, or just plain wise eaters without that elegant and fallacious moniker, follow carefully. Lobster poisoning is a nasty business. However, here in the United States you don't have to worry about it—when the restaurateur sees a lobster weakening, it's quickly cooked; he wouldn't risk his business going to pot.

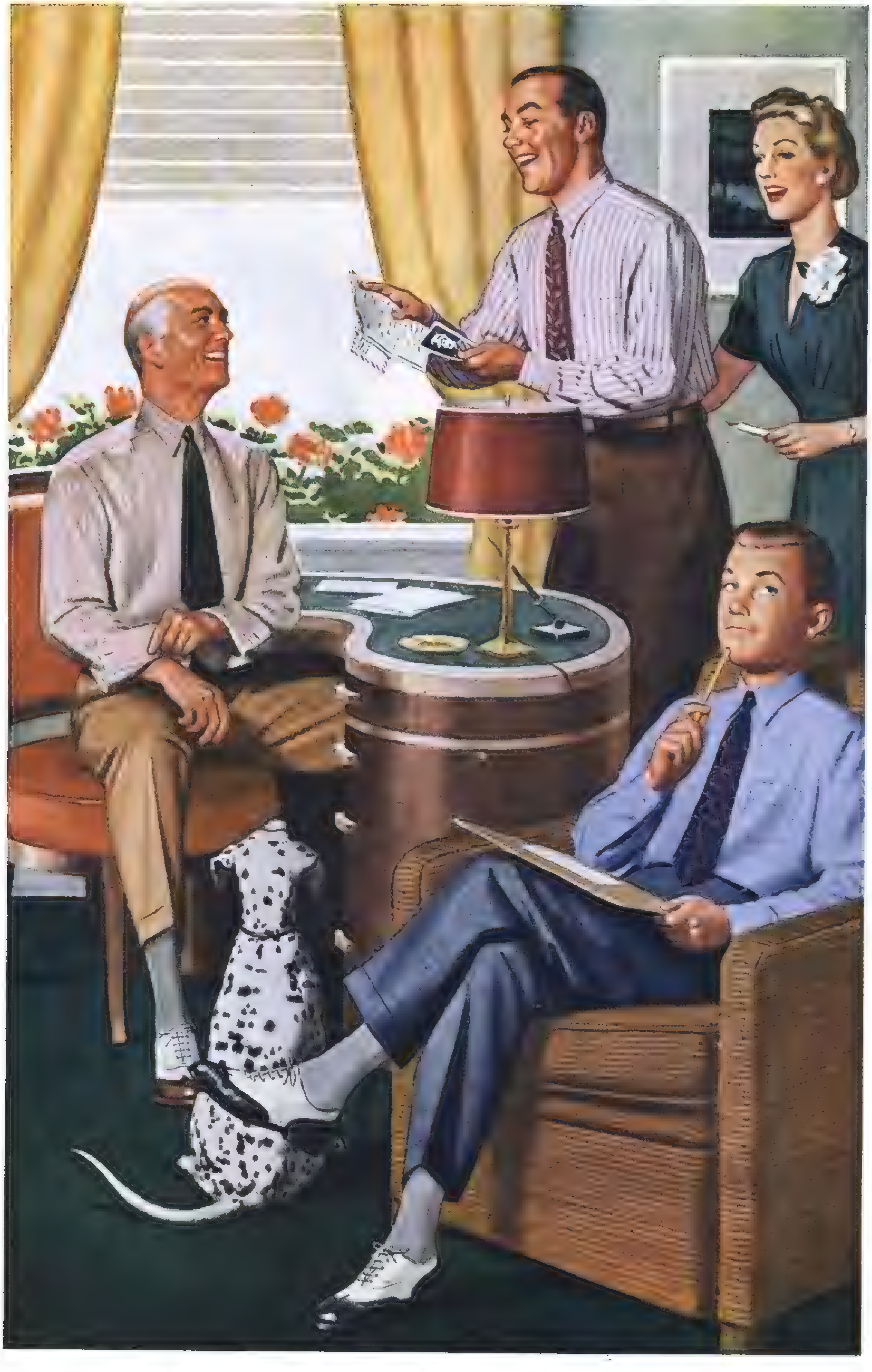
In France, a much less efficient country, it used to be a different story. Toward the end of the past century the French experienced a terrific lobster scandal; thousands of people, especially in the Paris area, were poisoned by the crustacean. Even Monsieur Félix Faure, then Minister of Naval Affairs, got devilishly sick and therefore very angry. He ordered an immediate investigation, and it was found that there was an epidemic among the lobsters caused by a bacillus which attacks them when they are continuously inactive. The poor Paris lobsters had been put in ponds by the thousands, awaiting the time to go to market, and in the long imprisonment without exercise they had become sick—which shows that liberty is a great thing even for lobsters. Ever since, the Paris police have been charged with the picking up of rotten lobsters, arresting the vendor on the spot and, after proper punishment, placarding his name on the bulletin board in the *Préfecture de Police*, the Scotland Yard of Paris. Monsieur Faure saw to it that he wouldn't get ptomaine poisoning again. He was first a gourmet and only then a politician, may his soul rest in peace.

Since that time we have advanced by leaps and bounds and not by crawls. Even in lobster tanks a new era seems to be approaching, with the invention of the "marinarium," by Dr. Louis G. Stern, a Russian-born cosmopolite. This is a sort of tank that has in it all a lobster's heart desires; all the rocks, fauna, mud and water the lobster was accustomed to in its native habitat, plus chemicals known only to Dr. Stern. A lobster ready to pass out revives immediately when put into this tank and would go on living and fighting indefinitely (they are the terror boys of the sea) if such longevity were its destiny. The only public place where Dr. Stern has one of these tanks is Reuben's Restaurant on New York's East 58th Street. A somewhat similar tank has been long established at Hackney's Atlantic City Restaurant; but here the lobsters merely enjoy a prolongation of life in natural sea water that is always fresh; the water doesn't possess Dr. Stern's secret chemical ingredients.

Our lobster, the *Homarus americanus*, is found on the Atlantic Coast of North America from Labrador to Cape Hatteras. The best is supposed to be the Maine lobster, where the fishing of the crustacean is so important that last year 3,751 lobstermen caught nine and a half million pounds! All the lobsters of Maine are sold alive and make their swift railroad passage inland; not one of them is canned. Years ago there used to be some lobster-canning in this state, but for fear that the shellfish would be caught when too small and cut up into unrecognizable pieces and tinned, it has been given up.

Maine is the only state I know of where they artificially propagate lobsters by scraping the female lobster's belly where the eggs are and placing these in incubators. The eggs stay there until they reach the so-called Fourth Stage, when they are as big as a thumb. Then they are thrown into the ocean along the rocky shores. Formerly lobstermen used to throw the eggs into the water before hatching, but the seagulls

Continued on page 152

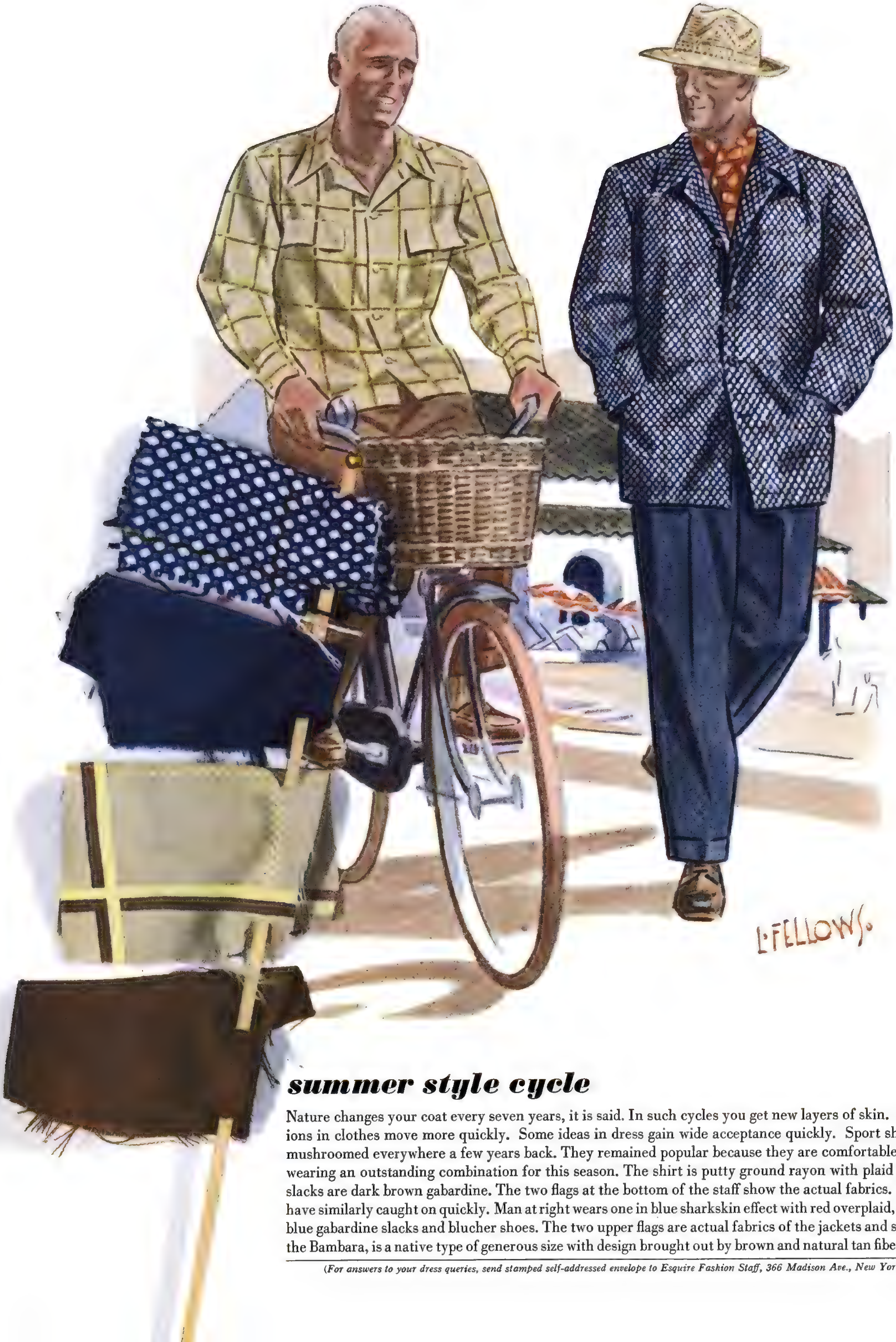


Letter Perfect

Or perhaps we should have said *perfect letter*. For V-mail is *the* mail to send the lad or lass in the service far away from home and hearth. V-mail's speed makes an antelope seem like a turtle; besides which, it saves valuable cargo space on boat and plane. Above, an American family is about to do *write* by their boys. While his fetching wife is fetching the ink bottle, Dad rolls up his sleeves preparing to pitch in. The Kid Brother has already settled down, while Unk peruses the latest missive from abroad. Incidentally, all these gents are attired in Arrow Shirts and harmonizing Arrow Ties. Aren't they beauties?

ARROW SHIRTS **(Sanforized-labeled) $2.24 up.**
ARROW TIES, **$1, $1.50.**

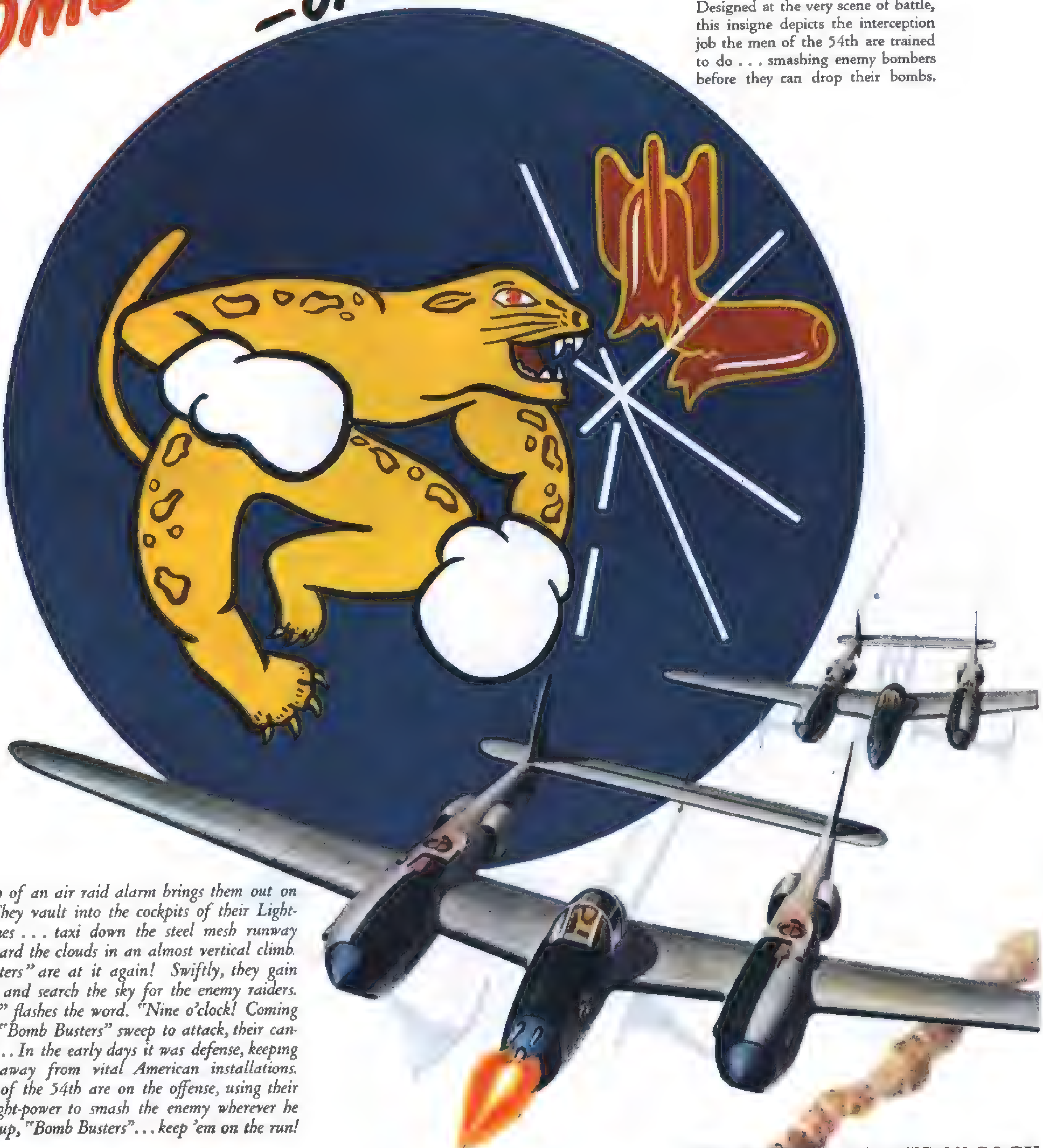
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



summer style cycle

Nature changes your coat every seven years, it is said. In such cycles you get new layers of skin. Cycles of fashions in clothes move more quickly. Some ideas in dress gain wide acceptance quickly. Sport shirts and slacks mushroomed everywhere a few years back. They remained popular because they are comfortable. The cyclist is wearing an outstanding combination for this season. The shirt is putty ground rayon with plaid design and the slacks are dark brown gabardine. The two flags at the bottom of the staff show the actual fabrics. Casual jackets have similarly caught on quickly. Man at right wears one in blue sharkskin effect with red overplaid, a foulard scarf, blue gabardine slacks and blucher shoes. The two upper flags are actual fabrics of the jackets and slacks. His hat, the Bambara, is a native type of generous size with design brought out by brown and natural tan fibers and no band.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



BOMB BUSTERS
—OF THE AAF

OFFICIAL INSIGNE
54TH FIGHTER SQUADRON
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Designed at the very scene of battle, this insigne depicts the interception job the men of the 54th are trained to do . . . smashing enemy bombers before they can drop their bombs.

The shrill screech of an air raid alarm brings them out on the dead run. They vault into the cockpits of their Lightning fighter planes . . . taxi down the steel mesh runway . . . skyrocket toward the clouds in an almost vertical climb. The "Bomb Busters" are at it again! Swiftly, they gain altitude, fan out and search the sky for the enemy raiders. "There they are!" flashes the word. "Nine o'clock! Coming fast!" And the "Bomb Busters" sweep to attack, their cannon flashing fire . . . In the early days it was defense, keeping enemy bombers away from vital American installations. Today, the men of the 54th are on the offense, using their fire-power and fight-power to smash the enemy wherever he digs in. Keep it up, "Bomb Busters" . . . keep 'em on the run!

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS

THE pilot in a fighter plane . . . the gunner in a tank turret . . . the loader in a gun crew . . . these are the men we're working for at Oldsmobile. These are the men we think about as we do our daily jobs, because we know that *their very lives* depend on us. It's our responsibility to put every bit of skill and care and "know how" we can muster into each Fire-Power product we build—into each automatic aircraft cannon for the Air Forces, each tank or tank destroyer cannon for the ground forces, each high-explosive or armor-piercing shell for the artillery and Navy. Thousands of these cannon and millions of these shell have already met the crucial test of combat on battle-fronts all over the world. More recent Oldsmobile products—including precision-built parts for Pratt and Whitney and Rolls Royce aircraft engines—will soon reach the stage of full volume production. It is our constant hope that these, too, will play a worthy share in the drive for final Victory!

HELP THE "BUSTERS" SOCK THE BOMBERS!

Show them you're behind them as they risk their lives for you. It's not only every American's patriotic duty to buy Bonds, it's good business, too. For every *three* dollars you put in today, you get back *four* after Victory.

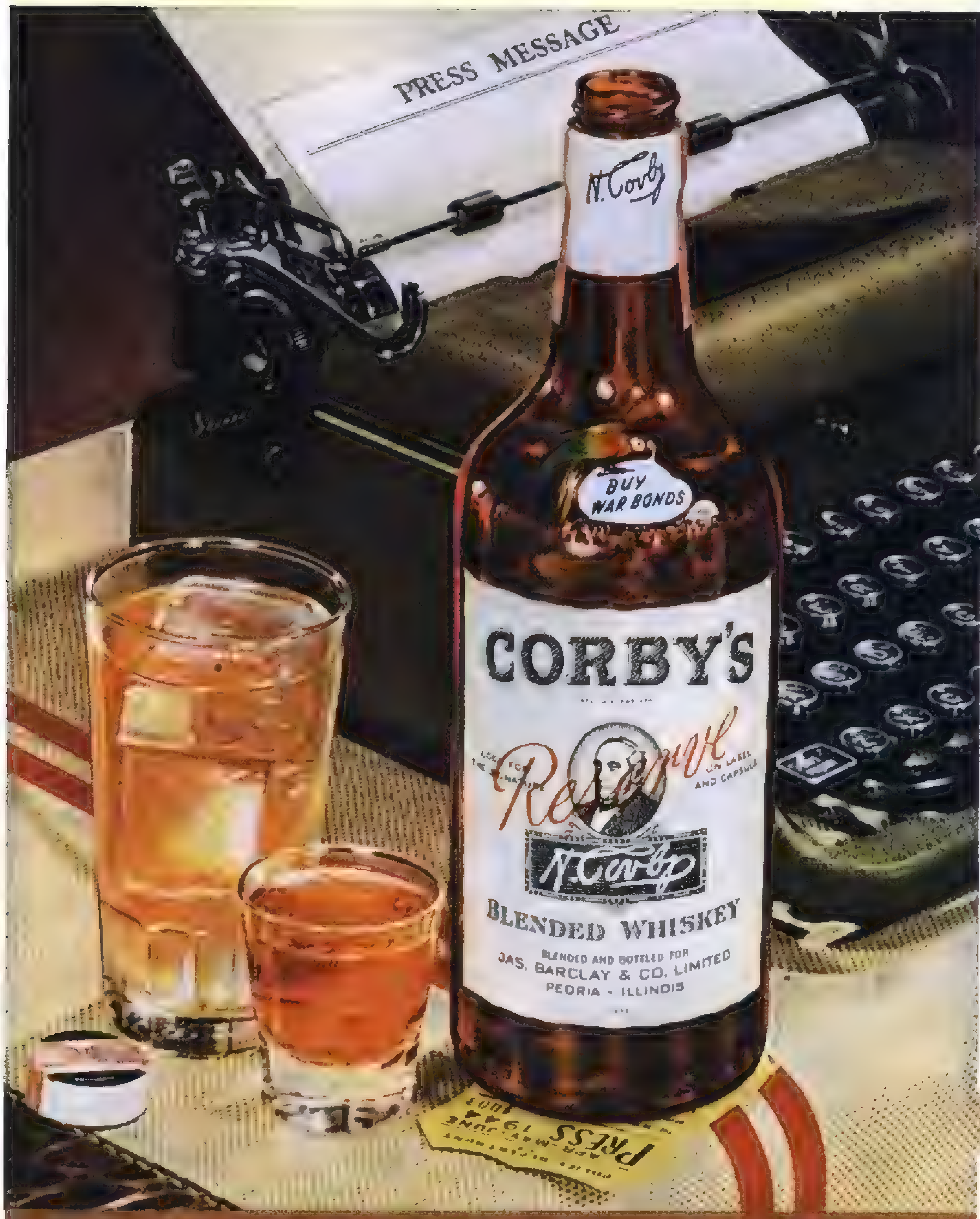
BUY WAR BONDS!

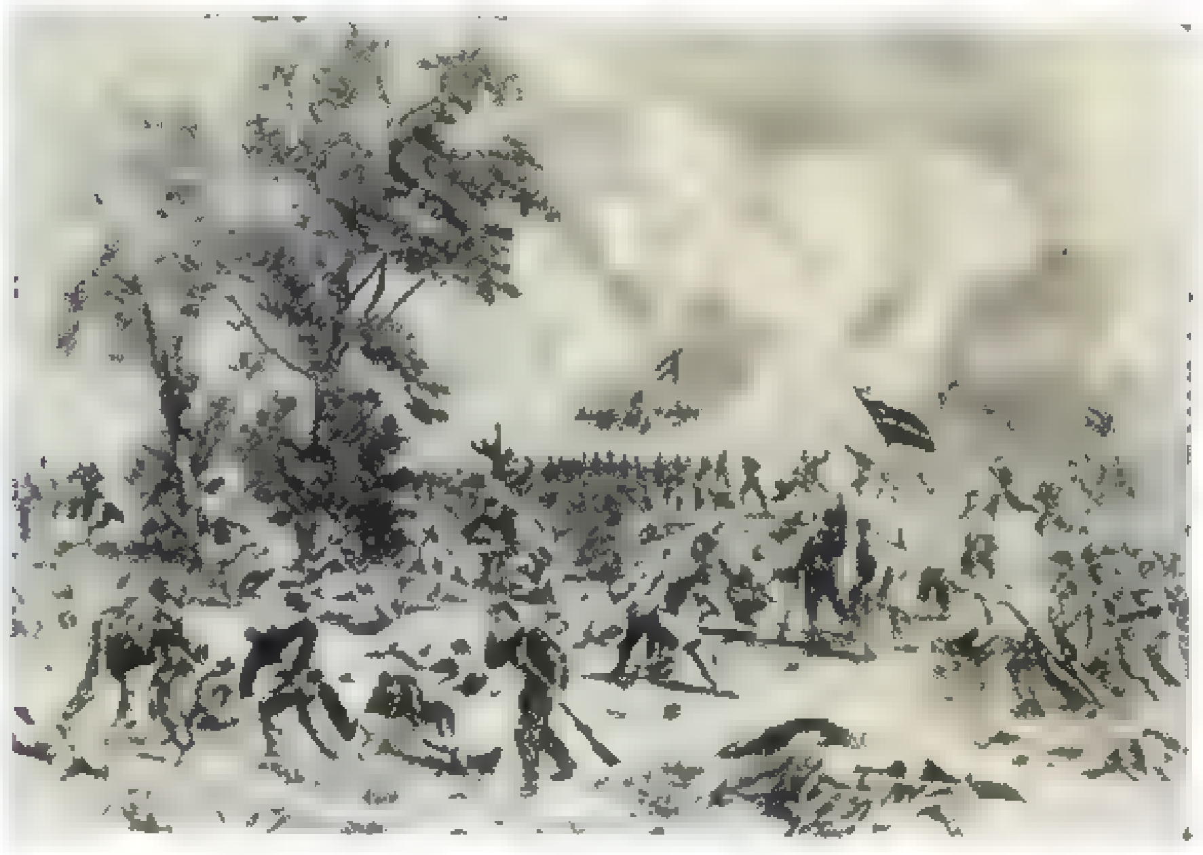
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

KEEP 'EM FIRING

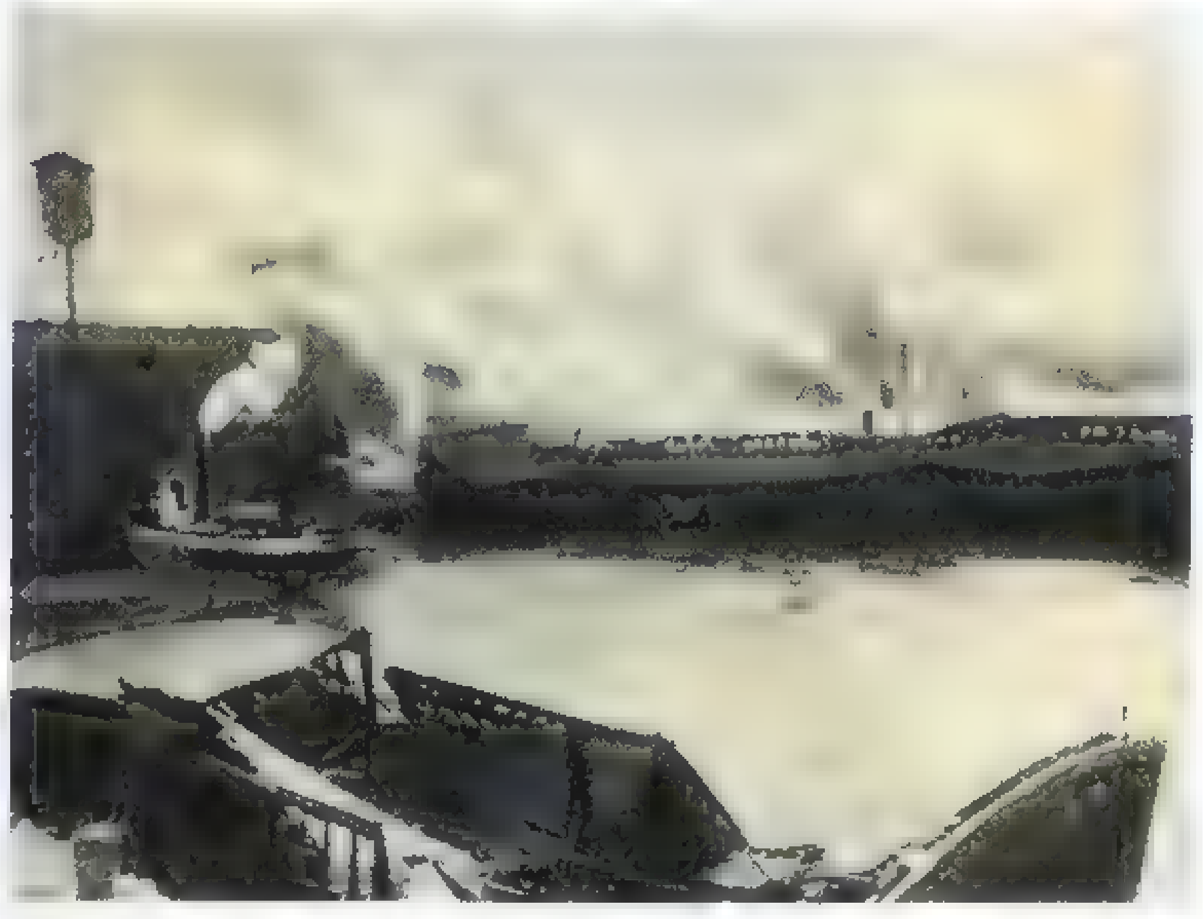
Through three wars...

Loose Talk Aided the Enemy


PRESS MESSAGE
N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS
PRESS 1944



1861 **A WOMAN** spy sent nine words of information from Washington to a Confederate General. This resulted in defeat for the Union Army at Bull Run. Careless talk cost lives in Corby's third year as a Canadian whiskey name.



1916 **BLACK TOM EXPLOSION,** largest sabotage operation in history, cost 6 lives, 20 million dollars damage. Somebody talked, German agents located and destroyed Allied supplies in Corby's 58th year as a grand old Canadian name.

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

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"Don't talk about anything connected with the war effort unless you see it published or hear it on the radio." That's the Government's request to help keep military secrets and hasten Victory. Between now and the day when the war ends you may occasionally find it possible to buy a "sample" bottle of Corby's, the light, sociable blend. *An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may lead to lasting preference after Victory!*

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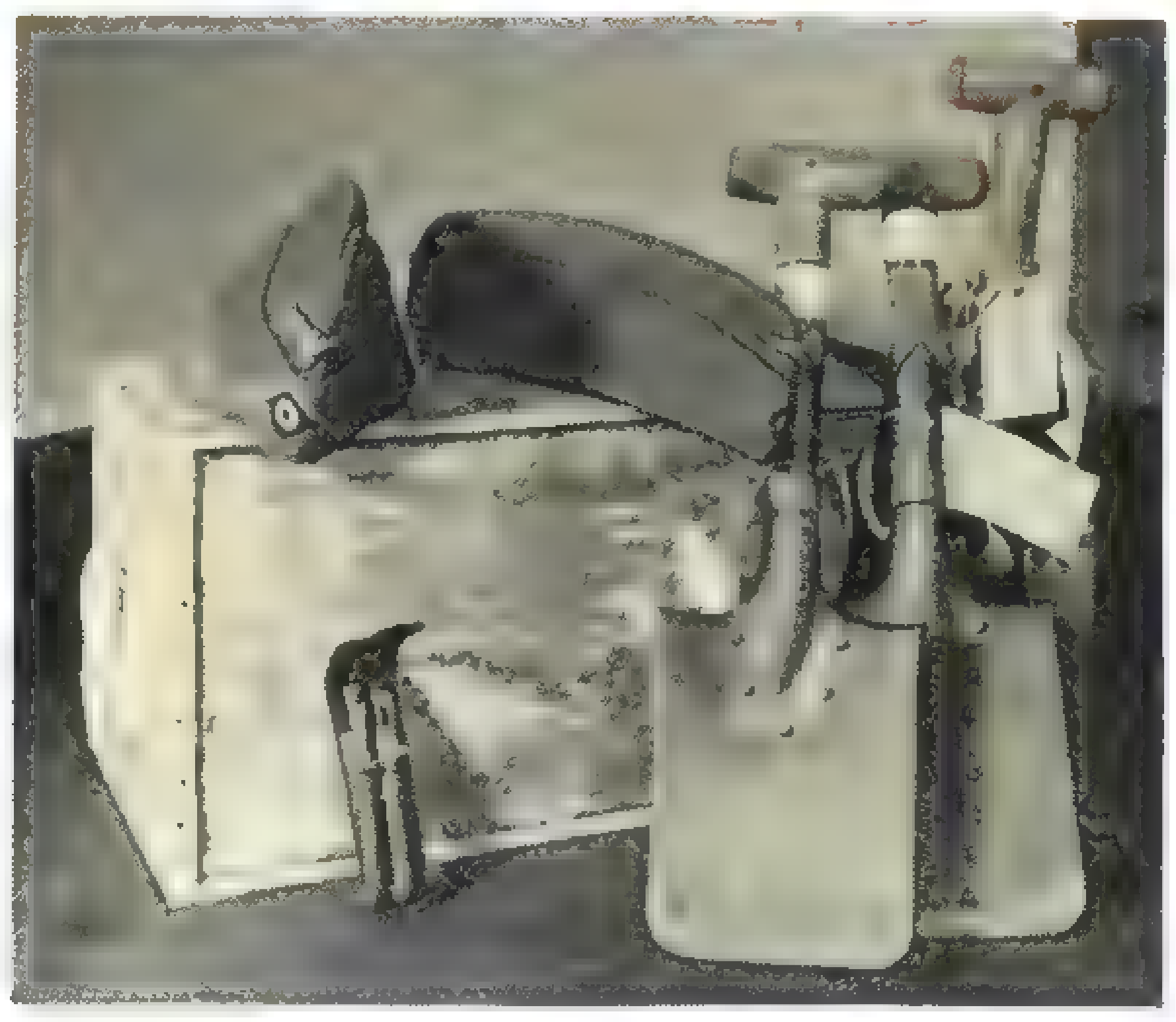

1942 **EQUIPMENT LANDED** in Florida with saboteurs from Germany. Eight Nazis from submarines were captured in this country and executed, other spies may be active here. Loose talk about the war effort can aid the enemy in this 86th year of Corby's whiskey fame.

Freedom of Taste

Campaigning for the right of wines to be sweet or dry and the restoration of free lunch

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪POTABLES▪

At napkin crumpling time, some of my fellow knife-and-forkers were startled at seeing our host trot out a bottle of sherry. Did it mean that this dinner was going to be a double-header?—sherry being, according to their notion, a preliminary rather than a demitasse chaser.

It was *brown* sherry. Opulent-bodied. Nectar-sweet. Something to roll o'er one's tongue in small, fragrant takes.

From the tense gentleman on my right came a sigh as of released air brakes on a sleeper.

"Friends," he said, "in my den hangs a chart of When to Drink What. It says *Sherry with the Turtle Soup*, and I've regulated my life accordingly for fear I'd lose my standing as a connoisseur. Tomorrow morning that chart will be donated to the Waste Paper Drive."

Here you have what's happening throughout our thirsty land, ousting oppression and setting up gullet government by consent of the taste buds.

They are to the Hatch what Horatius was to the Bridge, only cleverer. The tip precinct, or South Ferry section of the tongue, contains the specialists in sweets, ready to register the charms of dessert wines and cordials. The dock areas along the sides (facing the Hoboken Waterfront, the Brooklyn Molar Yard, etc.) teem with sour and salt technicians; pretzels, anchovies, pickles, lime and lemon juices cheerfully gotten a load of. Bitters, including mixology aromatics and hops' zing, are handled up in back, just this side of the Bronx.

All the gold in Fort Knox couldn't buy a nod from these notionate little mites. And no distiller, brewer or vintner can prosper without their okay.

If, as can happen, the verdict is a shrug, back goes crestfallen Creation where it came from. And so on, knocking down formulas and setting them up in the other alley, till those blasted buds give the okay.

That's how brands are born.

The coast-to-coasters, I mean—not the fugitives from the S. F. C. A. whose renowns and prestiges consist of a couple of hundred labels run off by the job printer around the corner. Nowadays, unfortunately, the shortage situation has opened the door to every maverick and mongrel of the Flea Market. A stranger in town—*any* town—is amazed at the weirdies on package store shelves. What peculiar tastes the people of this town seem to have! The brands he's on familiar terms with, as user and beholder, are undisplayed plums for good customers, not new faces like him.

It's exactly the treatment he deserves, the big louse, trying to raid our resources. We can spot his kind every time. Back in wherever it is he comes from, he's got bottles and bottles of everything. But that isn't enough. Oh, no. Not while there's a hospitable city to descend upon with a spare suitcase. If we hadn't got wise to these robbers there'd be endless lines of them, busy as ants, toting stuff home to their nests. We'd be picked clean. Drained. And I can think of no worse handicap to be faced with in making our post-war potion plans, which I find just won't crystallize without the aid of crushed ice, mint sprigs and a whisper of good liquor. But we've been vigilant; our cupboard still boasts a few of those tall things with necks on them, and there's a box of beer in the cellar. So, Mr. Secretary of Slake, let's squinch on with our knitting and give the world what it's pestering us for:

Covenant of the
Better World League for Flavor
Freedom and Felicity of
Refreshment

1. The five leading powers—whiskey, gin, rum, brandy, vodka—shall have their spheres of influence and shall on occasion supply uplift to beverages of lesser strength. The following ancient and laudable alliances are reaffirmed:

Whiskey & Rum (punches, egg nogs, etc.)
Brandy & Rum (same, plus flaming puddings)
Brandy & Wine (punches, spiked Champagne cocktails)

Continued on page 104

CANADA DRY
CLUB SODA
DELIGHTFUL TABLE WATER
A MARVELOUS MIXER
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
"PIN-POINT CARBONATION"

Henry!
What are you doing
at Niagara Falls?

GUESS AGAIN. That's the sound of a drink mixed with Canada Dry Water...a drink so alive with sparkle you can *hear* its zip and zest.

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Make the most of your precious liquor stocks. Use Canada Dry Water. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink—scotch, rye, bourbon, or rum.

P. S. If you prefer a mixer with fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry..."the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

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Freedom of Taste

Continued from page 103

Coffee & Brandy (in cup or with)
Coffee & Rum (ditto)
Coffee & Whiskey (also)
Tea & Rum (hot or cold punches, cocktails)
Rum & "Coke" (Cuba Libre)
Whiskey & "Coke" (New Orleans favorite)

2. The inter-gubernatorial complaint about the length of time between drinks in North Carolina and South Carolina shall be verified with a stop watch and heeded globally.

3. No Scotsman shall be criticized for outfumbling at tab time.

4. *Glassware.* Post-war ponies shall be of more than Shetland size. Glasses that drip or sweat shall be served on plates if not accompanied by a bath towel. Stemmers shall be clutched by their stems, to keep cool. Liqueurs shall not be poured to brim level and dribble stickily onto necktie; they deserve ampler glasses, prechilled. Be it known that in warm weather any type of liqueur is refreshing frappé.

5. The bartender shall be permitted to change ear from time to time and shall be expected to say "Uh uh" every quarter hour.

6. Keyholes shall be self-finding.

7. *Dry, alias Sec.* A special committee, composed of the chancellors of three universities, maître René Black of the Waldorf-Astoria, Gene Cavallero of the Colony, partners Jack Kriendler and Charlie Bern of "21," and sachems Paul Henkel and J. D. Massoletti of the Society of Restaurateurs, shall be appointed to discover or invent a new and better word for "having no detectable sweetness." A "Pale Dry" sherry does not make the mouth taste dry or feel dry; it does exactly the contrary, which is why Pale Dry Sherry is such a successful before-mealer.

All the red table wines are classed as "dry," which is an equally outrageous misfit.

Extra Dry Champagne can have quite a bit of sweetness. "Sec" generally means quite "dry."

8. *The right to be sweet.* A swift kick shall be administered to any blahster feigning superiority by belittling sweetness in beverages where it belongs. Tokay *essenz,* one of the costliest nectars in the world, is very, very sweet. Madeira's highest-priced type, Malmsey, is quite sweet. So is lordly Château Yquem and the other classic French Sauternes which Victorian England served with the fish course.

American Sauternes are dryish except the Haut Sauternes (some labeled Château), which are about as grape-sugary as France's.

Sparkling Burgundy, Old World and New, is less dry than the bubbleless kind and hence isn't harmed if it runs up against a pudding which would make a very "dry" Champagne seem acid.

Safe and sane principle to follow: Sweetest with sweetest; medium sweets with anything. But if you are a sweet-toothed wine lover, go ahead and have your fun, even with rare roast beef, Burgundy's playmate.

9. Out of consideration for banqueters who want to enjoy their after-dinner brandy and liqueurs, speakers of the evening shall be behind plate glass, sound-tight.

10. Dense forests of lampposts shall be transformed into paradises of poise and aplomb.

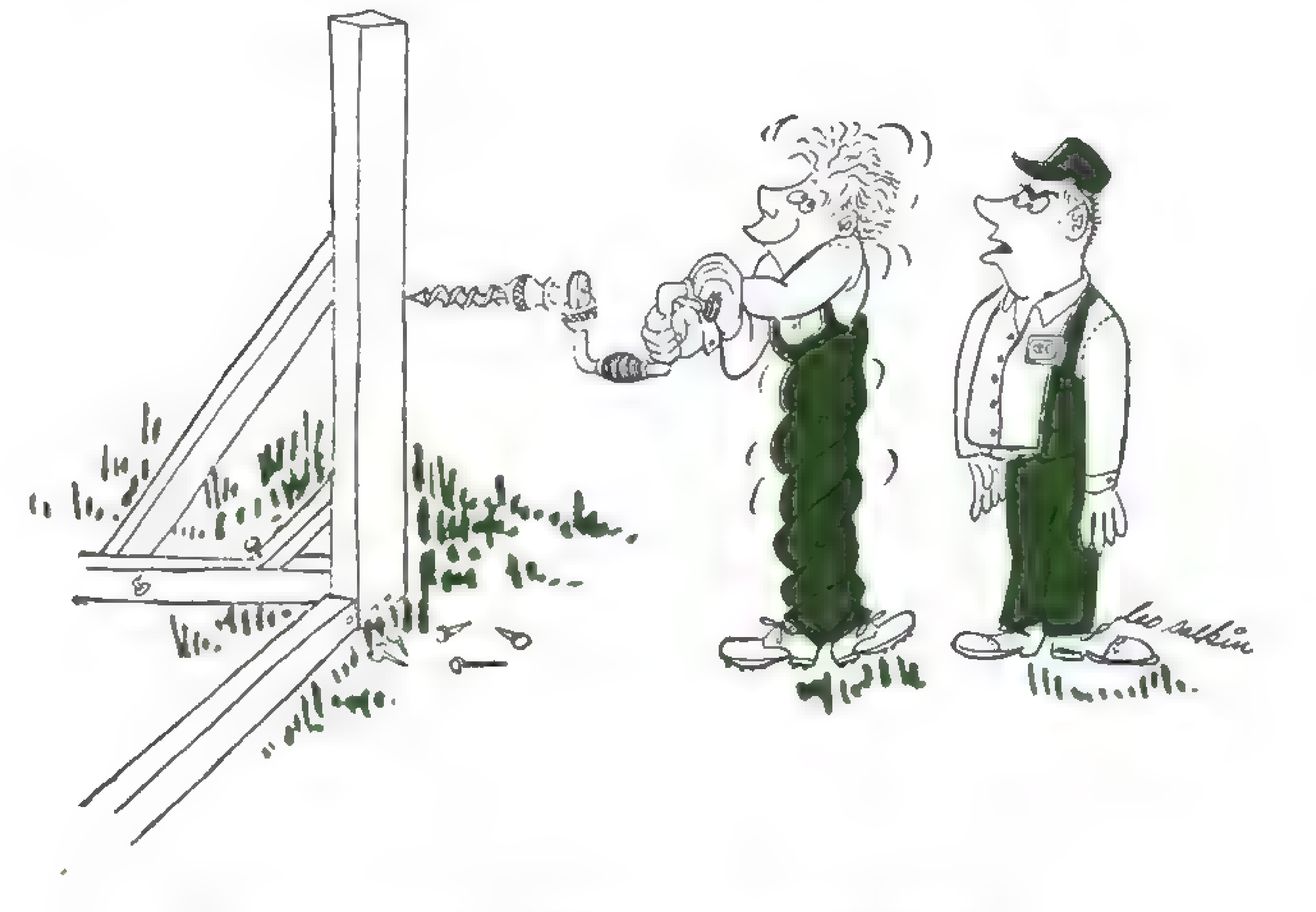
11. *Bitters.* Scolding all backsliders, we solemnly swear that the Manhattan cocktail calls for bitters—Orange or Angostura. As for the Old Fashioned, built with whiskey, rum, brandy or sherry, it's literally founded on Angostura, which is also the party of the second part in Gin & Bitters and Sherry & Bitters.

Sovereignty over a stormily insurgent stomach is established by Fernet Branca in coffee, in fizzed sweet vermouth or in white Crème de Menthe frappé, Mickey Finn's exact opposite.

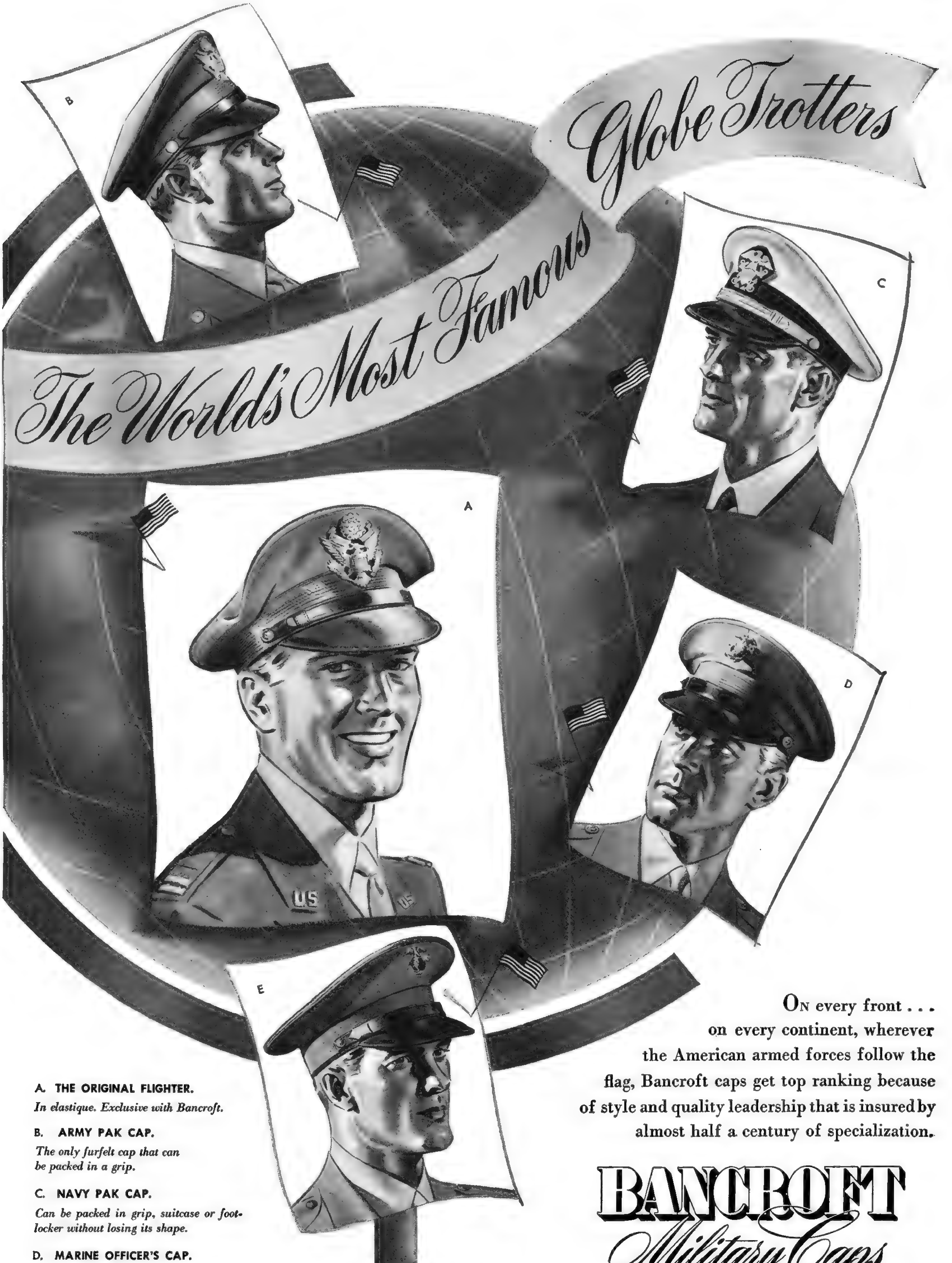
12. *Wine enlargements.* Due note shall be taken of the fact that wines lend themselves to tall purposes with sparkling water and citrus accompaniment. That includes sweet and dry vermouth, never forgetting Dubonnet, half-a-limed into a Rickey.

13. Free lunch shall be restored to mankind.

14. Anyone refusing to ratify this Covenant shall buy his own drink. ⁂



"No, you still haven't got the idea!"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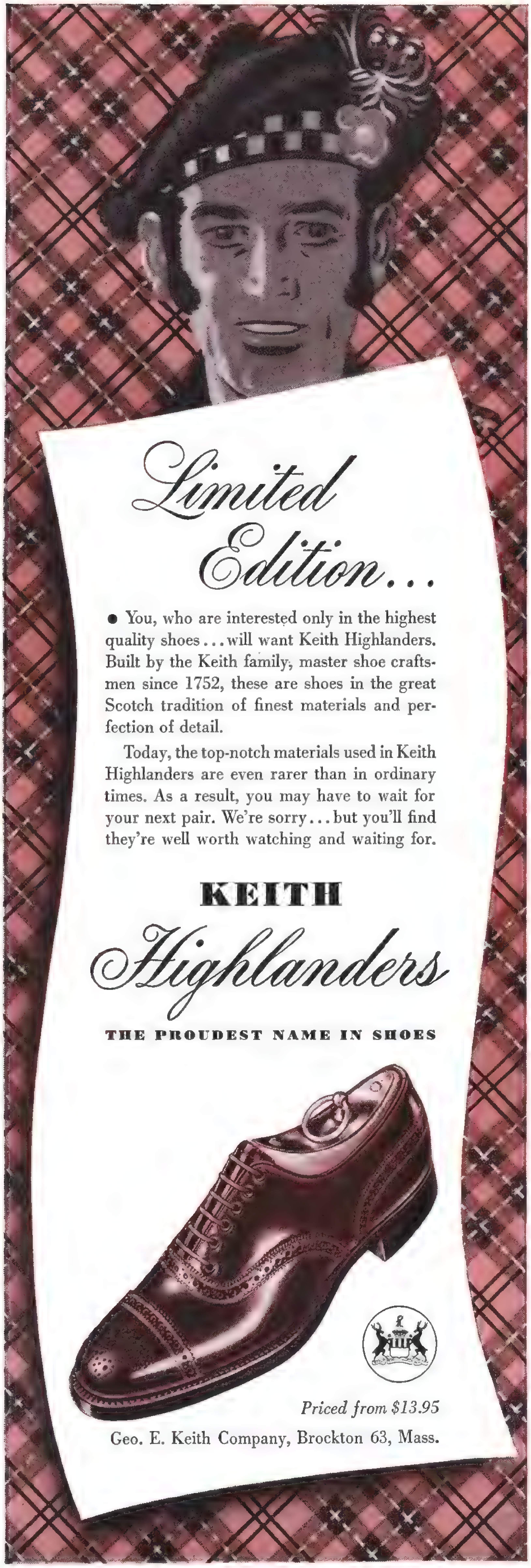
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Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by **GILBERT SELDES**

Two of the three major companies are not making new records with orchestral music. They are reissuing a few valuable numbers; they are scraping the bottom of the barrel in which they hid recordings made to keep, or maybe made and considered worth saving, but not too wonderful, not urgently needed by the consumer.

Gradually, less and less good stuff is issued. For some reason, the companies which are publishing are not doing any too well either. The most interesting phenomenon is the outcrop of small outfits, many of which I listed last month. They haven't set the world on fire, yet, but a specialist like Leonard Feather has found a must (of which I haven't even been able to find a copy). It is Mary Lou Williams, playing the piano, conducting a sextet in *Lullaby of the Leaves* and solo in *St. Louis Blues*. The company is ASCH.

(Later: I have found and endorse the record—although the pianism of the *St. Louis Blues* misses the one poignant spot which Basie gives it.) A company I've mentioned before in connection with Eddie Condon's band is Commodore; they have issued another small band recording: Eddie Heywood's, in *Begin the Beguine* and *I Cover the Waterfront.* Note that the music is old, too. Now here are the big boys:

Albums—and Why?

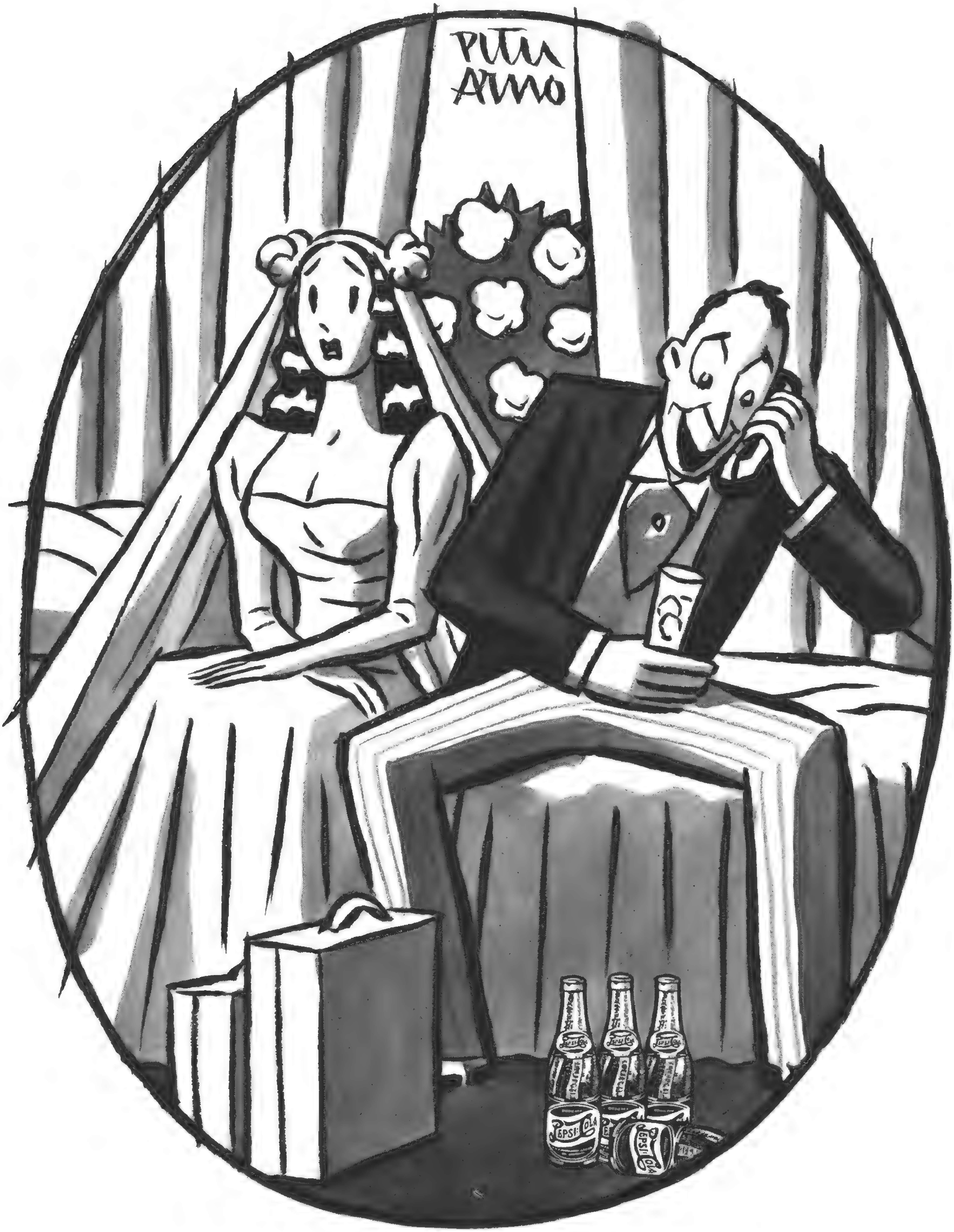
Mexican Hayride—Porter (Decca—Original Company)	This is Cole Porter's tired music, mostly; and the voices of the acting company aren't any too good recording voices, except Wilbur Evans'—and he sings a little operatically for my taste—but good. This business of "the original company" served with *Oklahoma!* and was necessary to give the *Jones* flavor to *Carmen.* But materials are scarce for recordings and so long as Decca can't supply Crosby's *Adeste Fideles* or *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*, they should issue popular scores with the best singers and forget the stage shows.
Song of Bernadette—Newman (Decca—Newman)	Oscar for best music score for dramatic picture went to this and Newman is a top talent for picture music. Otherwise, see remarks on scarcity of materials, above.
Suite No. 1—Reusner (Victor—Fiedler Sinfonietta)	The Fiedler group always plays clean and clear. This obscure court composer is a forerunner of the duller works of Handel or one of the Bachs. A small album—a 10-inch classic, on three sides. The fourth is a Canon by Pachelbel, a contemporary.
Concert Favorites—Traditional and Modern (Victor—John Charles Thomas)	One of the most-heard voices of radio in songs often connected with his name. Thomas can sing in all the styles. For my taste *Drink to Me Only* is a little Italianate. Others are *In the Gloaming*, Leoncavallo's *Mattinata*, *Fulfillment*, etc.
Mexico—Folk Song and Others (Columbia—Cugat)	Cugat makes presentations—almost productions—of each number. The combinations of handclaps, rattles, voices, instruments are skillfully made. Among the numbers: *Guadalajara*, *Chiapanecas*, *Jesusita*, *Coconito.*
Blues by Basie—Handy—Basie, etc. (Columbia—Count Basie)	Where the piano is featured it's Basie all through and wonderful. More wonderful, his *St. Louis Blues* isn't done as if to prove Handy loved a piano—the featured players are Buck Clayton (trumpet) and Don Byas (clarinet); and it's a fine piece of Handy-work.

Lonely Singles

Single shots aren't rolling off the presses much; and some aren't too noteworthy. Paper is scarce, too. Here are a couple I liked:

Age of Gold—Shostakovitch (Victor—St. Louis Symphony)	The polka ends like very good Tschiakowsky; the Russian dance begins like bad Stravinsky. But it's agreeable—and shows where good composers start out.
Every Day of My Life—James (Columbia—Sinatra and James)	Balanced between the two magnetic poles of music, you may remain neutral. James' *Flatbush Flanagan* is more for your money—it has a Harlemish repeated figure as the trumpet dies out which is very effective.

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company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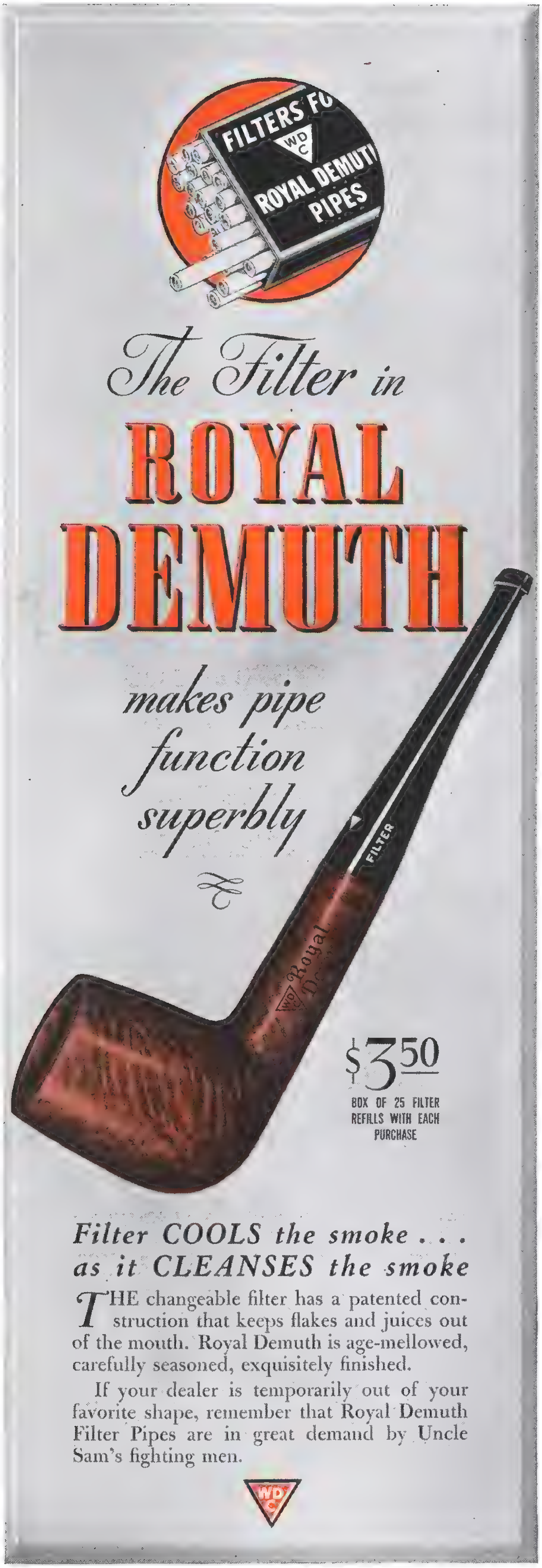

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WDC

1954 World Champ

Thirteen-year-old, groomed for lightweight title by Armstrong, wows fight fans with his left

by JOHN MOONEY

SPORTS

"Sure I got a right to them stars—I ran over a general"

HAMMERING Henry Armstrong likes to peer into the future these days, say about ten years hence, when he returns to Madison Square Garden as the only champion to manage another fighter to the fistic throne room. Hank the Hammer, holder of three world's boxing championships simultaneously, thinks he has the future lightweight champion of the world all signed, sealed and ready for delivery in the person of thirteen-year-old Keith Nuttall of Salt Lake City.

So highly does the former triple-champion regard young Keith that he's placed him under contract and has a regular training program mapped out for this youngster at an age when most youths are most concerned with solving high school algebra.

Armstrong wasn't the first fistic notable to be impressed by Keith Nuttall. Jack Dempsey and the Brothers Baer, visiting Utah on War Bond and morale shows, watched the kid in exhibitions and were astounded. But Armstrong went further; he signed Keith to a contract and immediately took him on a holiday season tour of California where his prowess, especially with his left hand, amazed the critics.

It was Keith's left hand which clinched Armstrong's respect. No mean judge of punchers, Armstrong praises young Nuttall's left as the best in the beak busting business today: "He's so much like Jimmy McLarnin was at that age that it's really funny."

Credit for discovering the latest "white hope" belongs to the father of Keith, Morris Nuttall, who once held the Intermountain Lightweight diadem. It was only natural that he should watch his own son closely for signs of fistic ability. Two years ago the Nuttalls were holding a sparring session in the basement and Morris noticed—or rather, he didn't notice—that now vaunted left hand for the first time.

"We were just fooling around with the big gloves," Morris recalls, "and I was watching for his right hand, which carries quite a punch for a kid. I had managed to block all his punches when WHAMMO, hell-bent he whipped out the fastest left cross I've ever felt. It set me right back on my heels."

That was the beginning of the serious side of Keith Nuttall's ring campaign. Like Armstrong, Keith had a humble beginning, scraping pots and pans in his father's small restaurant. But when he showed definite ring ability, the elder Nuttall worked with his son at every opportunity.

The Nuttall finances at first wouldn't support professional boxing lessons for the youngster, so Nuttall Senior handled all the lessons, teaching footwork and punching so that now his son rates as one of the best-schooled young boxers in the country.

The war gave Keith his opportunity for fame. Army smokers were always in the market for new talent and Keith became a "must" on every service hit parade. It was at one of these shows that Armstrong saw young Keith perform. As Armstrong tells it:

"I like to fell dead when I saw this kid work. He is only thirteen now and weighs maybe ninety pounds, but he has absolutely the greatest left hand I've ever seen. He can hook, cross, feint—do anything you could ask. At thirteen he's a finished boxer."

Keith, modest and unassuming despite the excitement he's causing in fistic circles, has one ambition: "To win the championship and get money so my little brothers can have good educations."

Morris Nuttall recently disposed of his restaurant in order to accompany Keith. Armstrong plans exhibitions for the youngster and then will work with him on the Armstrong ranch.

Keith needs only to acquire the minimum age limit for a professional boxer's license before starting his drive to achieve his ambition: "World Lightweight Champion—1954." ⧺

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Of Fashion Patter

Some dope on the etymology of fabric names to impress your friends and adversaries

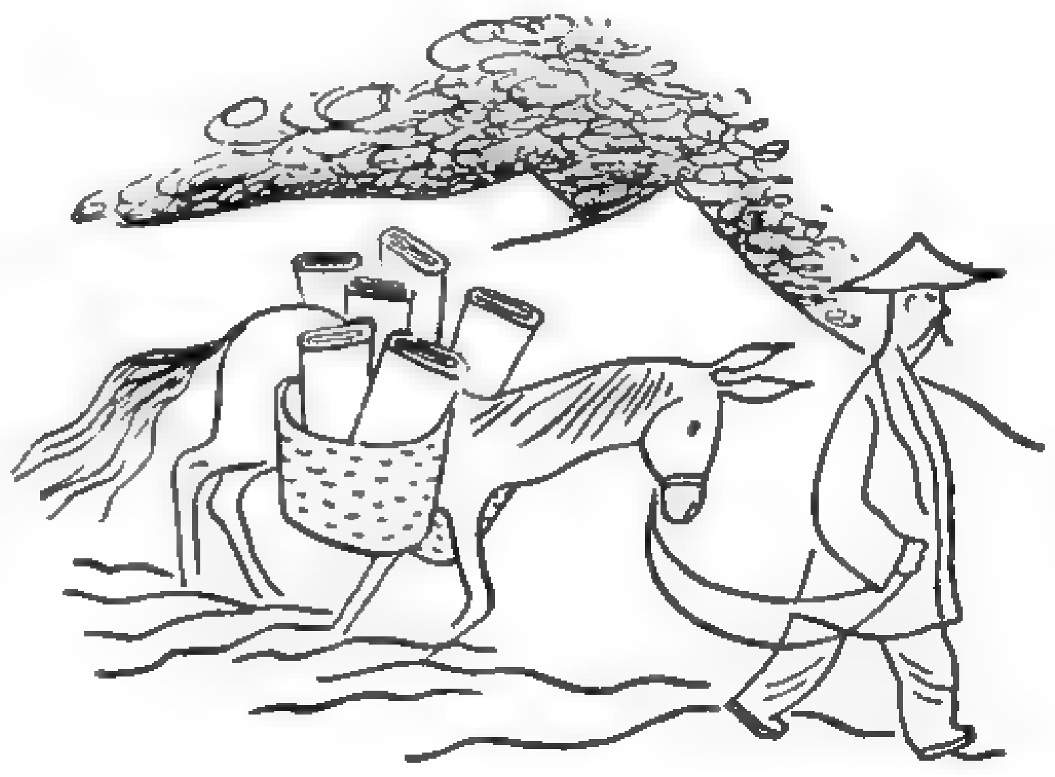
by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
▪ WEARABLES ▪

THIS little lesson has no moral. Even though you rise early in the morning, live plain and think high, the chances are against some stylist rewarding your virtue by naming a pair of suspenders in your honor. A ladies' coiffure takes its name from a famous courtesan and a man's coat from a frivolous bloke who talked too much.

But it might interest and amuse you to consider the course of our living, ever-changing language in its special application to fabrics.

Some of the ties in high colors and imaginative designs that blaze bravely on American civilians these days are patterned of rayon crepe. Technically, crepe is descriptive of a crinkly-surfaced fabric made by the use of alternate right and left hand twisted yarns in the warp (the lengthwise threads on the loom). It derives from the French verb, *crêper*, meaning to fuzz and curl.

Regimental and other stripes of ties often occur in a material called repp. This is a corded fabric with the rib running warp ways (or lengthwise) formed by the filling covering the warp in regular rows of floats. A float, if you must know, consists in the passage of weft thread over warp or warp thread over weft without overweaving.

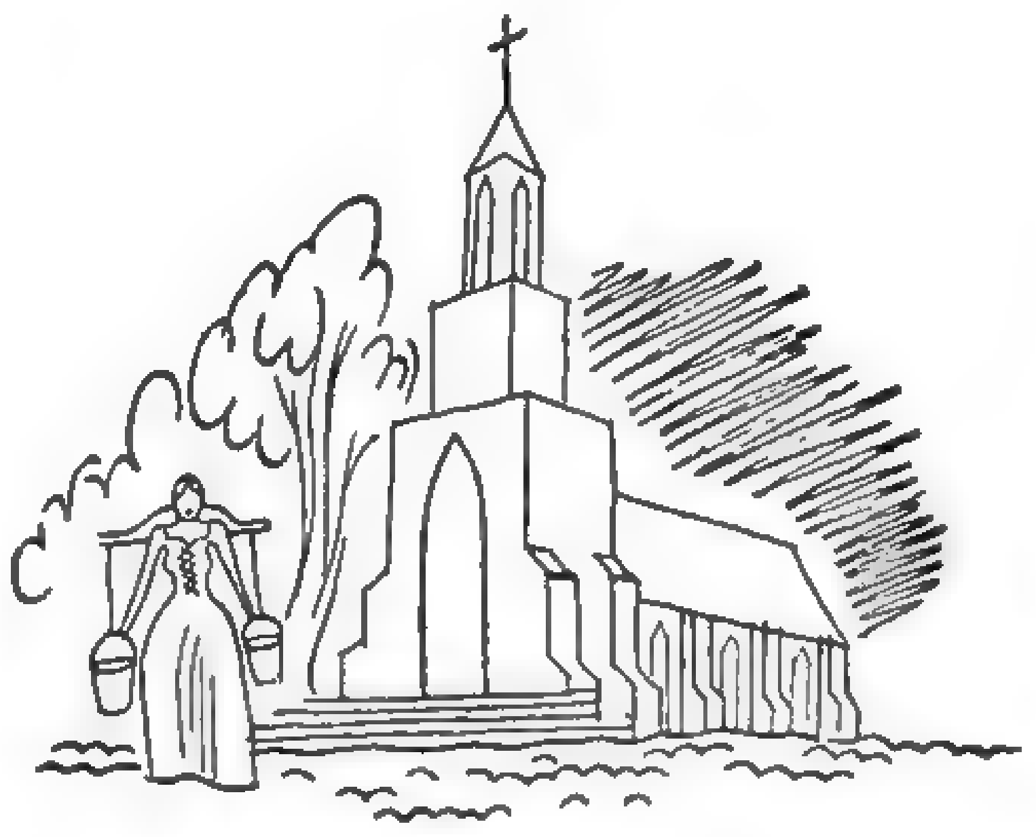


Natives took fabrics to the port Zaytun (now Chin-Chow)

Satin, which gets around not only in ties, but also in linings, facings of dinner jacket lapels and other wearables, stems from Zaytun (now Chin-Chow), a Chinese port from which these fabrics were shipped during the Middle Ages. The original fabrics, made of silk, were woven so that they had an almost glasslike appearance. Today satin may be of rayon or other fibers.

Foulard ties, very popular at the moment, are of lightweight twill cloth. Originally made in India and later in France, the name at first denoted a thin gauze French riband. In England, the fabric is known as gum twill. At first made of silk, it is now associated with rayon fabrics.

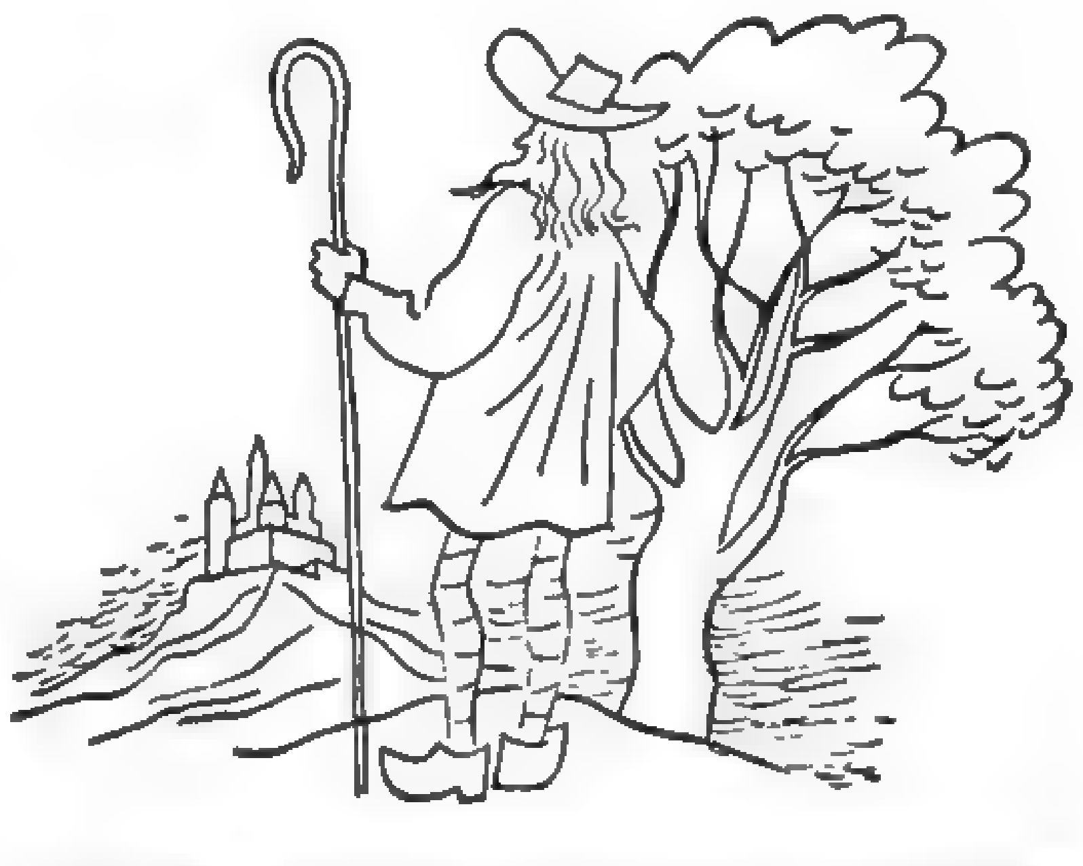
Poplin, which comes up in ties, raincoats and jackets, is a ribbed fabric, woven on the grosgrain principle. Originally a fine silk fabric, called *papeline*, it was first woven in Avignon, France, and used for church vestments and hangings. With its imitation in England, the name was changed to poplin and the silk was woven with a wool weft. Today it connotes a weave that may be silk or rayon and wool, as in neckties, all cotton as used for raincoats, jackets and shirts or all rayon.



Poplins, originally papeline, *were first woven in Avignon, France.*

Gabardine, so widely worn in suits, sport shirts, raincoats, Army shirts and other articles, meant a coarse, loose frock in the Middle Ages. Now the word describes a twill fabric of finely spun yarns, such as cotton, worsted rayon or blended fibers. In the cloth trade it was first applied to a waterproof fabric for raincoats.

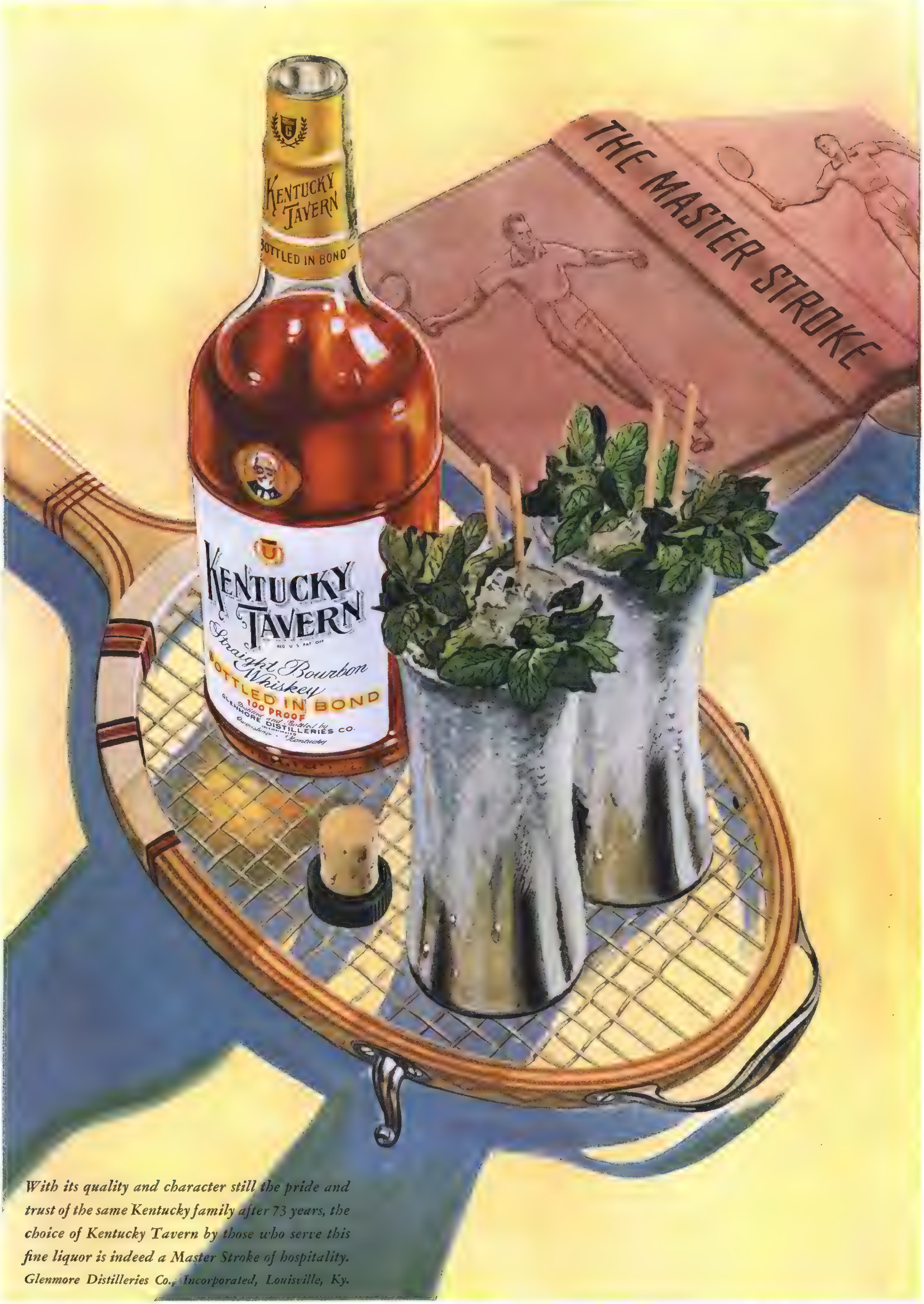
Serge, closely related to gabardine, is twill fabric made of moderately twisted worsted yarns. The name is derived from Latin *serica.*



Gabardine meant a coarse loose frock in the Middle Ages.

Tweed, that rough and ready material of odd sports jackets, suits, topcoats, and overcoats, is a coarse woolen fabric of plain or twill weave. This type was originally made by the weavers on the Tweed River in Scotland and has since become a generic term. Cheviot, a similar coarse woolen, was first made of wool from Cheviot sheep. Used in suits and coats, it occurs in either herringbone or twill weave. ###

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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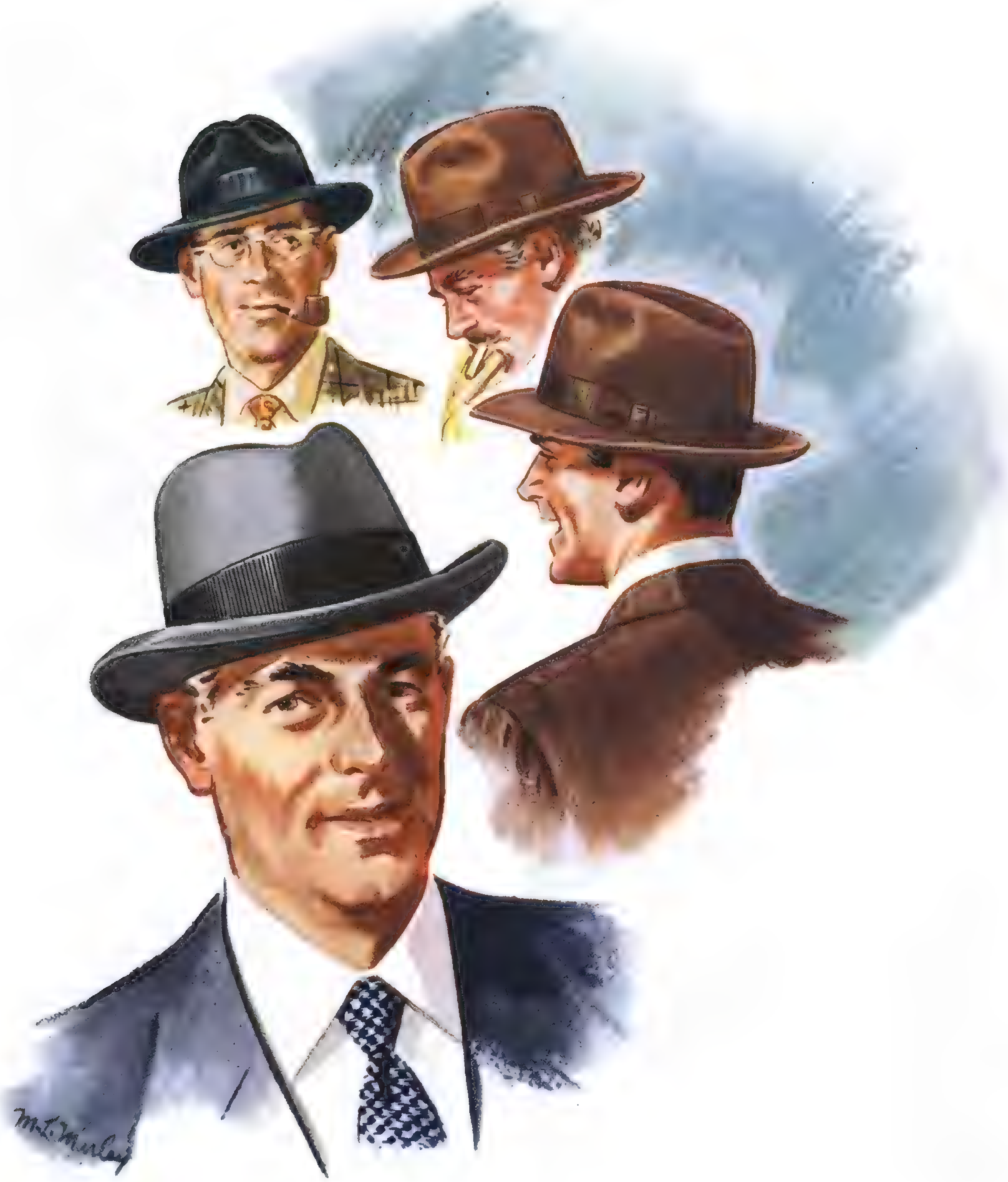

brimful of comfort

Ask a woman what kind of a hat a certain man wears and she is apt to have only a vague idea. If it's becoming, she may recall that it looked all right, although she may not know any reason why. But if this certain man goes in for hats that are not the right color or shape, she is positive about her impressions. One consideration of hats, in addition to proportions and color, is fit. A hat has to be comfortable, a requisite to good appearance. The quartet in this drawing includes types for different purposes. The grey Homburg has a good curl to the brim and a tapered crown, denoting formality, and is favored by many men for business. Most popular of all is the brown snap brim model with welt edge that helps keep it in shape. The ruddy brown hat with brim up all around is a happy medium between the two. The green soft finish felt hat is definitely a sports type for wear with odd tweed jackets and slacks.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

GUARD WELL *your natural youthfulness*

Learn about the certain indispensable vitamins and iron you must have to feel and look as young as you should

Why do some women continue through the years to feel and look as young and gloriously alive as they should, while others fade before their time? There are various answers.

But all too often women surrender their precious natural youthfulness because they are guilty of failing to live sensibly and get enough of *certain indispensable vitamins and iron.*

Don't let this happen to you.

Just follow the simple method so many smart women have discovered : : : living sensibly and taking "VITAMINS Plus" once each day.

Especially recommended for women, "VITAMINS Plus" gives you full protective amounts of the *certain indispensable vitamins and iron* that you must have to be as young as your years.

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Murder in Eighteen Holes

Continued from page 65

the honor, which they won, I looked about for my caddy. He was not there. Ultimately we found him on the tenth tee, and when we got him back to the first tee he had the iron clubs where the wooden clubs should be, and vice versa. I rearranged them, then gave him his instructions.

"Boy," I said very magnanimously, "all I want you to do is carry these clubs around." I began to notice he had a strange habit of asking me everything twice. It was most disconcerting, and when I asked if he was deaf, he said no, he just didn't speak English very well. He was Czechoslovakian.

Naturally, I was very anxious to see Wertheimer hit the ball and on his first shot all my fears were allayed. His swing was obviously that of a fairly good golfer and he proceeded to demonstrate that he was by hitting a fine drive off the first tee. I followed suit.

I will spare you the details of the match but the highlights are these.

Nothing untoward happened on the first hole except that when I got on the green very near the hole and was just about to putt, my caddy moved his foot. Fortunately the ball went in the hole for a "birdie three," and we were one up, so I merely said, "Don't move when I putt."

Once again he gave me that "What did you say?" I repeated and he said, "I understand."

At the second hole it was out of bounds on the right and a large tree loomed on the left. I hit a very fine drive, which lay behind the tree, but it wasn't much of a hazard because the branches were at least twenty feet off the ground and all you had to do was hit it underneath them. As the second shot was a long one it was easy to keep it low. When I reached the ball my caddy handed me a niblick. Facetiously I asked, "What should I do with this?" After he gave me the, "What did you say?" treatment again, he replied, "Over the top of the tree onto the green." The tree was at least a hundred feet high and the ball just about thirty feet from the tree. My irresistible desire for satire overcame me and I asked him if he thought it could be done.

"Gene Sarazen did it," he replied.

Assuring him that Gene Sarazen was a remarkable person, I took my one iron and hit the ball onto the green.

On the fourth hole there was a bunker about 230 yards from the tee in direct line with the pin. If you cared to risk the carry, and made it, you could drive the green. My partner, who had a stroke on the hole, made a fine drive, and I decided to go for the carry. I hit one of my best. I was sure I saw it disappearing over the bunker. Walking up the hill towards our drives, I noticed my caddy was about eighty yards to the right of the fairway. I called to him that my ball wasn't there, that it was on the green. "No," he shouted, "here's your ball."

I went over and found an old, cut golf ball. "No, boy, this isn't mine. It's on the green or over." After searching for the ball for a few minutes and failing to find it, we decided to look in the bunker. My caddy began to scrape in the sand with his hands, and sure enough, he came up with the ball, saying, "Here it is."

When I told him that his act had put my ball out of play and once more cautioned him to do nothing but carry the clubs, he asked me if I was sure that I knew the rules!

I had a burning sensation in the pit of my stomach. That caddy was beginning to get my goat.

At the fifth hole he happened to be guardian of the pin, and just as I was hitting my approach putt he dropped my clubs. I haven't the calmest nerves in the world. I flinched and knocked the ball away past the hole. I descended on him with a show of fury, attacked his birthright and accused him of being a congenital idiot. He objected in his broken English and said I was not a gentleman. I agreed and again counseled him merely to carry the clubs!

The famous short sixth hole at the Lakeside Golf Club is under 100 yards. but very deceptive. When I came to play my shot, I found my three iron leaning against the tee box and my caddy down on the green. I shouted to him to bring back the bag and asked him what he thought I'd do with the three iron, since it was only a niblick shot. He told me I looked sickly and he thought I needed the three iron to reach it!

He was really getting me.

I took the niblick, dubbed the shot, and the match was all even.

At the seventh tee, the usual procedure was to take your driver from the caddy and let him go up the valley and wait for you. I got my driver, but when I arrived at the tee we discovered that Wertheimer didn't have his, so we called for his caddy to bring it. "I'll give you a club," roared my caddy, and with that he threw my brassie fifty yards towards the tee!

As I met my boy halfway up the seventh fairway, I pulled a ten-dollar bill out of my pocket and offered it to him, suggesting that he go into the clubhouse and give my bag to one of the many caddies who were following the match. But he objected strenuously. If I sent him back he'd be put off the course as a caddy. He had a wife and three children, and this was his only means of livelihood. Surely I wouldn't do that! My heart softened, and once again I said, "Merely carry the clubs."

We were even at the ninth hole and the bet was carried over, so we were playing the second nine for 3,000 dollars.

On the twelfth hole I found my

Continued on page 116

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PLAIN ENDS . . . also IVORY TIPS

WATCH WHO SMOKES MARLBOROS!
Just a penny or two more

Murder in Eighteen Holes

Continued from pages 65-115

caddy sprawled on the ground. He appeared to be in some sort of fit. His mouth was foamy, the pupils of his eyes were invisible and he quaked and shivered like an aspen leaf. I hastily administered all the first aid I knew. He recovered and calmly assured me that it was nothing. He knew he was epileptic, but these fits came only two or three times a day.

Now I was sure I could get rid of him, but he insisted that he was quite all right. If I reported him as having a fit (even though by this time I felt on the verge of one myself!) he would be discharged. So we proceeded.

We were two up and nothing more unforeseen happened until the fourteenth hole. We were going down the hill towards where one plays his second shot. I had been expecting it all day and then it happened! Suddenly those oversized trousers collapsed like an accordion. Over went caddy, clubs and everything! I was sure all the clubs were broken. As I gathered my caddy and clubs together, I asked him why he didn't have a belt to keep his trousers up, but he said he preferred safety pins. It was his suggestion that he wear my belt for the remainder of the round and in my eagerness to prevent any further accidents I quickly acquiesced. Surely everything would be peaceful now.

On the fifteenth, which is a short hole of 180 yards alongside the river, he handed me my driver. With all the scorn I could muster at that moment, I said, "Boy, I don't need any driver. Give me a three iron!"

"That's the trouble," he said in his broken English. "You get your name in the papers and you think you're good. Bobby Jones doesn't think he's good."

Assuring him that I thought I was not only good, but *very* good, I took the three iron and promptly pulled it right into the river! With the ball went the last remnants of my composure.

During sojourns in the Orient I had learned many methods of exterminating undesirable aliens and I gave him his choice. "What kind of death would you like to die?" I threatened. He suggested that I was unable to exterminate him in any manner. I wasn't willing to engage in fisticuffs before the gallery, which now amounted to 300 or 400, so again we proceeded with the game.

During the entire match Wertheimer had played like a man suffering from palsy. He would miss the simplest shots and the shortest putts. Under ordinary circumstances we would have been at least 8 up, because despite all the interference from my caddy I was then four under 4's. But every time Al seemed to have the hole won, he would play an unexplainably bad shot, and any remonstrance on my part would bring forth nothing but, "It's in the bag, boy, it's in the bag!"

All went well until the eighteenth hole. We were then even. To say I was angry would be understatement; I was mad. Three thousand dollars hung in the balance, and I can assure you I had already spent it, the match seemed so easy.

Hagen and Diegel were smiling at each other, and my partner, Wertheimer, appeared to be enjoying himself very much. I got him aside on the eighteenth tee and told him this was a short par four—he was bound to get a four—and with his stroke he would get a "birdie three." It was practically a cinch that one of the opponents would get a birdie, so I cautioned him to play out on the left and pitch the ball on the green for a sure four. Instead of going to the left, Al hit it right! I hit a really fine shot just to the edge of the green. Diegel and Hagen also got away good ones. When I got up to where my ball should have been it was nowhere to be found. Wertheimer, meantime, dubbed his second and third shots and picked up. Diegel and Hagen both pitched on the green, though not close to the hole. As the search went on for my ball, I was in a panic. It was impossible to have lost it, but it couldn't be found anywhere. Hagen and Diegel were agreeable to my dropping the ball approximately where it should have been, but my "pal," Mr. Clipsem, objected. He said, "Your ball is lost; you've got to go back to the tee for two strokes." I accused Mr. Clipsem of getting someone to steal the ball. It was impossible to lose it. There were 500 people who saw the ball come to rest. I called a rule on him, that if a ball is moved after it comes to rest by an agency outside the game, no penalty is called for.

After a very heated argument on which the Rules Committee of the Lakeside Club was called in, he agreed to allow me to drop the ball, but much farther back. I can assure you by that time I was absolutely incapable of playing any good shot! I was even worried whether or not I could hit the ball! That 3,000 dollars was beginning to look pretty big now! I was blinded with rage!

However, I did manage to play a fairly decent shot to the green about ten feet from the hole. Diegel and Hagen both missed, so

Continued on page 118

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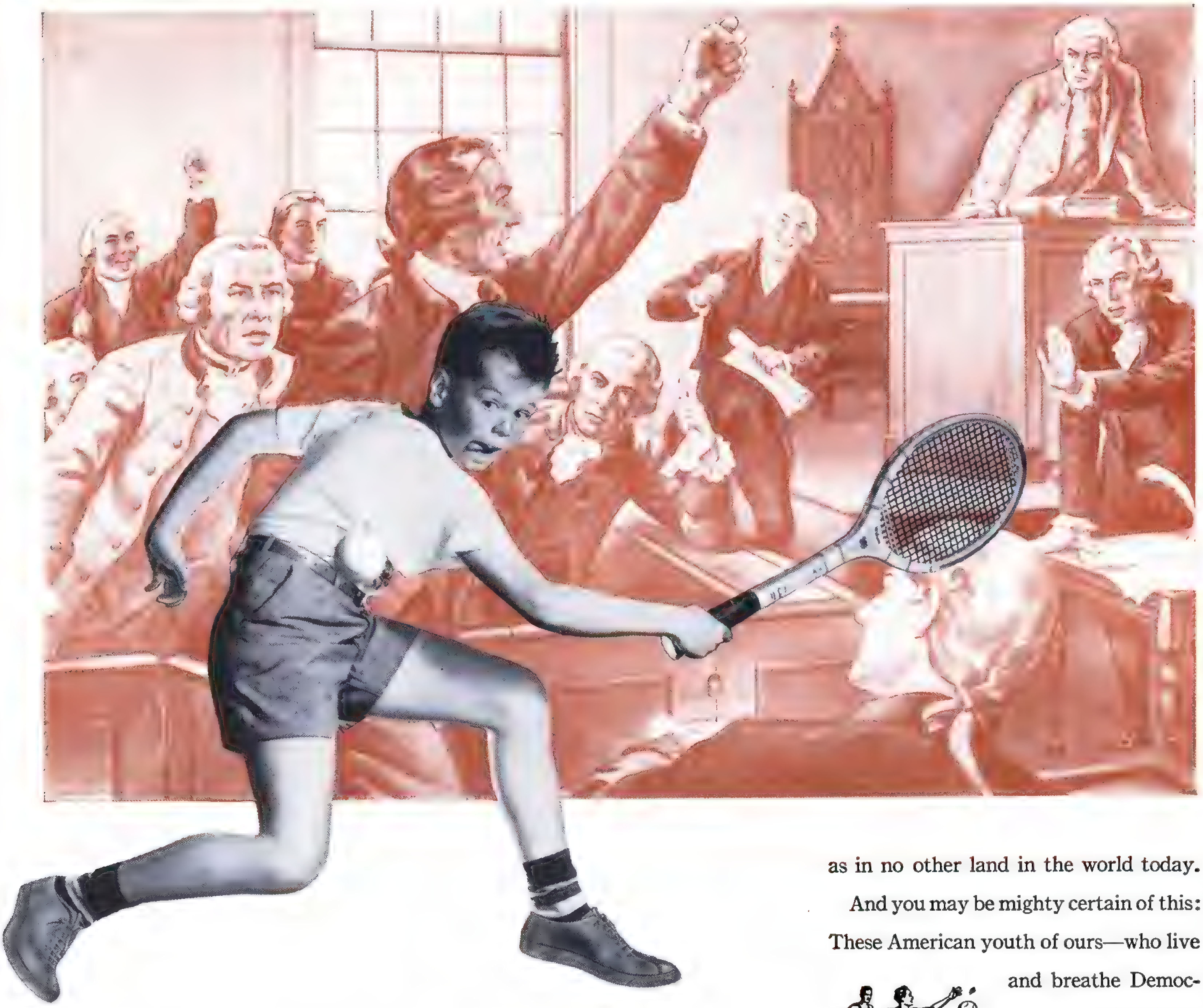

Patrick Henry, '44

He doesn't wear satin knee britches and pumps with big, shiny silver buckles. There's no powdered periwig on his head as was common in colonial days.

Patrick Henry of 1944, and there are millions of him today, is out there on the field of sports. His periwig is likely to be a football helmet, a baseball cap or a thick thatch of unruly hair. And his love of liberty may be expressed in sharp drives and backhands or in base hits.

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Murder in Eighteen Holes

Continued from pages 65-115-116

this left me the putt for the do-re-mi.

As I lined it up, my caddy was standing very close to me; I waved him away. He walked over and stood at the edge of the bunker and just as I was ready to make the putt, a fine-looking young gentleman came over saying, "Is this caddy annoying you, Mr. Armour?" "No, not at all. Not at all," I replied. "He's a magnificent caddy."

He then approached my boy and suggested that he hadn't been doing a good job. Whereupon the caddy called him a name which is usually said with a smile. The caddy master took a swing at him, apparently hit him on the jaw, and all at once caddy, bags and clubs were spread all over the bunker. And I assure you I enjoyed it! I had been dying to do just that all day!

When the deafening roar of laughter subsided, I collected my caddy and my clubs, stopped the fight and tried to collect my wits.

I made a pusillanimous effort to hole the putt—and missed.

For the first time in my checkered career I was absolutely at a loss for words. My rage transferred from Al to the caddy to my opponents to the golf course, and then I suddenly found a new object for my wrath—the caddy master. I saw him as I pulled my weary body towards the locker room and demanded to know why I should be burdened with such an impossible creature, especially in this important match. "Why?" I cried. I was under the misapprehension, I told him, that I rated a little better. He went into detail and explained the caddy system, that this man had been the next in line to go out and I had to take him or disrupt the whole system. Getting no relief for my pent-up rage, I proceeded into the bar. I looked for sympathy, but there was none.

Hagen and Diegel laughed and kidded me about getting off with the 300 dollars. Ultimately I went back to the locker room, and who should I behold but the vapid-faced idiot who had carried my clubs. I asked him acidly what his fee was for the round. He said a dollar fifty. I carefully collected exactly that amount and handed it to him. The usual procedure in these matches is to reward your caddy handsomely, but when I handed him the dollar and a half I told him he was overpaid. As he looked at this reward for his efforts, a look of disdain came over his—whatever he called it attached to his head—and in his broken English he inquired, "Is this all you're going to give me for carrying this great big bag?" "Yes," I roared, "and then you're getting too much." "I think you're a cheap, Scotch so-and-so!" he blurted.

That was all I needed. I've been known as a generous tipper, and this excuse for a man accused me of being mercenary and cheap! I was ready to annihilate him.

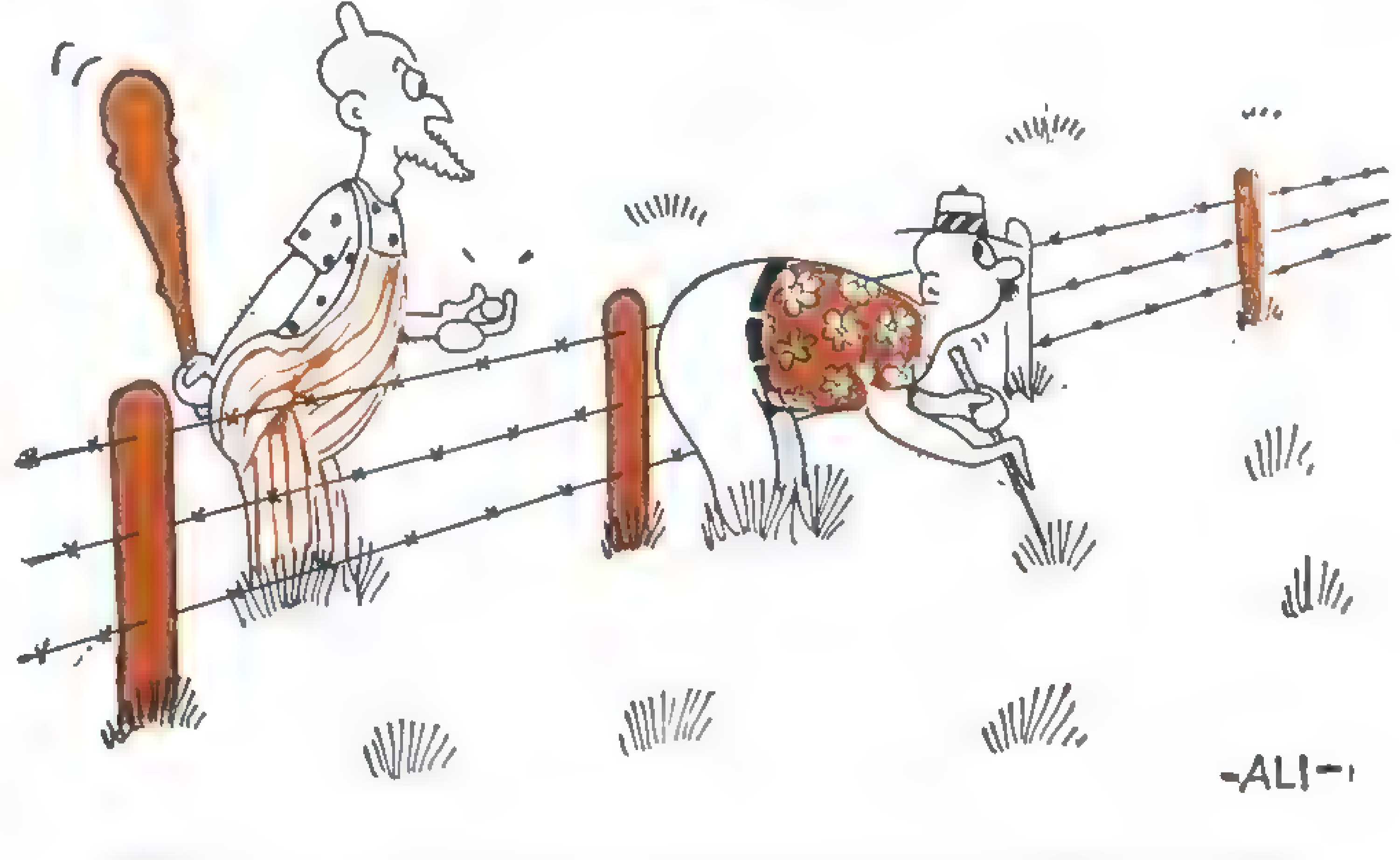
At that moment the fellows came between us and asked me why I wanted to pick on the caddy. I said the sucker had cost me ten years of my life in mental agony looking at him, and 3,000 dollars in cash besides. And the poor boob probably never even knew there was such a sum as 3,000 dollars in the world.

"You're wrong," laughed Wertheimer. "That was his salary last week."

My tirade stopped. Everything went black. Then and then only did I realize that I'd been the victim of one of the most successful practical jokes ever pulled in Hollywood. My friends introduced me to Vince Barnett, the great character actor, who had been my caddy, and Buster West, who was the caddy master.

I've tried to live it down, and as the years have gone by I've become more mellow. The incident has been forgotten by most men, but every now and then somebody will ask, "You remember that match Al Wertheimer and you played Hagen and Diegel?"

And I answer that I'll never forget it. #



"Were you perchance playing a Cro-Flite ball?"

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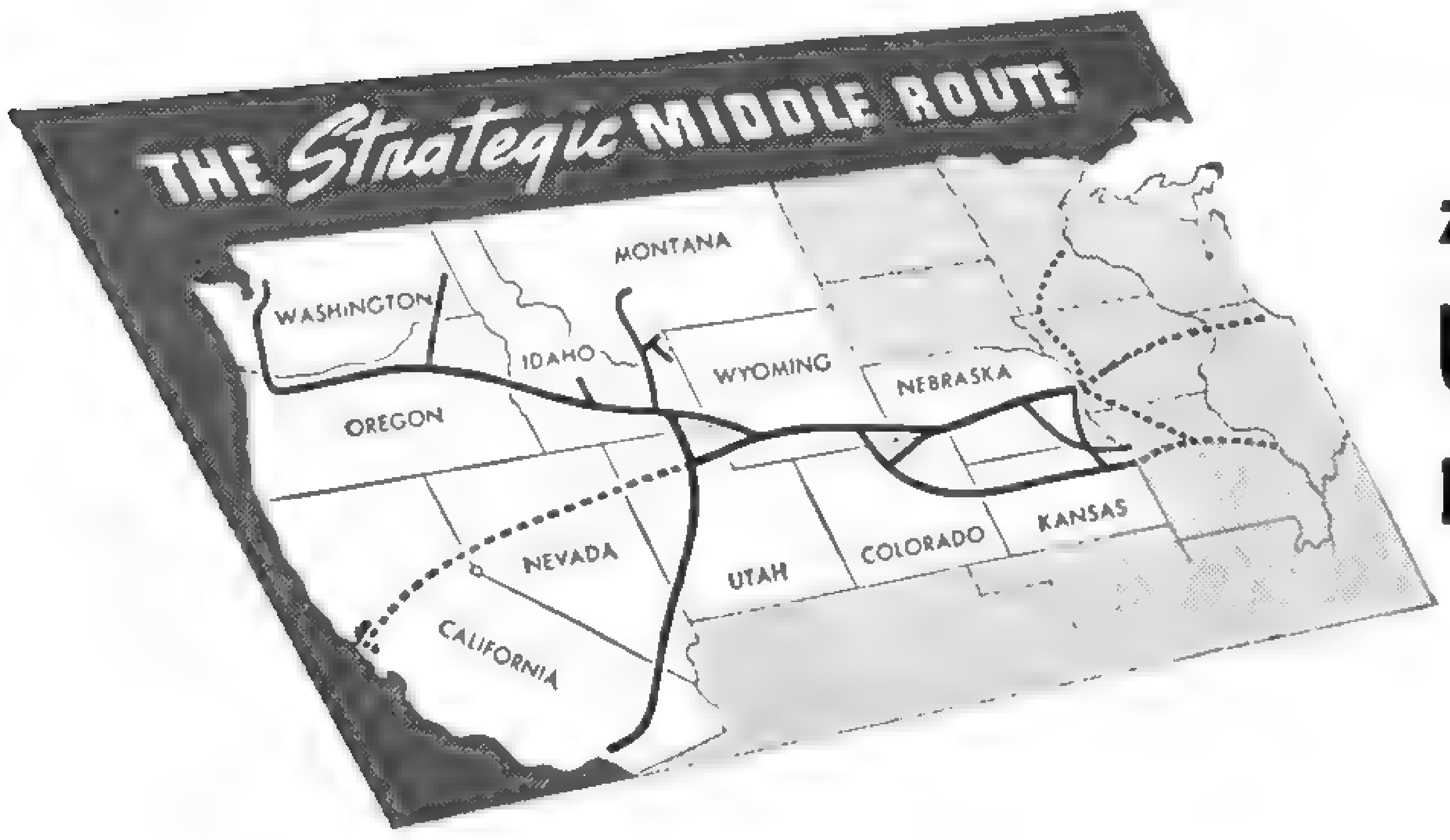
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Elsa the Dancing Bear

Continued from page 43

with our bear . . .' and then we had a God a'mighty row.

"If you never loved a bear, Mister, I guess you can't see how I felt to come home an' find her gone. You see I been counting on Elsa, thinking how cute she'd look in her new collar; and then to see him standing there alone, half-crazy, saying as how the Wop had got her. Me an' Red parted then. I took a job running the dog mail and not a hair or a hide of Red-Eye did I see for a couple of years. Then I meets him and we sits down with a bottle. Like the old days it was and he tells me what he's done all that time.

" 'When you quit, Rick,' he says, 'I was in a bad way. . . . Lorst me partner . . . lorst me bear . . . lorst me money. Not even a grubstake left and me guts rotten with rye and screamin' for more. Near down I was, and I done what all men that's down do. I headed for home. Went back to my mother's people, an Indian princess she was . . .' 'Yes,' I says, seeing that I knew all about his mother, but he didn't take no offense. He'd quieted down a lot, had Red-Eye . . . 'Stayed there for a bit,' he said, 'till I was fit and then I hit the trail, made about three hundred miles west and put down my trap lines. Hadn't been at it a month before one day, when I was out after caribou, I hears music in the woods. I hear music,' he says, 'and I stops to listen . . . Flute music it was . . . tum . . ti . . ti . . tum . . ti . . ti . . kinda monotonous . . .' but he rekernizes it. 'That's the Wop,' he says, and goes toward it careful . . . slow, like a mountain lion, creeping from tree to tree. From shadow to shadow. Darting . . . stopping to listen. Closer and closer he went and the tune went on getting louder . . tum . . ti . .ti . . tum . . Red-Eye had come upwind according to his instinct. He was going to find out what had happened to the bear and then he was going to kill the Wop. He was smelling food. Smelt as if the Wop was cooking meat with the hair on, too lazy to skin it. Then the wind changed and blew away from him, straight across the little clearing. Then a queer thing happened, Mister. The walls of that corral shook. There was a sorta scrambling noise and a black paw 'pears over the top. All Red's muscles goes into knots . . . his knife is out of its sheath. The Wop was cooking Elsa alive. The Wop picks up a big stick and smashes it down on Elsa's knuckles. Crying like a kid she drops back. The Wop sits down, shakes the spit out of this flute and goes on playing . . . tum . . ti . . ti . .

"Red's still lying there. He knows where Elsa is now. And she knows where he is . . . tum . . ti . . ti . . tum . .ti . .ti . .

"After a while the Wop picks up his stick an' opens the door of the corral. Elsa near falls out an' he hits her on the nose. Then he takes her chain, it was hanging loose from her collar, drags her to a tree and ties her up.

" 'Sure I treats you well,' he says, hitting her again. 'I am the white mans, I knowa how to treata de bear . . . not lika de damn Indian. I maka de dancing bear . . . de musical bear. Soon we go east and maka de money.'

"He starts playing again . . . tum . . ti . . ti . . tum . . ti . . ti . . Elsa, kinda stupid with fear, don't move. She is looking at the Wop but her nose is wrinkled. She smells Red and wonders why he don't come and fetch her. Maybe she thought that smell of Red too good to be true. That was a fine smell to Elsa. I guess his old buckskin shirt smelt sweeter to her than a great bookay of roses. Roses don't mean much anyway and me and Red meant a whole lot to Elsa. Seeing her stand stupid the Wop gives her a clout and she picks up her feet in a kinda dance and waved her hands. Very comical it would have been if she'd had some skin on her feet. When Red had seen the soles of her feet he'd seen enough.

"I guess the Wop never knew what struck him. One minute everything was quiet and the next Red was on top of him. Say, there was nothing white about Red then. Nothing his white pa would have recognized. He was all Indian. His war shout, the shout of his mother's people, screamed out over the treetops. He had the Wop's long hair in his hand and his knife at the Wop's throat. Outer the corner of his eye he could see Little Elsa. She was about eight foot high then, dancing about on her sore feet, clapping her hands together and whimpering like a dorg.

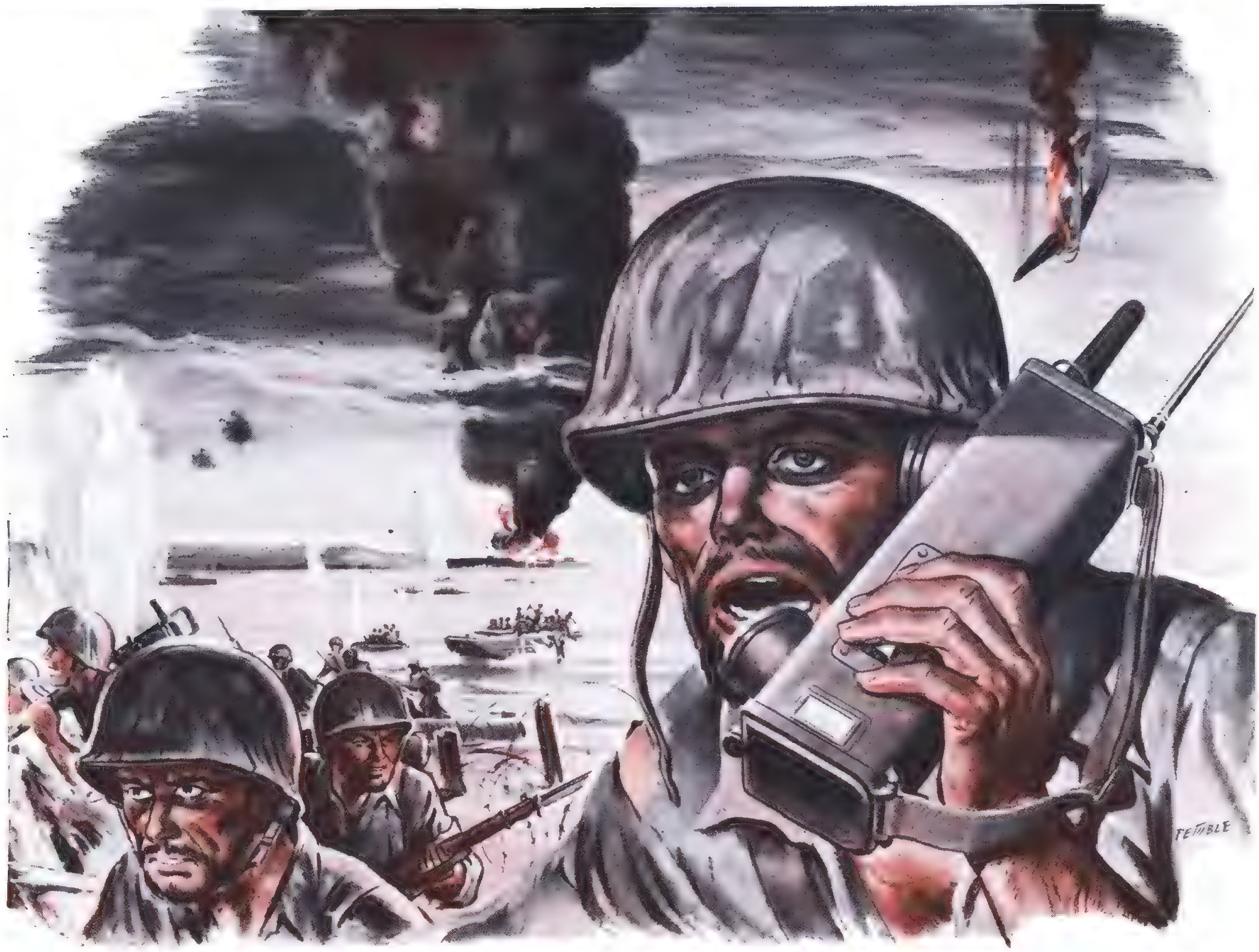
" 'Whatcher doing to my bear, Wop?' he says, jerking him up.

" 'Nothing, Red-Eye. Nothing. Teacha de bear to dance . . . maka de bear tame like we do in my country.'

"Yes, sir. Our Elsa that was as tame as a girl in a big fur coat. Say, Red was mad, cold, cruel mad. There's things movin' in his head. He ties the Wop's hands and drags him over to the tree where Elsa was. She was dancing all right now, Mister, straining at her chain and waving her hands. It didn't take long for Red to let her go and have the Wop tied up to the tree with her collar round his belly.

" 'Now, Wop, he says, 'I'm only a poor Indian like you says and I got a queer notion in me head. Somethin' gone wrong, kinda loco, I guess. D'you know what I think, Wop? I thinks I'm you and you're Elsa . . . ain't that funny now; me being a Wop and you a bear, but Indians is notorious for queer notions.' Red picks up the big stick and gets hold of the chain. 'Come here, bear,' he

Continued on page 122



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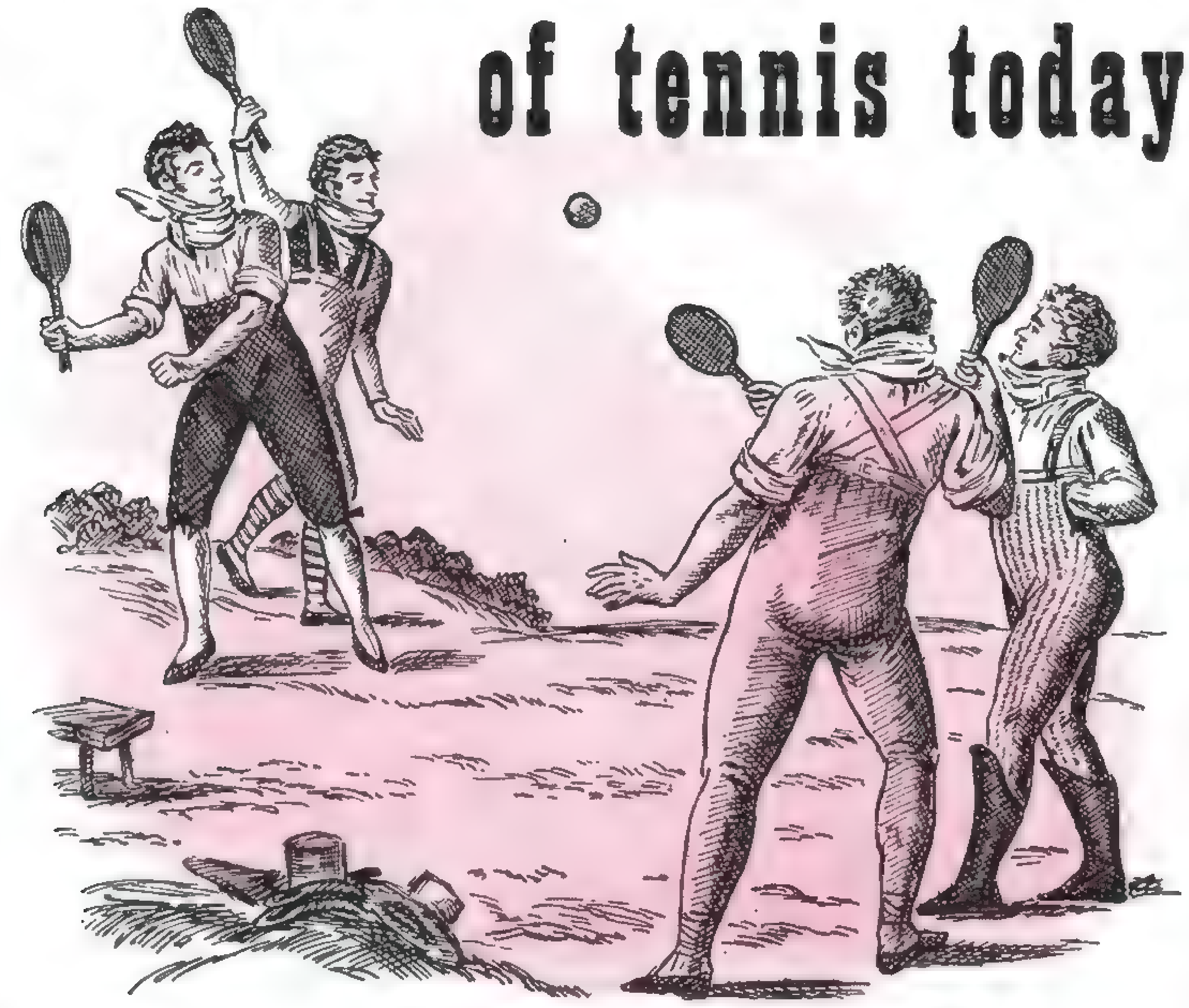

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Elsa the Dancing Bear

Continued from pages 43-120

says and drags him off ter the corral. Door's still open. 'Get in, bear,' he says.

" 'But it's hot,' says the Wop.

"The iron floor was near red. 'Sure,' says Red-Eye, 'spoil your shoes.' The Wop always wore shoes . . . long, pointed ones.

" 'Take 'em off,' says Red, giving him a wallop and chasing him in. Now Red weren't no musician but that didn't stop him. No, sir, he gives the flute the once over, wipes the mouthpiece and begins to blow. . . . ti . . tu . . tu . . tu . .

"Wop's screamin' now. Yelling ter beat the band. Can you see it, Mister?" Old John asked. "Them all alone in the little clearing with hundreds of miles of timber all round 'em. Red playing the flute, the Wop shoutin' out and Little Elsa sitting on her hams licking at her feet. Maybe there was an eagle high over, or a fox down under, and chickadees hopping in the twigs all of a twitter for the things that was going on.

"Then Red fetches the Wop out and ties 'im to the tree again.

" 'Dance,' he says, and picks up the flute. That went on for a month. Red was half a Indian and torture meant nix to him. He kept that Wop in a pit at the back of the shack, where he'd kept Elsa. Full of muck it was and rubbish. Every day he took 'im out for his dancing lesson and chucked his grub to him. Made him do tricks for it. Sit up an' beg and things like that.

"And all the time he was tending to Elsa. Putting fat on her raw feet and taking her to swim in the river. She wouldn't leave him out of her sight, wouldn't Elsa, and nearly smothered him one night trying to get into his bunk like she used to when she was a pup. And then one day he reckons it's time to go. Starts cutting wood and makes a big pile of it by the shack. Fills up the big water tank. Then he pulls the Wop out of the pit and says to him: 'I'm going now, Wop. I guess you're no good. You'll never dance. I guess I've took all this trouble with you for nothing.'

"Dance! Say, Mister, I saw that Wop in Seattle about ten years after and he was crawling round the sidewalk with thick leather pads on his knees. That's what Red-Eye told me when I meets him again, and by the time he'd done telling me the bottle was nearly finished, Red not being a talker needed a deal of lubrication. And then I says, 'Where's Elsa?'

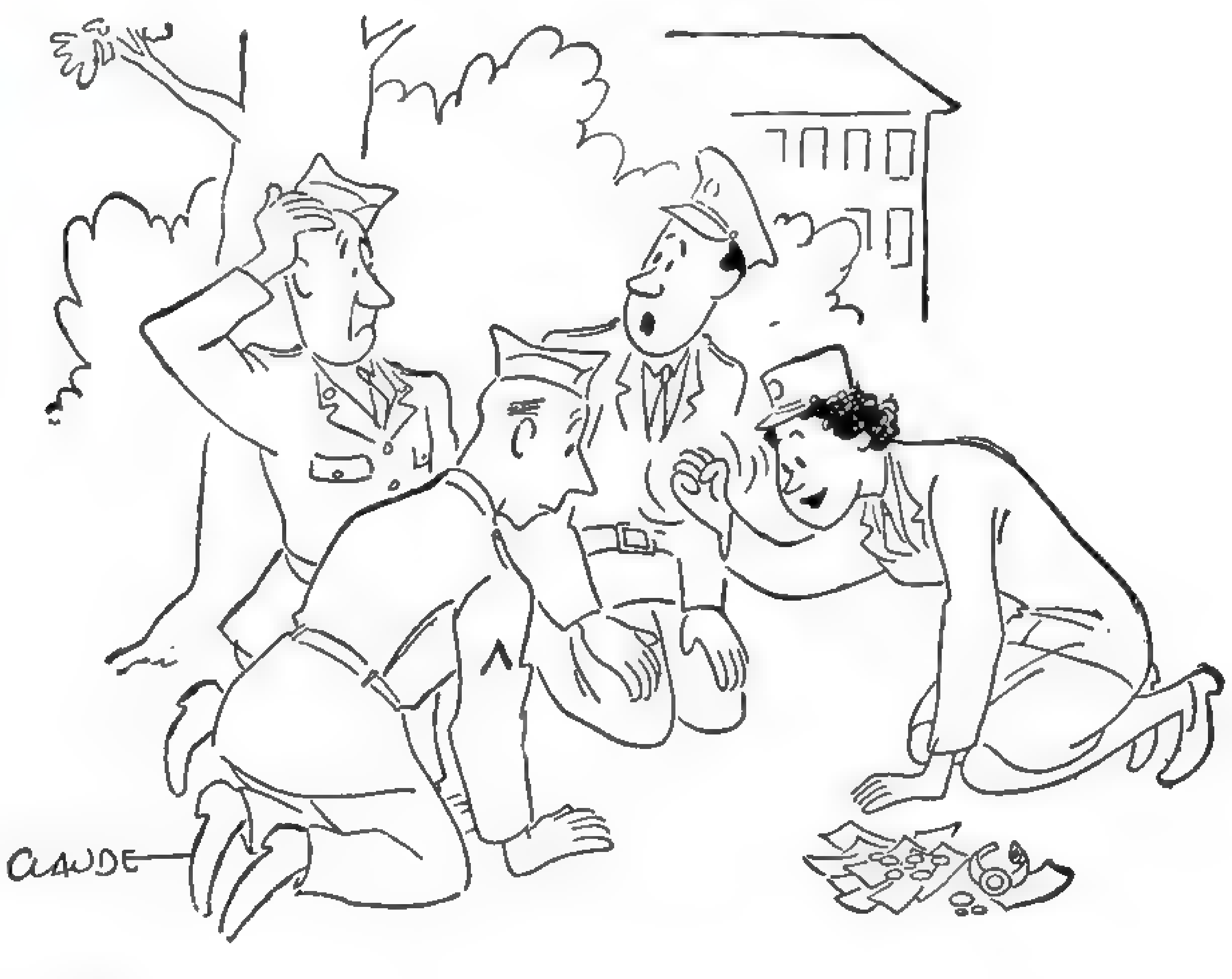
" 'Back home,' he says . . . 'Come on, Rick . . .' And I goes . . . Yes, sir, an' did that bear know me? Pretty near dead I was by the time she done showing her affection. After that we was partners again and lived quiet, just the three of us, me and Red and Elsa . . . till Red got himself killed in a gun fight. Then I got married, being lonely—you see, Elsa could do everything but talk. Yes, sir, I married her grandma,"—the old man nodded his head towards the cottage—"what couldn't do nothing but talk. Emma her name was, and Emma and Elsa never got on, nothing in common you might say. No, they never took to each other. And then when Elsa died I took off her pelt. Yes, sir, that's Elsa's pelt on the floor in the shack. You saw it, didn't you, Mister," he asked . . . "and now . . . now . . ." Tears began to run down the furrows of his cheeks. "I gotter sell her pelt. Forty dollars I want for it, Mister. You'd give me forty dollars wouldn't you, Mister? It's a fine skin . . . a skin with a history."

Fairfield smiled. As it happened he knew someone who wanted a bear skin.

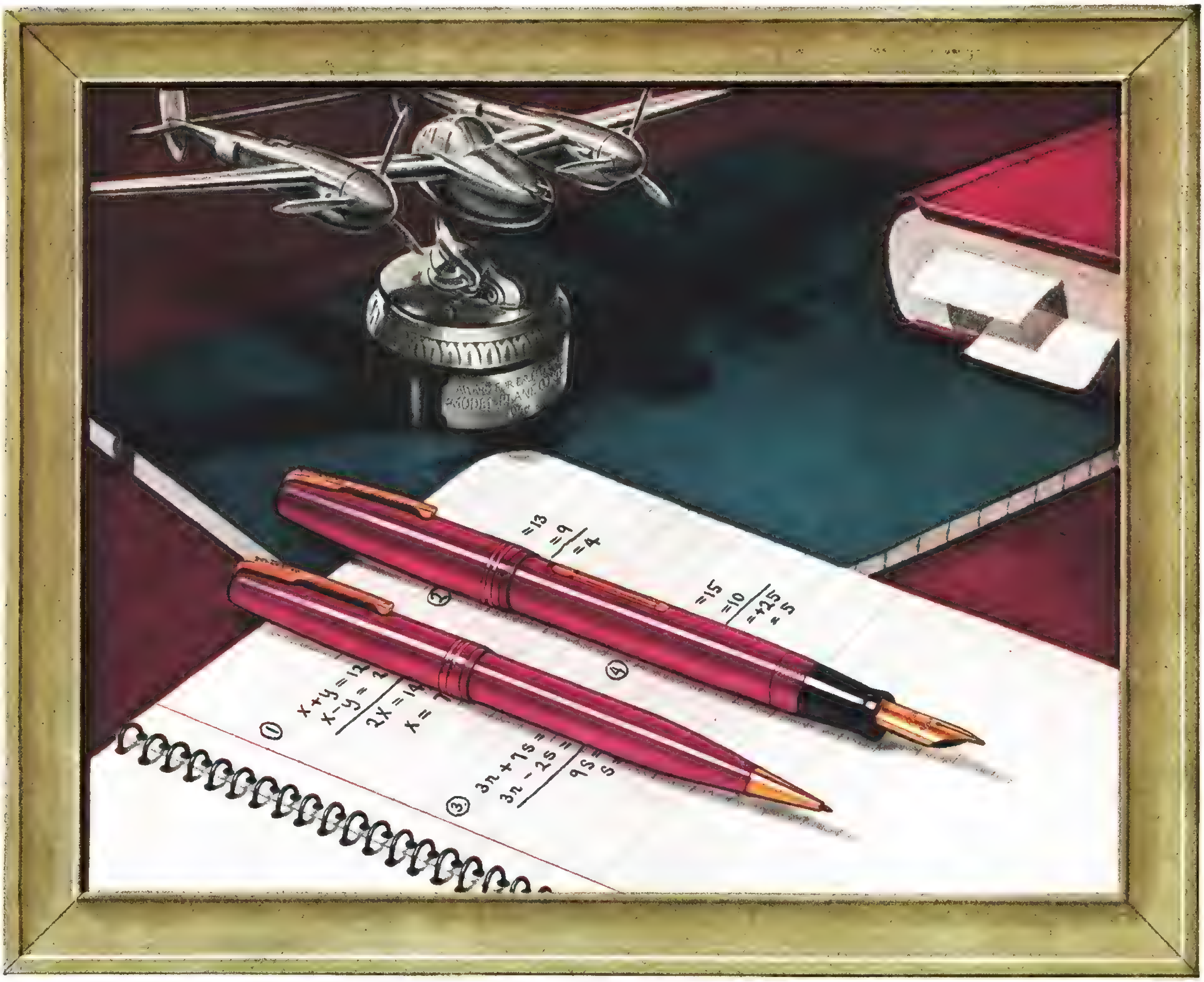
"Yes, John," he said. "I'll buy your skin." He got up. "And thank you for your story."

"It's a good story," John said. "I got lots a stories, come back one day, Mister, and I'll tell you another." He watched the stranger walk toward the big hotel.

"Annie," he shouted, "Annie . . . send young Bill up to the Grand with that pelt. . . . And order another one . . . a bigger one this time." ⧻



"Women seem to do well at most anything"



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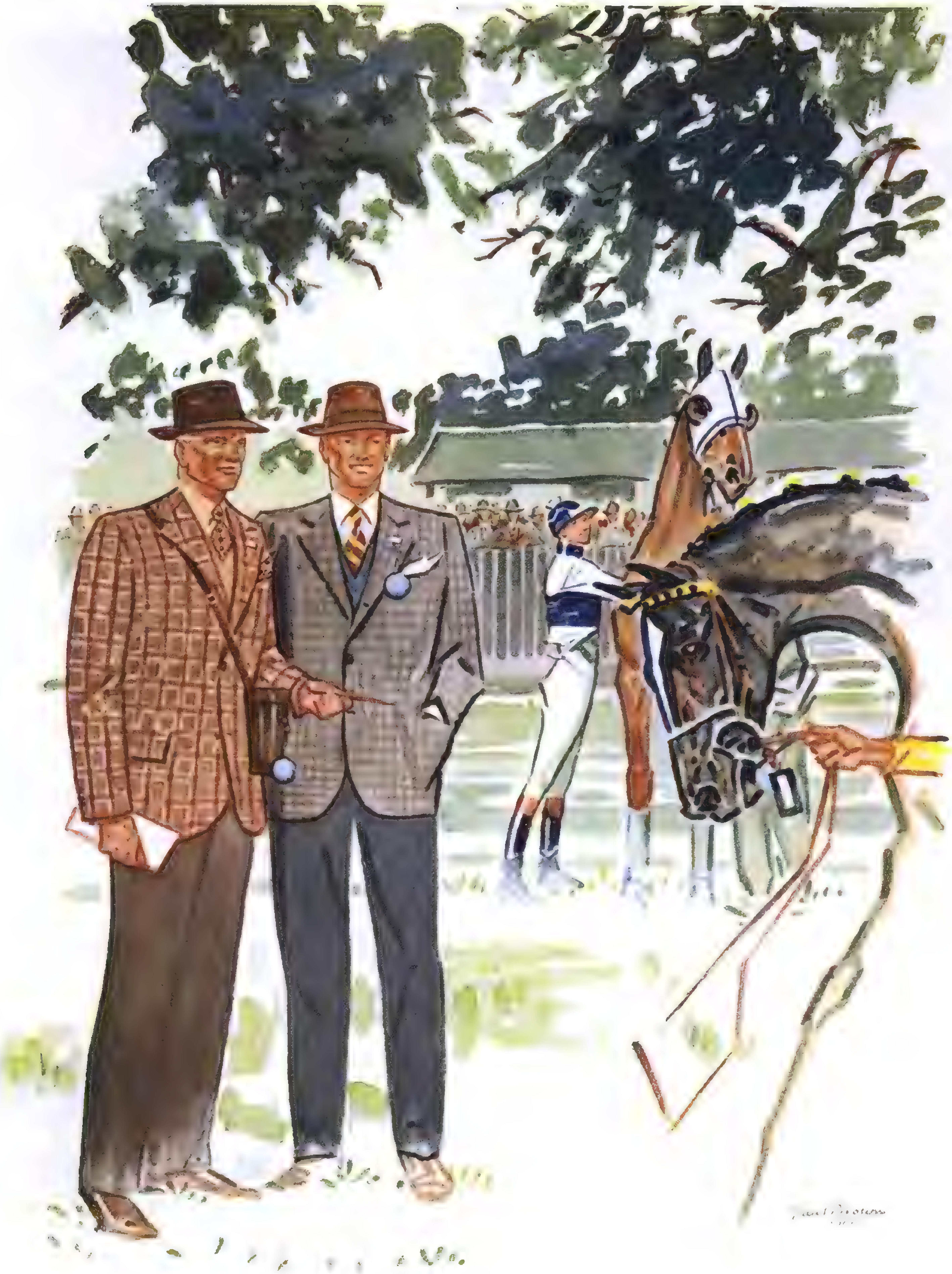

good odds

This scene brings to mind a trainer who had worked steadily a few years ago to bring a thoroughbred up to top form. He was positive he had a sure winner at good odds and suggested that the owner make a substantial bet. He was nonplussed when the owner said, "I'll make my usual small wager just to have an interest in the race. Anyway, what the hell would I do with the money if I won?" The trainer almost had a heart attack. The owner shown at left is wearing a light-dark outfit. The brown and natural shade tweed jacket with blue overplaid is lighter in tone than the darkish grey brown flannel slacks. With these are combined a yellow ground foulard tie, ivory color oxford shirt, tan cashmere sweater, brown felt hat, and shoes. Second man wears bluish checked tweed jacket, grey blue flannel slacks, white oxford shirt, blue sweater, brown hat and shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

THE SECRET OF CALIFORNIA CASUALNESS

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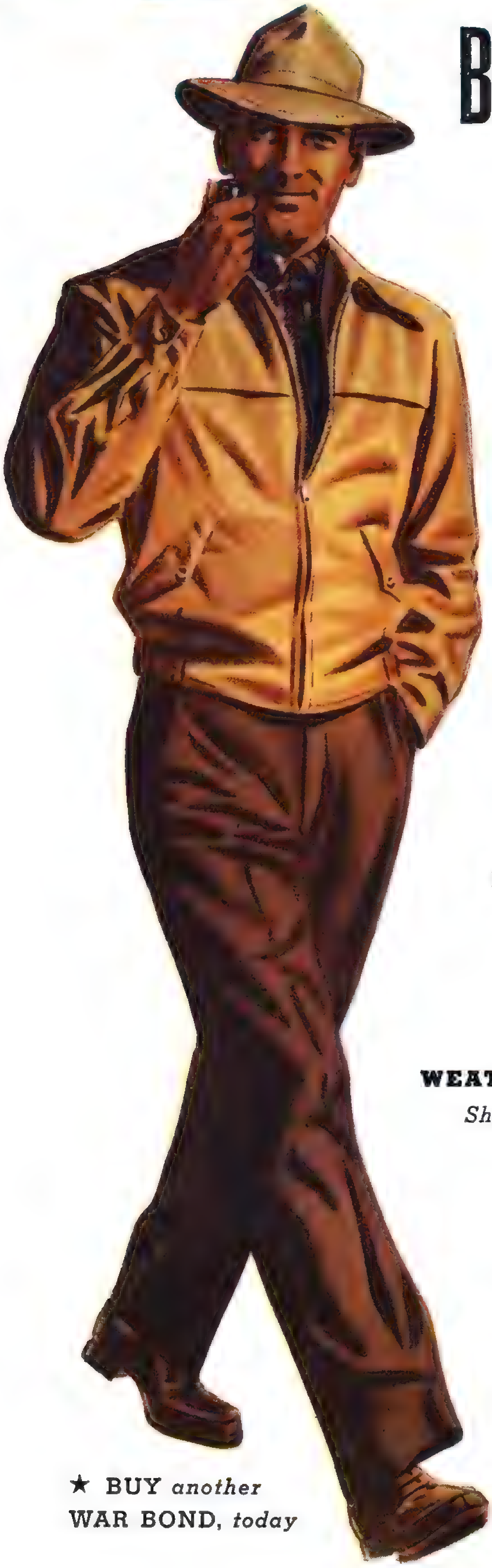

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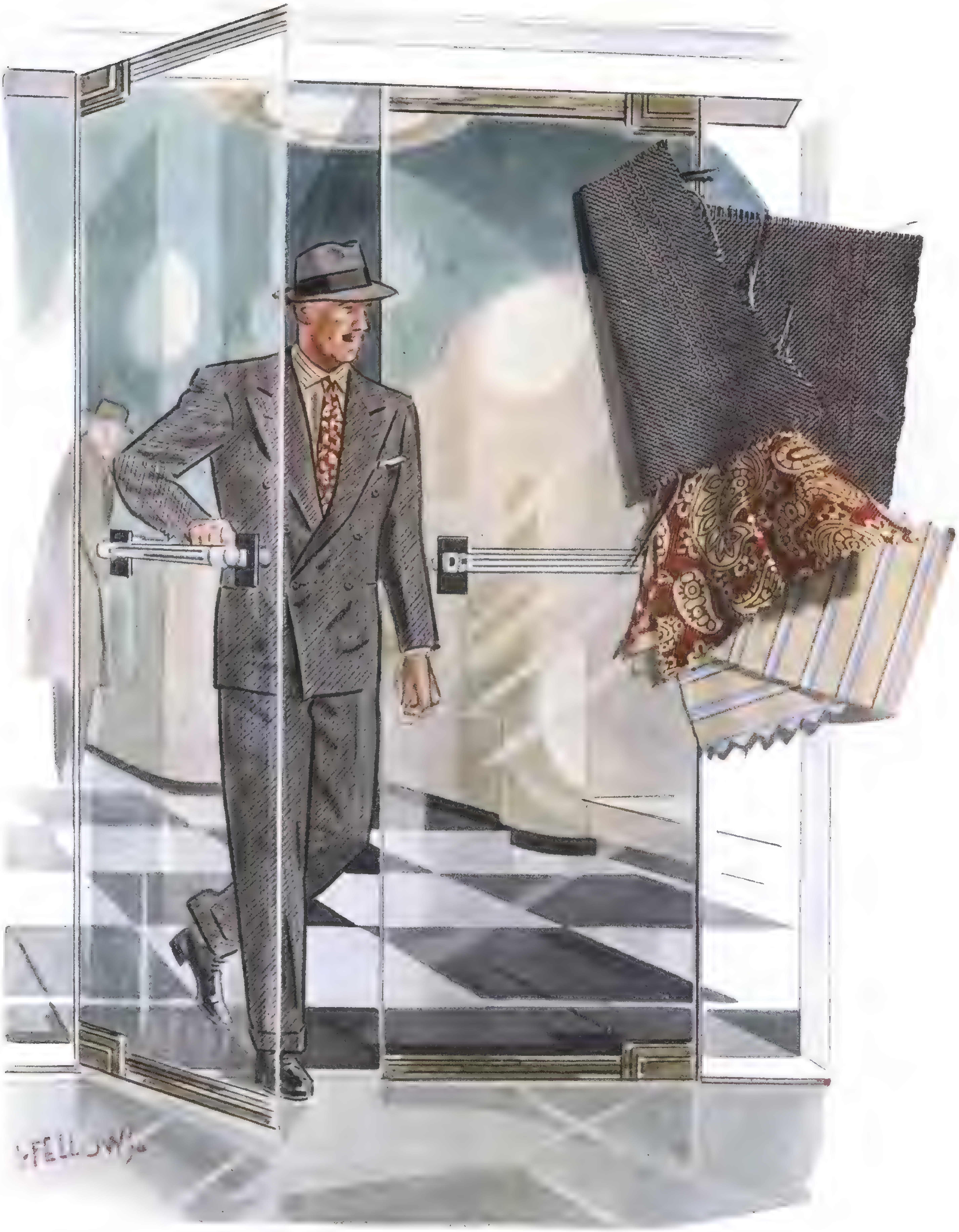

reflecting the light tone

The advent of Fall gives a cue and here it is making a dramatic entrance. It is just a walk-on part at present, but should develop into one of the most eloquent roles in the fashion play of '44. The worsted suit casts the fresh lighter tone that is created by the pale shade threads of the warp of the fabric. The actual suiting tucked beneath the piece of plastic of the door shows a close-up of the pattern and weave. Fall is traditionally a season for dark suits, but this year tradition goes out the window. Well dressed men seeking a pleasant change are adopting this lighter type of suit. It is particularly appropriate in the three-button double-breasted jacket with long roll lapels. With the piece of the suiting appear actual fabrics of the red ground foulard tie and the striped tan broadcloth shirt. The shirt has the widespread collar, felt hat a narrow brim. Shoes are brown town last.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Model of a Modern Soviet General

Continued from page 35

enemy has the same weapons but he doesn't understand the Russian bayonet.

"The soldier's duty is to be healthy, brave, hard, resolute, truthful, honorable. Pray to God, from Him comes victory.

"Study is light, idleness darkness . . . One trained man is worth three untrained."

Science of Victory, dated 1796, gives an accurate profile of the Russian soldier of today. In applying his methods Suvórov was a hard taskmaster, with arduous programs of physical work, incessant bayonet drill, long marches and a ruthless suppression of malingering in the hospitals. Because of his severity he was constantly sniped at by the cavalier crowd in the bepowdered court at St. Petersburg. But two things made it hard for the snipers: the soldiers loved it and it got results on the battlefield.

Rough and ready as he was, Suvórov was no unlettered man. He had little formal education but he was a forceful writer and an inveterate, one-subject reader. He had studied every great general of the past; he knew the details of every important European fortress and the characteristics of all European commanders.

And then, in the year 1796, Catherine died and Paul I ascended the throne. He considered himself a soldier and his idol was Frederick the Great of Prussia. Suvórov despised Prussians in general and Frederick in particular. Paul sent Suvórov into retirement. He was sixty-seven years old. What more had life to offer for him?

Bruce Patterson

"The appearance of enemy barrage on this broadcast does not constitute an endorsement by your announcer"

The answer is plenty, including another string of victories and that final, tragic defeat. This is where Napoleon, he whom Suvórov called "young Bonaparte," enters the picture. Napoleon in 1799 was in Egypt but his armies possessed northern Italy. Move of the associated crowned heads to draft Suvórov to lead the allied armies in the cause of monarchy and order originated in Vienna. Thus in the Spring of 1799 Suvórov appeared in a corner of northern Italy not yet in French hands. The Grand Old Man of war first had to train the Austrian troops. A significant evidence of Suvórov's rightness is the way he brought the Austrian soldiers almost to the level of his own in hardiness and skill.

The battles turned out to be tough ones. The French generals in Italy, MacDonald, Moreau, Masséna, were Napoleon-inspired. For example, in the affair called "the battles of the Trebbia" two French armies were racing to a junction. Suvórov, forced to cut it thin, was bent on defeating one French force before the other arrived. It was a contest of forced marches. The French performed wonders, but at the height of the battle, with the issue in the balance, Suvórov's ace in the hole, a corps of his Russian grenadiers, arrived at the scene. They had made a tremendous march, even for them, and were dog-tired, straggling, by all rules fit only for chow and sleep. Their commander, the able Bagration, begged the marshal for a little rest for the men before joining battle. He pointed out that the remorseless pace had reduced the strength of his companies from one hundred to forty men.

In this crisis Suvórov showed his grasp of the fundamental psychology of war. "Only forty men to a company," he exclaimed. "Well, MacDonald [the French commander] will have only twenty. Forward! Victory!" The battle was won, by Russian bayonets. Suvórov had demonstrated the axiom, simple, but requiring great fortitude in its application, that the enemy always has his troubles, too, and that they are very likely more serious than yours.

By September the conquests of Napoleon in 1796-7 in northern Italy had been cancelled and Suvórov was the Man of the Hour. All the world of the allies paid homage to the hero. The Czar decreed for him honors hitherto only paid to royalty. In London the "Butcher of Praga" blossomed into the savior of Europe. Now, at last, at the age of sixty-nine, did life have anything more to offer? Yes, life had one more thing to offer the old warrior. There was the defeat.

Stage was set in the intrigues of the court of Vienna. With the menace of revolutionary France apparently fading, the power-politicos were back in the saddle. The net result was a high strategic plan by which Suvórov was to leave his Austrians in northern Italy and proceed with his Russians up to Switzerland where he was to defeat again the lieutenants of Bonaparte. The plan looked sour to Suvórov but he was jockeyed into accepting it. He moved toward the passes of the Alps in mid-September of 1799 with 28,000 Russians, all

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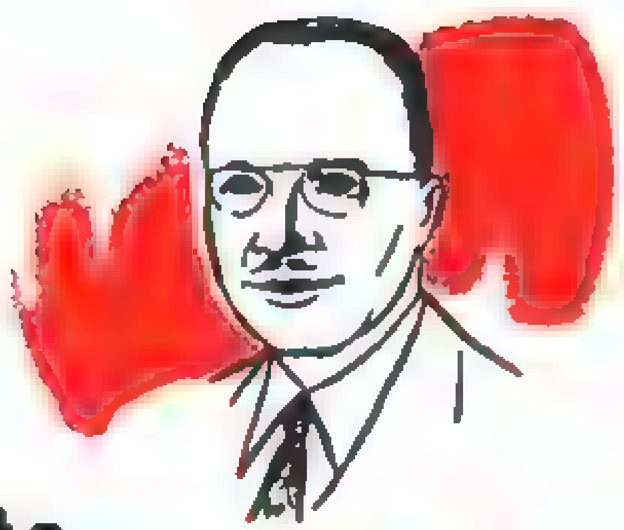

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They Do Something for You

See the handsome all-wool fabrics shown exclusively in Style-Mart Clothes for Fall. Great values at their popular prices.

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Model of a Modern Soviet General

Continued from pages 35-127

of them veteran, crack troops.

Another Russian army, 30,000 strong, commanded by a bumptious Russian nonentity, Korsákov, was already in northern Switzerland. Suvórov was to join them, take command and smash on to Paris. But between Suvórov and Korsákov was a French army of 38,000 commanded by Masséna. It was the old case of a force divided into two parts and opposed by a single force stronger than either of the parts. It was the situation of Trebbia over again but this time with Suvórov on the outside. Masséna decided to contain Suvórov in the passes and to clean up Korsákov first. A sound decision.

From this point of vantage, 145 years after the fact, it is hard to see how a general of Suvórov's caliber could have barged ahead into such a situation. That is what he did and vigorously. Disdaining the safer but longer routes, he chose to cross the Alps by the pass of St. Gothard, narrow and difficult and with its approaches firmly in French hands.

Suvórov's troops were in high spirits and marched as always at lightning speed. Soon in the pass there were encounters which became frequent and expensive. They turned into full-scale battles. Employing all the tricks of the trade, chiefly outflanking maneuvers, Suvórov pushed on. His objective was a little town called Schwyz where he would meet Korsákov, who should be coming from Zurich.

But Korsákov was a dolt compared to the Old Master. Masséna forced Korsákov to battle near Zurich and virtually destroyed his army. That left Suvórov in the narrow pass blocked in by enemy forces soon to be overwhelmingly strong. Joyously, the French commander on the spot sent a message to Massena. "Suvórov and his 28,000 Russians are in our hands."

The captain who had never learned how to surrender had two choices, either to fight his way back, or to forge ahead through terrain equally difficult to the valley of the upper Rhine.

The fighting march which followed seemed a debacle at the time; but now it appears as an epic, one of the proudest pages in the history of Russian arms. Daily the thin Russian column was attacked by superior numbers. Daily the Russian spearhead cleared the winding trails against odds which must have seemed impossible. The Russians were without food, without boots and short of ammunition. The weather was freezing and there was no fuel and no shelter. But they were Russians and Suvórov in disaster was now revealed as Suvórov at his best. The Old Man rode along, generally in his old cocksure manner, only there came times when he was supported on either side by a husky Cossack and there were times when the Cossacks could be seen breaking up a lance to provide fuel to brew their leader a cup of tea.

Nine days the ordeal lasted. Finally, October 8, 1799, the hungry and tattered army crossed the upper Rhine. Masséna had won a victory—had saved indeed the revolutionary cause, but he was disconsolate at having failed to annihilate an army which was in the bag. There were still 15,000 Russians with Suvórov. They had managed to collect 1,400 French prisoners, and bringing them in was perhaps the most remarkable feat of all. When the campaigners had a meal they clamored for another chance against the French.

Suvórov, not in the least consoled by having turned in his most magnificent feat of arms, was enraged against the Austrians. Czar Paul supported him in that and broke off the Austrian alliance, but peremptorily ordered Suvórov to return to Russia.

Suvórov journeyed back to the homeland by easy stages. He still was World's Soldier Number One and there were receptions en route. Six months after the events of St. Gothard the aged field marshal arrived at St. Petersburg. In the latter days of his trip he had been sick. The Czar neglected the soldier who obviously could be of no more use to him, so the Great Captain lingered on without benefit of royal attention. On May 18, 1800, Suvórov died. His last word was "Genoa." It was through Genoa and not through Switzerland that Suvórov had wanted to make his drive on Paris.

Suvórov was hardly laid in his grave before Napoleon was back from Egypt. In the bright glare of Napoleon's victories those of Suvórov were obscured. That was true in the western world but not in Russia. To the Russians Napoleon was just another opportunist, perhaps another Charles XII, who would do well not to try his luck on the road to Moscow. In Russia Suvórov remained the Number One Soldier and through the years he has held his place.

On the Great Captain's tombstone is engraved the phrase, cryptic and typical: "Here lies Suvórov."

Yes, there he lies—but today on thousands of miles of battle front his spirit lives. ⧺

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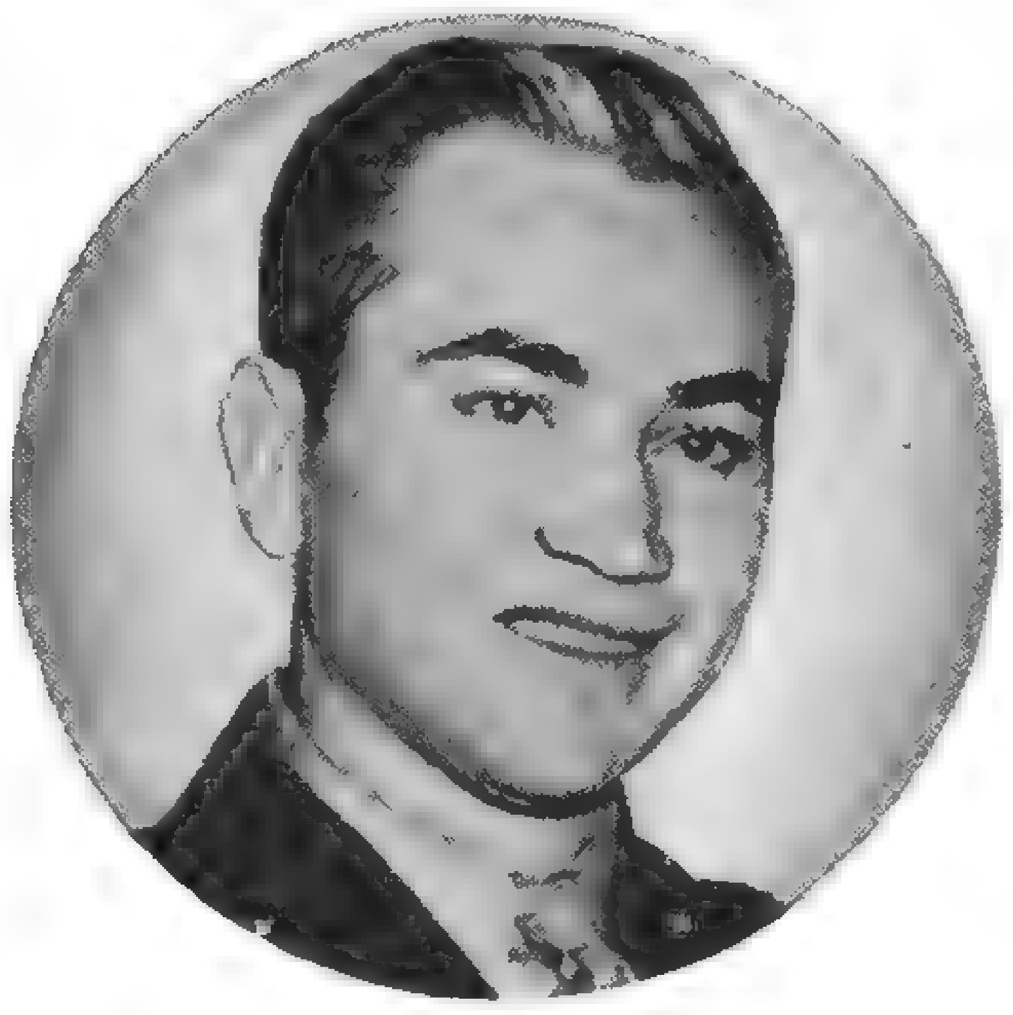

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The Brothers of the Paddock

Continued from page 47

looking guy you saw in your dream?"

"Louie."

"What?"

"Louie."

"You mean him? That crazy nut sitting over there?"

"Yes, that's who I mean."

"Joe, I am practically ready to bust out laughing which I won't because I value your friendship above a good laugh."

"I don't blame you that you want to laugh. This is a very funny dream. I give you my permission to laugh but I am not going to stoop to that. I am going to do just what the dream says I should do. I am going to do that because I have so much loyalty for my brothers. I don't know much about dreams, but I am willing to sacrifice two beers and some nice words and two dollars on the daily double and this gamble I am about to take. Nothing is too much for my brothers. I want you to tell our brothers that I expect full co-operation from them while I follow the instructions of my dream. I am now going to finish my beer and five more besides and then I am going to follow the details of my dream."

Parlay Joe bought Louie two beers and said some nice words. Louie smiled, then laughed and cried. This change, that he knew would someday come, was here and he could not believe that it was reality and not a dream.

The clientele of the Paddock were not very sympathetic toward Joe's actions but Joe tried following the details of his dream.

Joe finally asked Louie for the winners of the daily double. Louie did not follow the races so he was unable to give an answer to Joe's request. Finally Joe out of sheer desperation asked Louie to give him two numbers which Louie did.

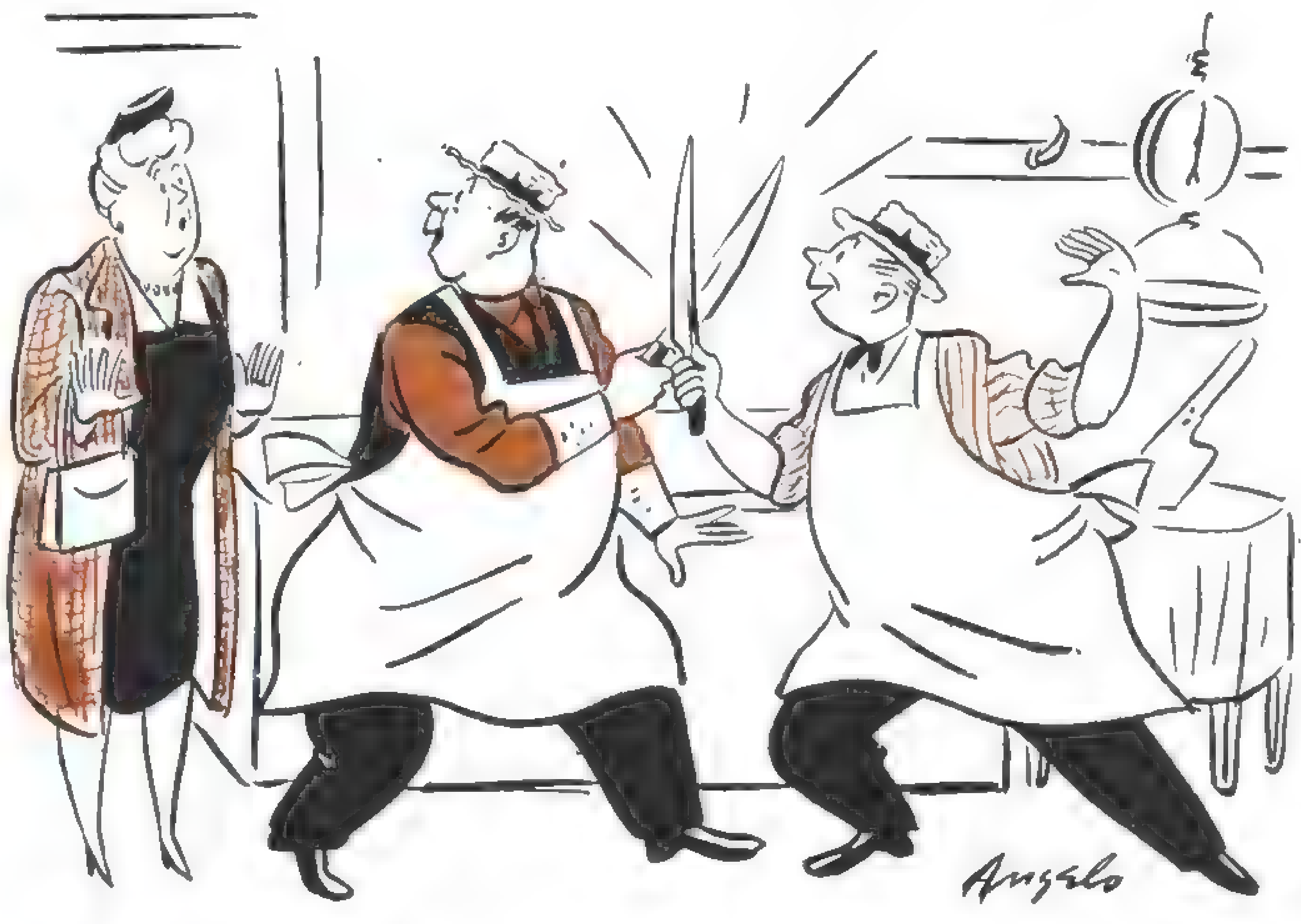
When Joe asked if any of the other patrons would care to make a bet along with himself, they laughed and ridiculed Joe's belief in the supernatural. Joe doubted that Louie's guesses were any good; especially since the two horses were long shots, but he was a gambler and hadn't pulled a winner in weeks so he decided to wager two dollars.

Joe pulled a winner which in turn shocked the clientele of the Paddock. They shrugged it off as a stroke of luck. After Joe pulled three winners in three straight days by following the predictions of Louie, the boys started wondering whether there was something to this dream stuff. One by one they started betting according to Louie and the winners were their choices. The Paddock and its clientele were growing richer by the race. It was a slow journey toward wealth since they were limited to making only a two-dollar bet but with the money they were getting they were richer than they had ever been.

Louie was a god in their eyes. Never in the history of the world has one man ever been showered with so many nice words as Louie. He was the center of their conversations, their drinking parties, their attentions, their lives. He was the most important man in the world; more important than Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Hitler and the war. They showered him with gifts.

The boys had their cars and their clothes which were very flashy and they had their dames, mostly blondes with fur jackets. The Paddock was taking on a new life; at first, when it was for men only, the premises were not exactly clean and beautiful, so after the dames invaded the joint there were some changes made which improved the looks of the Club Paddock (its new name). There was even an orchestra playing while before Joe's dream they could not afford even a juke box so you can imagine what changes were made. The boys were rolling in dough and they weren't saving any of it. They tossed away the racing forms and no longer cared to use their good judgment in the selection of the winners of the other races. Winning the daily double was good enough for them. No one cared to investigate just

Continued on page 132



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The Brothers of the Paddock

Continued from pages 47-130

how long this would go on. They placed themselves entirely in Louie's hands and his guesses because that's all his predictions were—guesses. One day Louie's prediction was the wrong one and his followers were shocked. For a while they doubted the power of Louie's luck. Parlay Joe called a meeting and an investigation was made. Camden Cal has made a bet of twenty-two dollars which was against the wishes of Joe's dream. Camden Cal said that he figured since it was two two's it would not change the charm. With his promise and the promises of all concerned not to make a bet of more than two dollars, Louie's luck returned. A period of perfect prediction followed.

One day Louie came up to me and says, "Bookie Bob, I would like to make a bet on the daily double."

"I didn't think you gambled, Louie," I says.

"I don't and for that I am truly respected by all my friends."

"Why do you want to make a bet? You're doing much better than you have ever done before."

"That is true, Bookie Bob, but I want to win some money which I want to send to my dear brother Barney who is in the Army."

"Well, that's mighty nice. I will gladly place a bet for you."

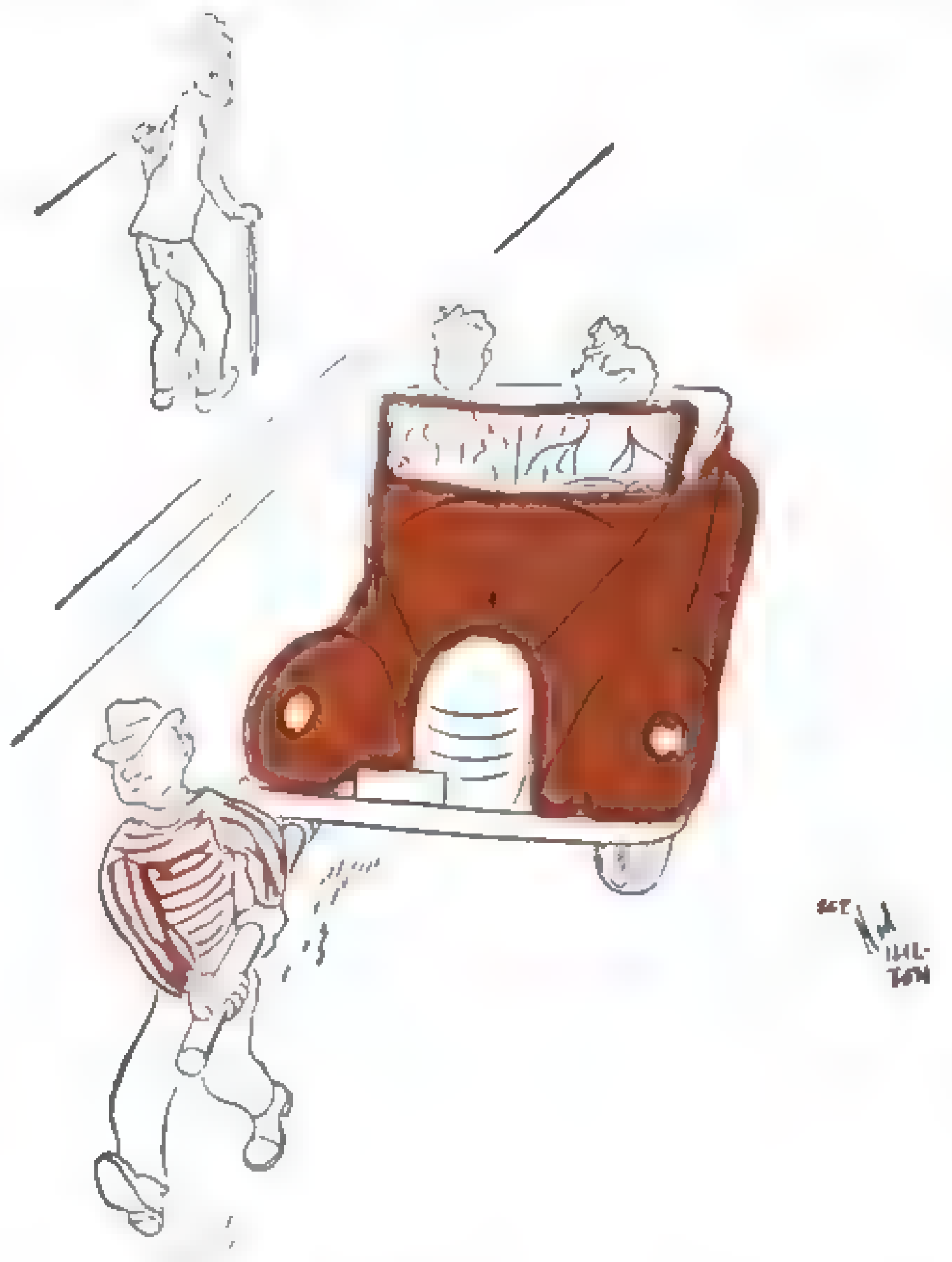
"I am giving you fifty dollars. You will put two dollars down every day on the daily double according to the predictions that I make. With all the money that I win, I wish that you would send it to my brother Barney. He is getting married and will need the money to support the woman that he marries. I will give you his address."

"Okay, Louie, anything you say."

"You must promise me that you will not let this be known to my friends who respect me so much because I do not gamble."

"Sure, Louie, I won't say a word."

I placed those bets for Louie along with the bets of the other boys. Joe's dream might have been a farce after all because from that day on there were no more winners picked by Louie. The patrons of the Paddock were shocked. Investigations were made as to who placed more than two bucks on the bet but everyone swore their innocence in the matter. Their funds gradually dwindled away and their confidence in Louie was leaving them. The boys were going broke and they did not want to stop betting on Louie's predictions simply because they felt his luck would change again and anyway they had won a lot of dough by betting with Louie, and they did not want to convince themselves that Louie's luck was gone. From all appearances Louie's luck was just a flash in the pan.



". . . of course, this is just a temporary arrangement until the tire is recapped"

Joe was called upon to review his dream to see if there wasn't some thing that would give them the reason for the change. For three days Joe did not return to the Paddock. He spent that time in his apartment whose rent was overdue redreaming his dream. They did everything according to the requirements of the dream. He was about to give up when he remembered the voice of his dream. He couldn't remember what those words were but he believed it a warning that someone should not do any betting. Who that someone was he did not know. Hours of hope that his memory would tell him the identity were in vain.

On the fourth day Joe returned to the Paddock and its patrons who patiently awaited his return. He told them of his findings and neither could they find who that someone could be. They struck on an elimination plan. One by one each placed a bet alone; still there was no winner in sight.

Since Louie had a reputation of not gambling, they did not question him. They did not think that Louie himself could have any effect on his luck.

Days passed and the identity of that someone remained unknown. The boys went broke and the dames disappeared. The Paddock returned to its original self. It now had no juke box, no orchestra, nothing.

The boys never talk about Louie's luck. They spend their time with racing forms and borrowing a few dollars for a few beers and a bet on a race. Someone still pulls a winner so there's still a few bucks in circulation. Louie is despised as he was before but I don't see him crying in the alley like I used to. He sits at his corner table dreaming of the days when he was the most important man in the Paddock and his eyes smile with the vision of those days.

I'm still the only guy around that ever says a decent word to Louie. I buy him some drinks and give him a few bucks. Why the hell shouldn't I: Louie doesn't gamble any more and he gives me his predictions. What the hell's a few dollars from my pocket when I'm winning the daily double every day? ♯

"Welcome, Friend!"
THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Two Home-y Words Telling Why It's Chicago's BASIC Advertising Medium

"Welcome, friend!"... Multiply this simple phrase more than a million fold and you get the measure of feeling which so strongly supports The Chicago Daily News... An evening newspaper, a family newspaper with more than a million reader-friends who at the end of every week-day say "Welcome, friend!"... Chicago's key audience for advertisers—and how well business executives throughout the land know it!... For 43 consecutive years they have placed in The Daily News more Total Display linage than in any other Chicago newspaper, morning, evening or Sunday*... Never failing response, at maximum economy, has convinced them that they are right!

*For fair comparison, liquor linage omitted since The Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.

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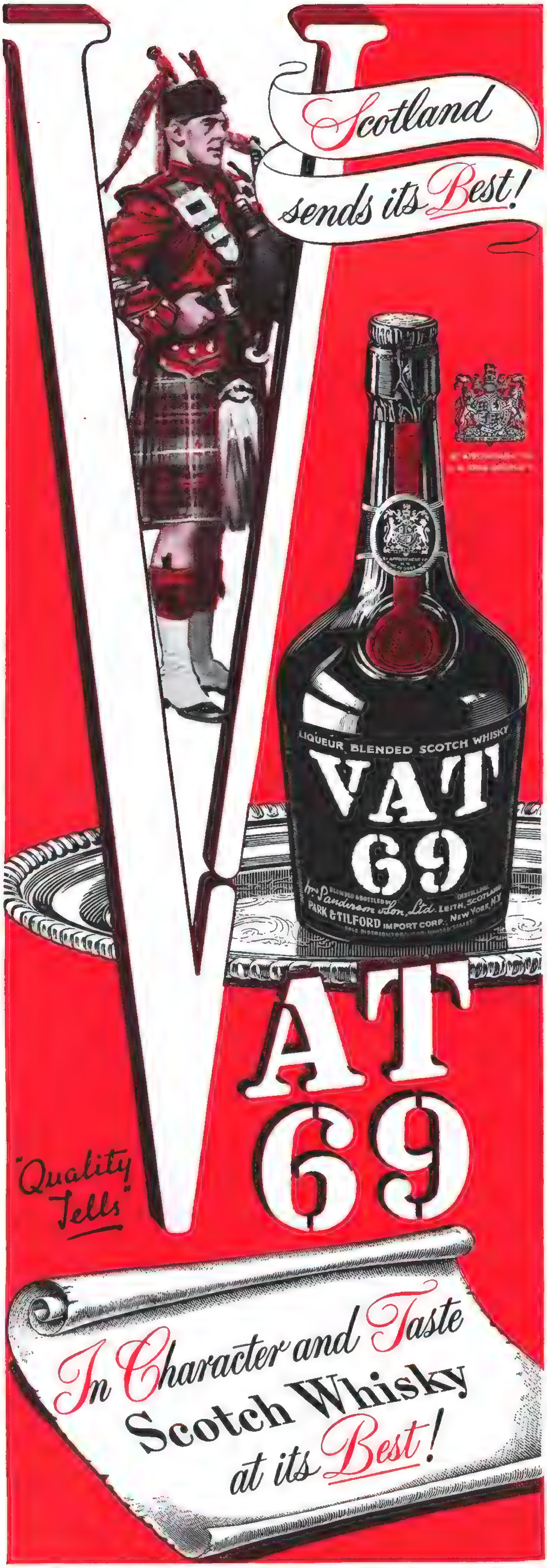

Scotland sends its Best!
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. Leith, Scotland
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. New York, N.Y.
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"
In Character and Taste
Scotch Whisky
at its Best!

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

Review

Revived at the Grand Theatre yesterday was a film produced in 1915, featuring two groups of the times, the Keystone Cops and the Mack Sennett Bathing Girls. It illustrates perfectly how times and tastes change. This picture, a tragedy, was undoubtedly harrowing enough even in those times. Today the disasters that pile up one on top of another are simply too much for an audience to bear. Tragedy is one thing, morbidness something else.

At the very start of the picture the hero is returning from a store with a lot of sugar when a small boy shoots an air rifle at the bag, causing the sugar to spill all over the street. Several sobs were heard in the audience when this occurred. The sobs were louder when he got in his car and found that a hole in his gas tank had drained his entire supply into the gutter, and several people, feeling that they had had too much, got up and walked out of the theatre.

Shortly afterwards a terrific fight took place in a large kitchen. Cops, housewives and bathing girls, all milling around in a wild scramble, started throwing butter, pies, eggs, meat, cups of coffee and all manner of other foodstuffs at one another. During this scene many women in the audience became hysterical. Some fainted, others screamed, still others covered their eyes and looked away, and there were cries of: "Stop it! Stop it!"

But the authors were not satisfied and insisted on piling up catastrophe on calamity in a fashion that might have been ludicrous if it were not so horrible. The payoff came in a traffic scene where eight or nine automobiles took part in a mad chase through busy city streets. Even the strongest men in the audience paled when tires squealed and skidded around corners. And then came the most gruesome thing ever shown on a movie screen—the complete destruction of twenty-eight tires as seven cars careened over a dump piled high with broken bottles and glasses. It was this last incident that caused John F. Higby, 43, of 117 East Lincoln Avenue, to die of a heart attack, and resulted in the film being withdrawn. It is difficult to understand how this could have ever been considered funny, or why the Grand Theatre ever revived it.

—Parke Cummings

LIFE GUARD
ICE CREAM

"It's not muscles that gets them, Eddie — it's Mum!"

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

Men who know women know it's the little things that really count with them—little things like Mum. That's why so many popular men, successful men make Mum a daily must. They know a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum guards against risk of underarm odor *to come*. Mum only takes 30 seconds to apply—gives all day protection. It's safe, harmless to shirts and skin. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

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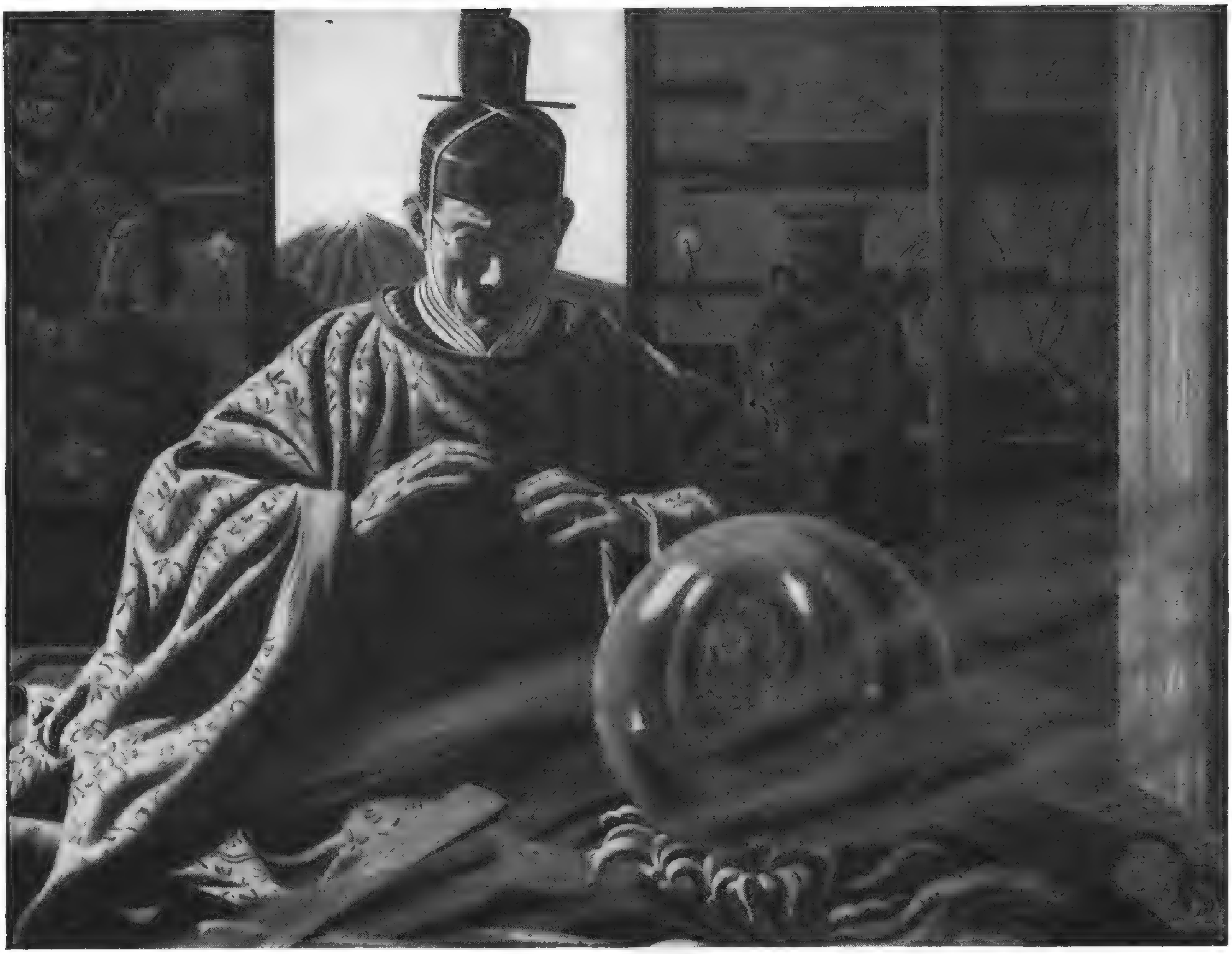
MUM Helps a Man Make the Grade



The Omen...

To the heart of Japan from our nearest major air base is 1,500 miles. Block-busters weigh up to six tons — a dozen machine guns with ammunition weigh 3,500 pounds — 4,000 gallons of gasoline weigh 12 tons. Add up such facts as these and it is evident that to break down the barriers of distance behind which Tokyo lies hidden, one thing is essential — brute power. That power is now in action in the most concentrated form ever produced — an ominous power that holds particular foreboding for Japan . . .

Not even the Emperor's crystal gazers saw this one coming.

It is the most powerful airplane engine in production — an 18-cylinder Wright Cyclone that packs 2,200 horsepower into a diameter of only 55 inches.

Making possible the new Boeing Superfortress which strikes with more than twice the range of our heaviest previous bombers, power such as this means still greater superiority in the air for the men who fly against the enemy.

Thousands of men and women are busy night and day turning out this new engine power. Working as a fast, highly skilled production team, they are playing a major part in speeding the end of the war, and enlarging the whole future that lies ahead for America's returning men of the air.

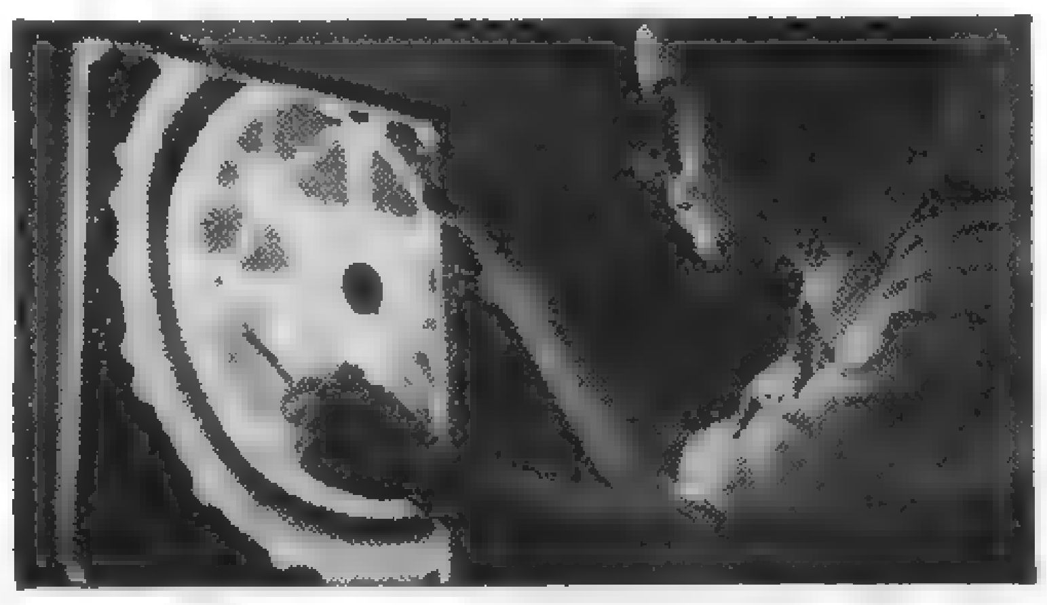
Then, the whole vast energy of American aviation can become a force for good . . . The need is here. The plants are here. The skills of 5,000,000 flyers and trained workers are here.

But many problems must be solved if those skills are to be one of the truly great peacetime legacies of this war — problems that call for straight thinking and action outside the aviation industry as well as in: Problems of reconversion and finance — of international aviation agreements — of our national policy of security—of the distribution of surplus military aircraft, and the degree of regulation or encouragement for the airlines of the United States.

The solution of those problems depends upon all of us in America, not alone upon those of us who build air power!

Look to the Sky, America!

This intricate machine tool cuts the fins in forged cylinder heads for Wright Cyclones. This process is typical of the many operations that have made possible the mass production of the 2,200 horsepower Cyclones.



Protecting our flyers against engine failure resulting from hidden sub-surface defects, the X-ray inspection shown here is only one of more than 50 thousand inspections in the production of each Wright Cyclone.

On this 24-station assembly line 52,800 horsepower of Wright Cyclones are being readied for test cells. The world's most powerful airplane engines, they help make possible the new Boeing B-29 Superfortress.

CURTISS
WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

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The All-American Boys' Ball Game

Continued from page 95

and the Minneapolis *Daily Times* awarded baseball medals to the boys who were honored.

A husky and versatile youngster who has had the eyes of big league scouts on him for two years came out of Memphis when Walter Stewart of *The Commercial Appeal* selected Gilbert Mills of South Side High School. Bill Terry rated him worth 10,000 dollars.

Vincent George (Pat) Wohlers, who played outfield for the Franklin High School team in Portland, Oregon, and first base for the Buckler team in the Portland American Legion, was named by [illegible] sports editor of the *Oregon Journal*, Portland, Oregon, to represent his state in the All-American Boys' Game. Baseball coaches and scouts who have followed young Wohlers, who is a farmer's son, claim he's the tops as far as the kids with a future in that region are concerned. "Never saw a kid so surprised in my life," reported George Bertz, "as when I told Wohlers that he was going to New York. His eyes popped and his mouth fell wide open as he said, 'New York,' in amazement."

Henry [illegible] Jr., shortstop on Davenport's state championship high school nine, was Sec Taylor's choice. He doesn't intend to become a ballplayer, but already has entered the University of Iowa to become a doctor.

Braven Dyer, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, selected his Southern California representative from the Dorsey Invitation tournament which features the best regional high school nines. Ervin Palica, who pitched half a dozen games for Narbonne High and still managed to hang up a .483 batting average for the prep season, is one of six brothers, two of whom are now playing professional baseball. Ambrose pitches for Baltimore in the International League and Alex is with Wilkes-Barre. Their parents came from Yugoslavia about thirty years ago. Now only a sophomore in high school, Ervin also plays a good game of basketball. Only once has he been outside the state, then only on a brief trip to Arizona, so the excursion to New York with Braven Dyer and [illegible] eighteen-year-old son was a big event in his life.

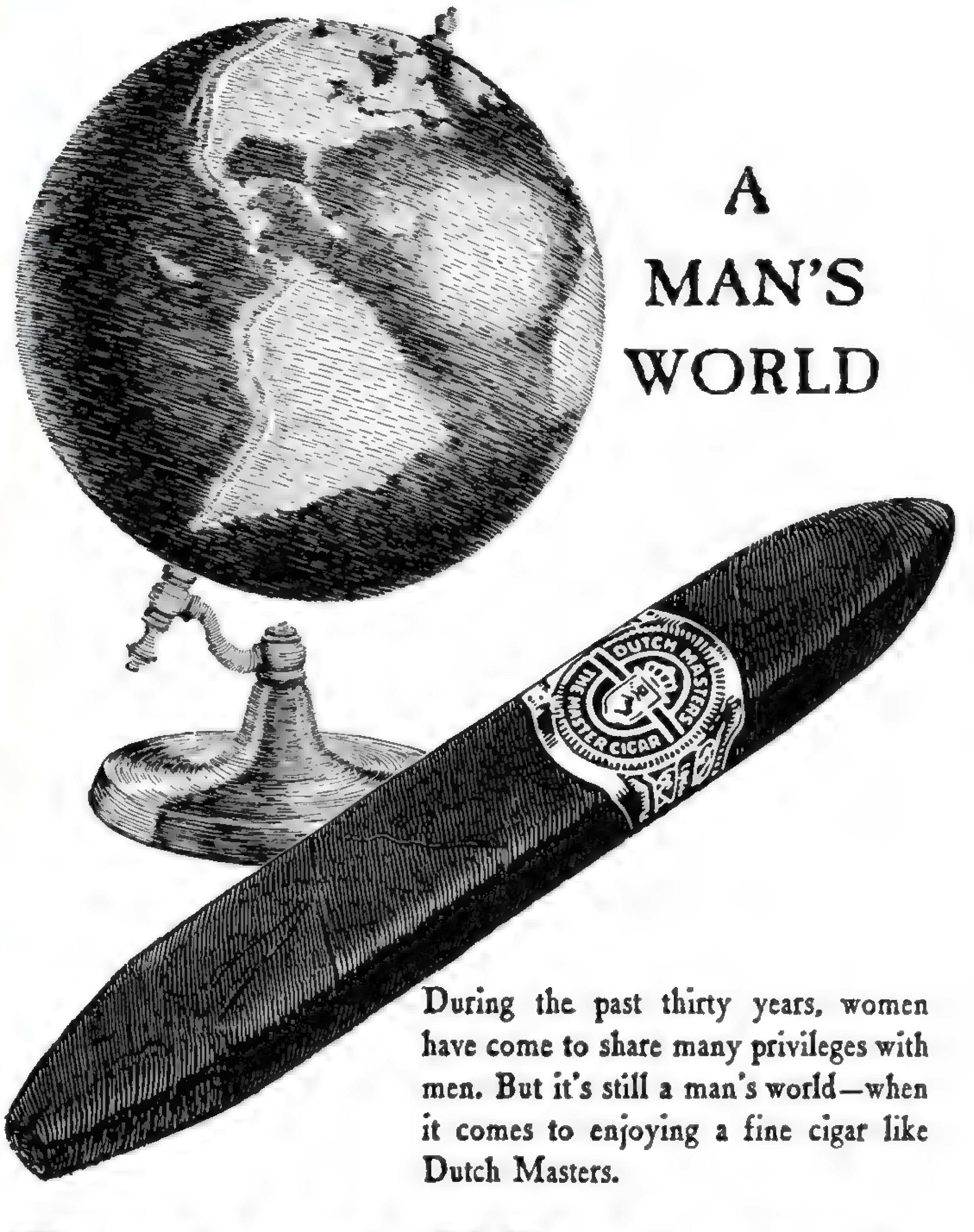
Royal Brougham, sports editor of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, organized a game between the Seattle-Tacoma all-star team and the team made up of stars from the rest of the state of Washington. Bill Skiff, manager of the Seattle Rainiers, handled the former nine in the game, and Dolph Camilli, Oakland manager, di-

BRUGAL RUM
The RUM with the RICHER FLAVOR
BRUGAL
SINCE 1888
SPECIAL FOR HIGHBALLS
GOLD LABEL
DELICIOUS STRAIGHT
BRUGAL
Brugal Rum
GOLD LABEL
SUPERIOR
PUERTO RICAN RUM
ONE QUART DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY 86 PROOF
BRUGAL & CO. C. por A.
RIO PIEDRAS, P.R. WEST INDIES
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE AGENT FOR UNITED STATES
GOLD & WHITE LABEL - 86 Proof
BRUGAL - Famous in the West Indies Since 1888

Matchless!.. because its *richer* flavor is a treasured tradition...a Brugal *family* tradition that means every bottle is offered with pride. You'll find eloquent evidence of this great heritage in every sip. Its *richer* flavor comes through in *any* drink—making it a taste treat to delight both you and your guests!

In addition to the usual rum drinks, Brugal is without superior in a highball, Old Fashioned, or a straight drink.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.


DUTCH MASTERS
THE MASTER CIGAR

A MAN'S WORLD

During the past thirty years, women have come to share many privileges with men. But it's still a man's world—when it comes to enjoying a fine cigar like Dutch Masters.

DUTCH MASTERS

Gilbert Mills, p
Memphis

Pat Wohlers, 1b
Portland, Oregon

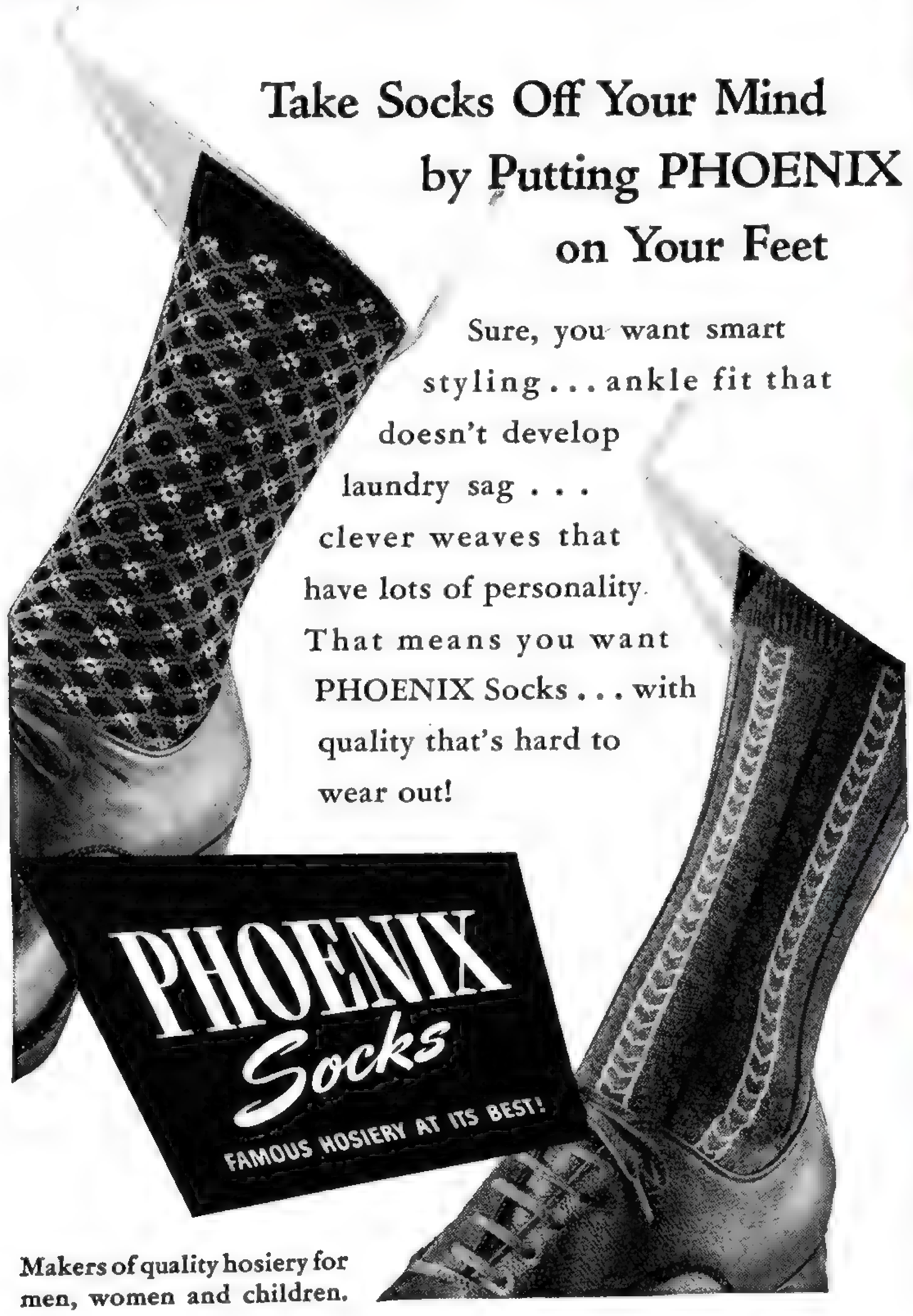
Howard Raines, 2b
Oklahoma City

rected the state boys. "Greatest young catcher since Bill Dickey broke in." That was what Bill Skiff, manager of the Seattle Rainiers, said about Jim Presley, Gonzaga High School football, basketball, track and baseball star who won the nod in the great double-header all-star game staged by Royal Brougham of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. Dolph Camilli, Sylvester Johnson, former big leaguers, and Buddy Ryan, veteran coach, served on the jury naming Presley the best of the forty-four boys named to play in the game. Presley is said to have an arm like Mickey Cochrane and is a hard, line-drive hitter, and fast enough to be the star hurdler for his school. A crowd of 10,000 saw the games, which Royal Brougham rated "a sensational success, attracting interest all over the northwest."

Carl Hubbell and Cy Blanton, former big league pitching stars, managed rival all-star boys' teams in an all-Oklahoma game promoted by Hal Middlesworth of the *Daily Oklahoman*, Oklahoma City, to determine the boy to represent that great feeding ground of great ballplayers.

Howard Raines, a pint-sized infielder "who fields second base exactly like Miller Huggins did," according to Jack Ryan, St. Louis Cardinals scout, won the vote of the scouts and managers who served on the jury panel in the ball game between the Cy Blantons and the Carl Hubbells, which the former team won 14 to 6 before more than 2,000 fans. Hubbell's team, however, produced the All-American boy, who

Continued on page 138



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Sure, you want smart styling . . . ankle fit that doesn't develop laundry sag . . . clever weaves that have lots of personality. That means you want PHOENIX Socks . . . with quality that's hard to wear out!

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Heathertones by New Era have a knack for fitting into your work-a-day or play mood. They're soft-feeling and soft-hued . . . have that "right" look whether you're leisure-minded or mean business, thanks to smart New Era tailoring. Verney takes a bow for creating this quality spun rayon blend fabric. You'll applaud these New Era Heathertones. At your favorite store.

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"Float me over by the guy who smokes that fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh"

Smokes as sweet as it smells
"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
UNION MADE
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

The All-American Boys' Ball Game

Continued from pages 95-137

also doubles in pitching. Years ago in Oklahoma City's Webster grade school, **Raines** was a teammate of **Calvin Coolidge McLish,** the young Dodger pitcher, and his ambition is to play on the Dodgers.

A member of the Living War Memorials Commission for which the All-American Boys' Game in New York is being played, **Bill Leiser,** sports editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* organized with the aid of the Legion an East-West Bay all-star game from which the representative of his zone was chosen.

In spite of a freak storm which caused a postponement, **Bill Leiser's** game drew over 7,000 and produced a fine young ballplayer, **Vic Picetti,** sixteen-year-old first baseman of the Mission High and Lincoln Hill Post Legion nines, who is rated worthy in the realms of famous San Francisco Italian ballplayers. **Picetti** is a left-handed throwing and hitting first baseman who was high man in homers and batting in his league with a .406 average.

Orville Henry, sports editor of the *Arkansas Gazette,* Little Rock, Arkansas, arranged a clinic at Little Rock, with the Traveler Baseball Team acting as judges to name the boy to go to New York.

High school and Legion ball was virtually extinct in Kansas City, Missouri, when **Clyde E. McBride** and **Ernest Mehl** of the Kansas City *Star* went to work. Kansas City's choice was **James Edward Propst,** left-handed pitcher and outfielder. **Propst's** last game was a one-hitter, and at the time of his selection he was hitting close to .800 in the Legion league. His father is a former teammate of **Mort** and **Walker Cooper** of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Chester Nelson of the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* made a perfect success of the All-American Boy promotion. "I attended a meeting of all Legion players," he wrote, "and all they talked about was the All-American Boys' Game."

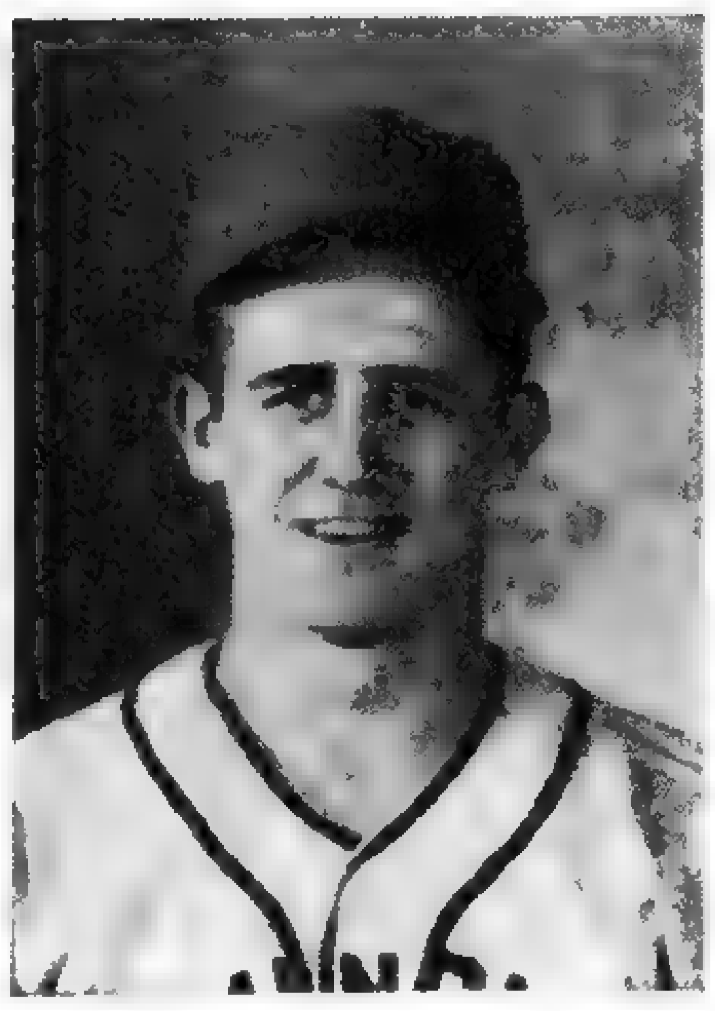
Virgil Jester, star pitcher of the North Denver High School champions and leading twirler in the Denver American Legion League was selected to represent Colorado by *The Rocky Mountain News* and baseball officials of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post of the American Legion. Ever since he was eight **Jester** has been a diamond star. He has a powerful arm and won five games and lost one for North High in the strongest amateur league in the state, hurling at one stretch twenty-six straight scoreless innings. In Legion play he won his first three games, run-

These Zero King coats are typical of the casual comfort, easy freedom, warmth and service of Zero King outdoor wear for men and boys. The man's coat is a water and wind resistant cotton gabardine, sheep lined, with brown lamb collar. The boy's cotton gabardine coat is warmly lined with deep pile fabric —two of many styles for Fall.

Sorry they're not as easy to find as they used to be—but they're worth looking for.
B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO.
Park Square, St. Paul, Minn.

Vic Picetti, 1b
San Francisco

Frank Azzarello, 1b
New Orleans


Jimmy Nelson, c
Birmingham

ning his scoreless string to thirty-nine frames before giving up a run. He is also a good hitter and has played both infield and outfield.

Fred Digby, sports editor of the New Orleans *Item,* planned to select his player by votes from high school and Legion coaches, the *Item's* staff and the manager of the Pelicans—**Fresco Thompson,** ex-big leaguer.

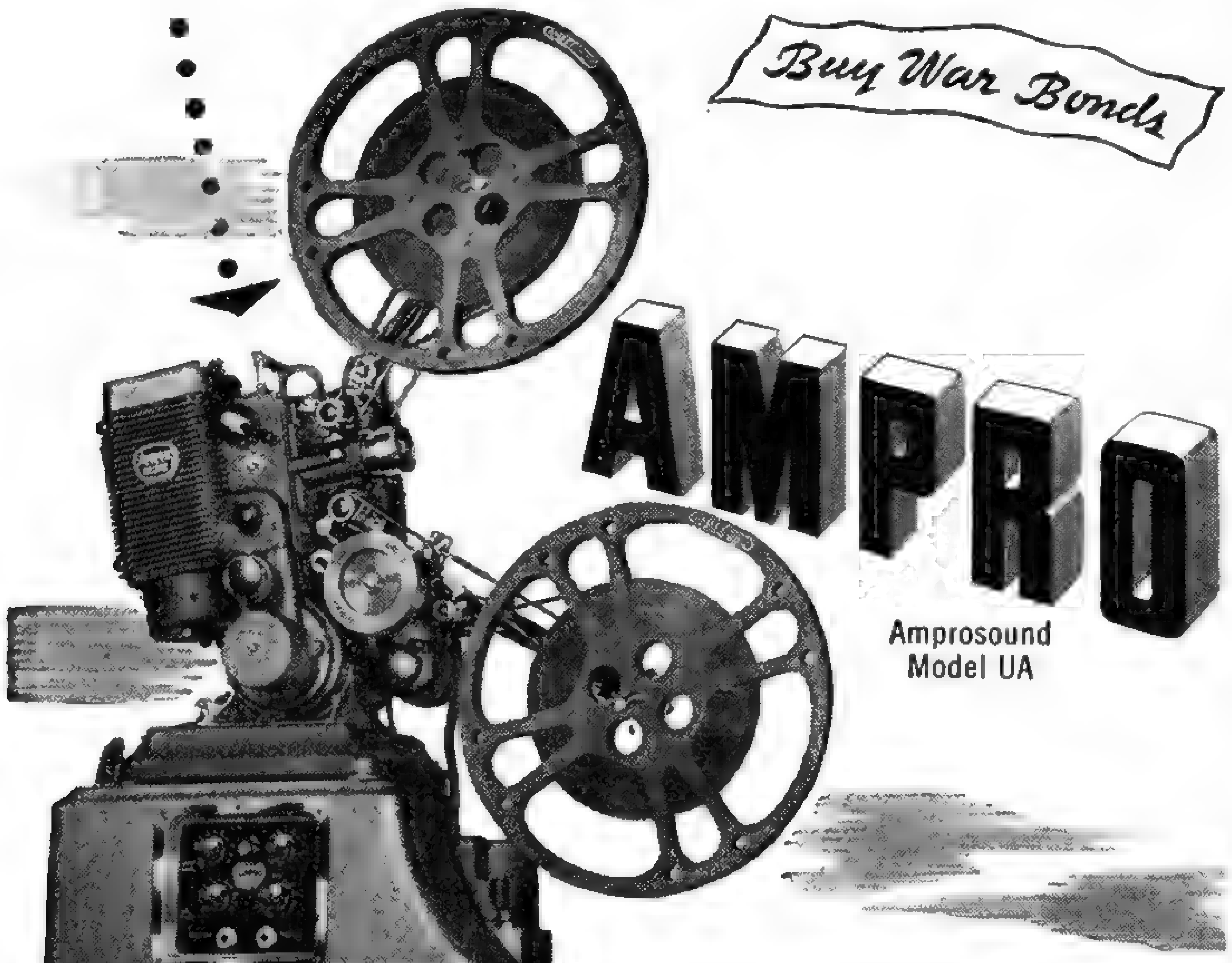
Louisiana's Number One boy baseball player is left-handed **Frank Azzarello,** son of an Italian shoemaker and the best all-around prep and Legion player in New Orleans, according to the survey of coaches and scouts. A student at Samuel J. Peters High School, **Azzarello** pitched his team into the state and city finals and was named all-city and all-state. In five prep games he allowed eleven runs, thirty hits and fanned seventy-five in fifty-five and a third innings. He is such a good hitter that he doubles as a first baseman, at which he is also outstanding.

Zipp Newman of the Birmingham *News* staged an East-West all-star game for the benefit of the Alabama Sight Conservation Fund to select his All-American. High school coaches of Jefferson County co-operated in selecting and handling the two teams, and the Lions Clubs sold the tickets. **Zipp** made a big success of his game and raised a nice sum for the fund for the blind as **Jimmy Nelson,** Phillips High School baseball, football and basketball star won the nod of the judges. **Nelson,** who has played on championship American Legion teams for the past two years, is a swell

Continued on page 140

TESTING..NOW!

FOR over two years, thousands of AMPRO 16 mm. sound projectors have undergone gruelling tests—from arctic wastes to South Pacific jungles—under blazing sun and in subzero temperatures. Out of this cruel laboratory of war have come sturdy, practical 16 mm. projectors exceeding even prewar AMPRO efficiency. Today these "war-tested" AMPRO machines are being made exclusively for the United Nations armed forces. *When peace comes—they will be available for bringing new worlds of entertainment and education to the home.* Write today for Ampro catalog of 8 mm. silent and 16 mm. silent and sound projectors.



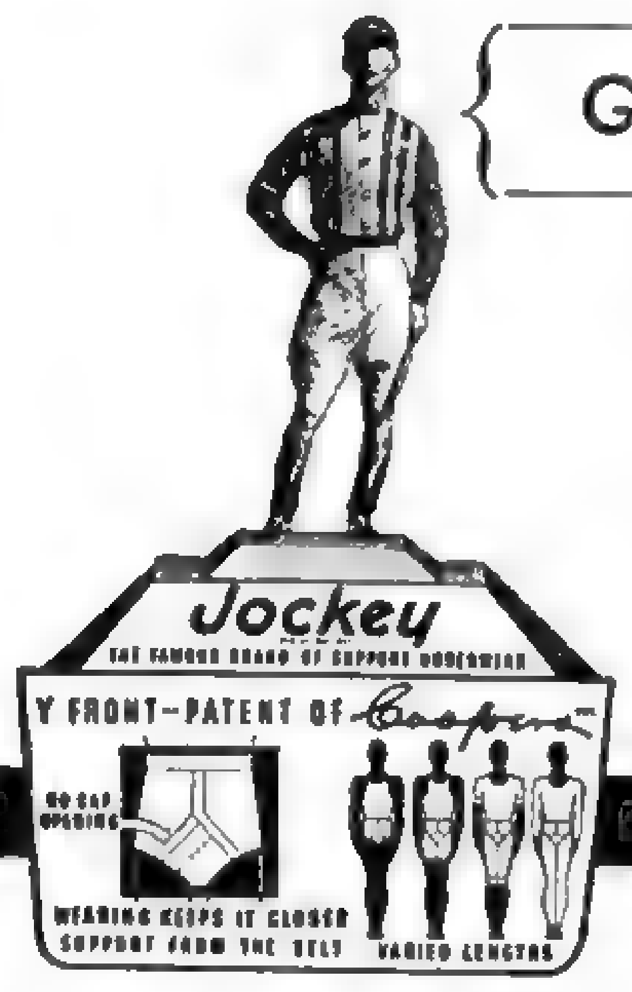
Ampro Corporation, Chicago 18
Precision Cine Equipment

The wife who buys an "also ran"... may make a Squirmer of her man!

WAIT FOR Jockey—
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

the underwear that put an end to Squirming

The urge to accept a substitute may be mighty strong after you've hunted high and low for Jockey Underwear. But remember that *nothing* can match Jockey's famous, patented Y-front construction that provides complete, "no squirm" comfort... the smooth, seamless support pouch... the design that keeps needless bulk out of the crotch area... the convenience of the angled, no-gap opening... and the comfortable seat which helps to give firm, unfailing support. A new shipment of Jockey Underwear should arrive at your dealer's before long. Call again soon!



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Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.

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Your local dealer is now showing a varied selection of Cheney neckwear.
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CHENEY* CRAVATS

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CHENEY BROTHERS, *Weavers of luxurious fabrics since 1838*
1412 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

The All-American Boys' Ball Game

Continued from pages 95-137-139

young catcher, who can also play first base. He has another year of high school competition. In the summer he catches for the Junior Barons of the Birmingham Amateur Baseball Federation. At Phillips High School he is also star guard on the football team.

The choice of **Raymond Johnson,** sports editor of the Nashville *Tennessean*, was **Othur (Buck) Perdue,** catcher of Centenary Methodist Institute. In the vote of a fifteen-man committee, **Perdue** won out by two points over **Harvill Jakes,** outfielder of the Junior Vols. **Perdue,** who is six feet one-half inches tall and weighs 196 pounds, had a batting average of .437 and was second in home runs with five at the time he was selected. **Perdue** has a great arm. In fourteen games he threw out fourteen base runners and picked twelve off base. **Tom Page,** coach of the Centenary team, rates him as one of the best athletes he has coached in the last 15 years. He hopes to become a ball-player.

Covering the Carolinas like the dew, the Charlotte *Observer* with **Jake Wade** at the helm staged a North Carolina-South Carolina all-star boys' game with **Jack Coombs,** former Athletics pitching great, handling the North Carolina team and **Billy Laval,** former big league scout who is now director of athletics at Newberry College, directing the South Carolina boys. The game was played for the benefit of the Observer Fresh Air Fund which provides a camp for 800 youngsters.

Cool, baby-faced **Mason Leeper,** left-handed pitcher of Gastonia, North Carolina, was the people's choice to go to the Polo Grounds in the All-Carolinas game at Charlotte. The game drew over 5,000 fans as **Jack Coombs'** Tar Heels beat **Billy Laval's** Sandlappers, 8 to 3. **Leeper** went to the slab in the first frame after the starting pitcher had been knocked out and hurled five and a third innings of hitless ball, fanning the first nine men to face him and thirteen men in all. **Leeper** polled 2,206 votes from the fans to make the trip to New York. **Jack Coombs** said: "He's a great little pitcher, and I'm glad he was picked, for he deserved it."

Ed Danforth, sports editor of the Atlanta *Journal*, prompted the high school coaches of Georgia and Florida to select by vote an all-star team, from which the player chosen was **Pierce McWhorter,** catcher for the Tech High School of Atlanta.

Like a good many of the other enterprising sports editors co-operating in this great baseball revival, **Chester Smith,** sports edi-

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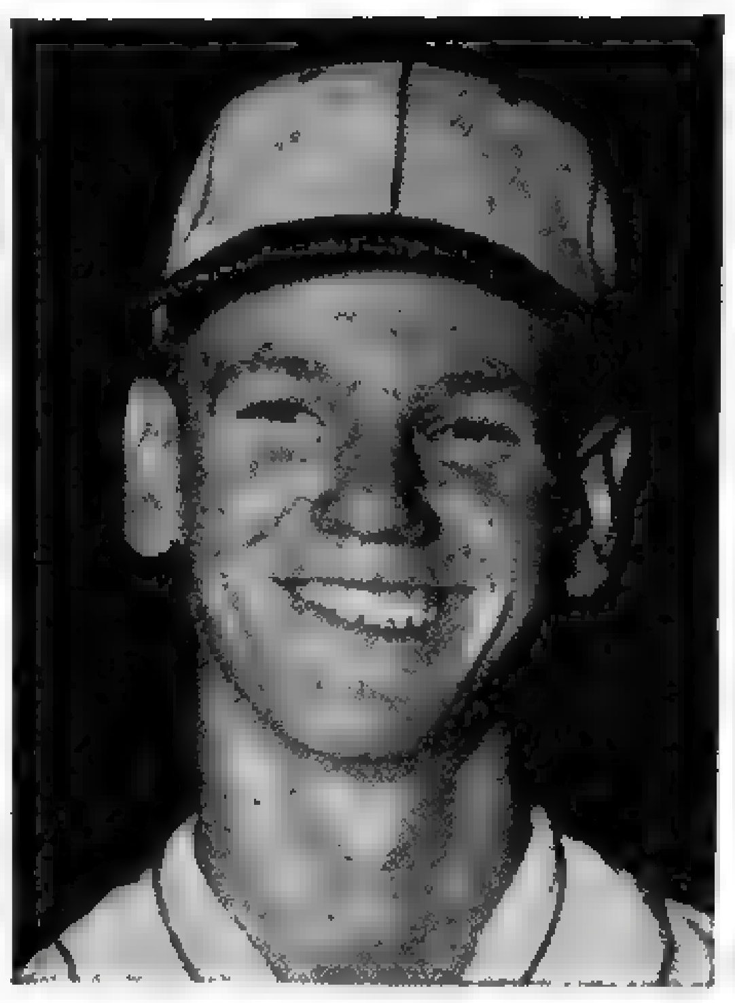
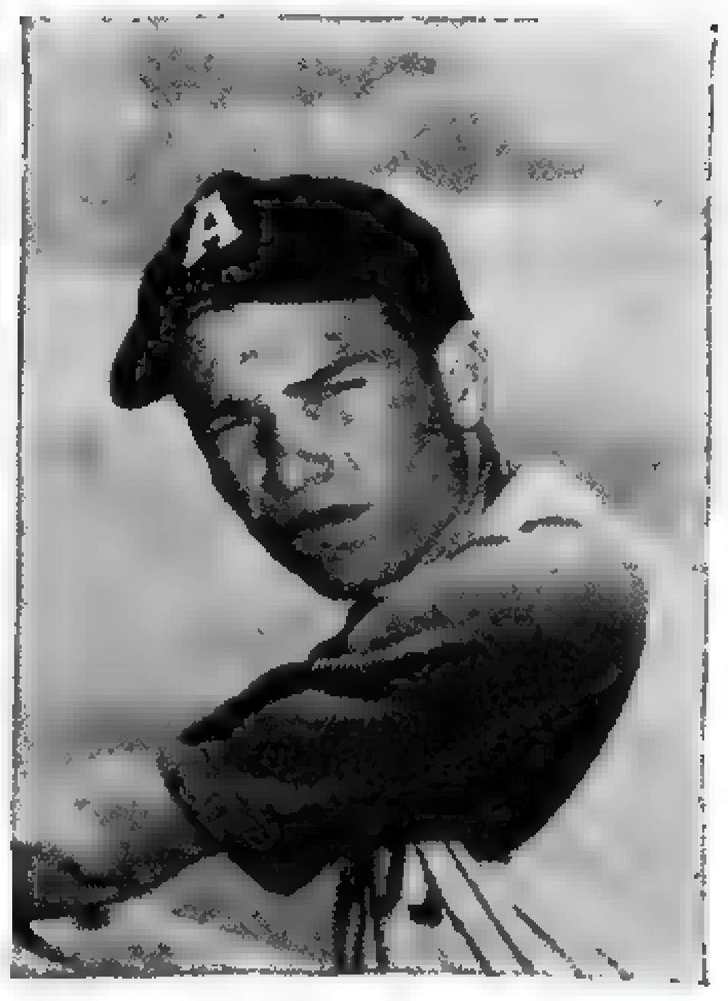
Minneapolis



Jim Enright, 2b
St. Louis



Jack Lindsey, ss
Dallas

tor of the Pittsburgh *Press*, enlisted the support of organized baseball, naming Bob Rice, vice president and field director of the Pirates, to help. The boy chosen was William Herstek, southpaw pitcher of the champion Curtisville, Pennsylvania, Legion nine.

Every year the Eastern Massachusetts Interscholastic Sports Writers Association names the outstanding boy baseball player in that area. Ernest Dalton of the Boston *Globe*, as chairman of the Association, led the hunt for a boy in the New England area.

Concerning the promotion, Chet Smith wrote: "We played a final elimination game at Forbes Field immediately after the game between the Pirates and Braves. The judges were Bob Rice, and two Pirate scouts, Leo Mackey and Joe Brecheny. They agreed unanimously on Herstek. Most of the crowd stayed over for the game, and the kids got a great hand. Umpires Jocko Conlon and George Barr were gracious enough to work our game, and the presence of the two major leaguers helped a lot. This promotion did more for teen-age ball in western Pennsylvania than anything ever seen before."

Bob Hooey, sports editor of the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, arranged a tryout under professional supervision at the Red Bird Stadium at Columbus, Ohio, to select the best boy in the two American Legion leagues of his region. His selection board included Al Banister and Nick Cullop, president and manager respectively of the Red Birds; and Jack McCallister, Bill Hinchman and Fred Hunter, scouts for the Boston

Continued on page 142

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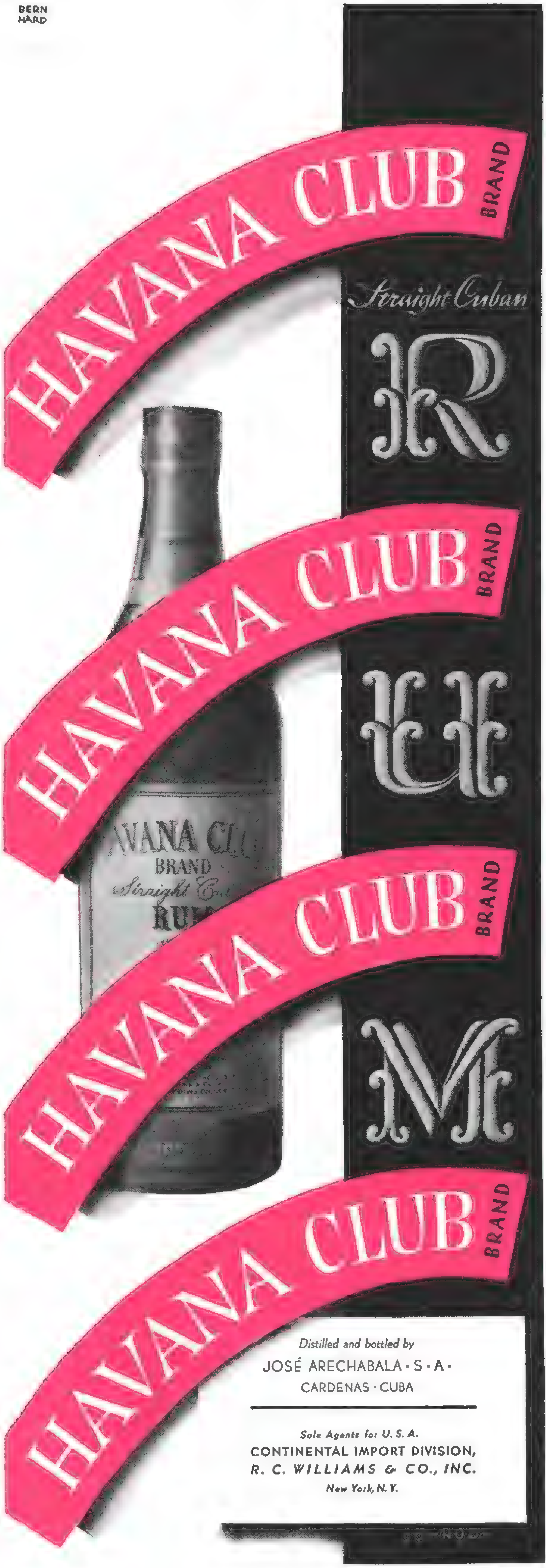

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Tilden, Nebraska

The All-American Boys' Ball Game

Continued from pages 95-137-139-141

Braves, Pittsburgh Pirates and Boston Red Sox respectively. **Herbert Pollock,** Bexley High School pitcher, was the boy chosen.

In addition to being outstanding in baseball, **Pollock** for three seasons has been the star quarterback on the Bexley football team and a high scoring guard on the basketball team. In his first year in Legion ball, his club won ten straight. He pitched four games, one a no-hitter, and when not pitching went to center field where he compiled a batting average of .489.

Nixon Denton, sports editor of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, arranged for the choice of the player from his zone by a committee vote on players competing in the American Legion leagues.

Clark Shaughnessy, Jr., son of the famous Pittsburgh football coach, was placed in charge of the game staged by the Chicago *Daily News* to name a player from the Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin zone. **Shaughnessy** arranged an all-star game for the outstanding boys from these three states from which the boy was picked.

Leo Riordan, sports editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, enlisted the support of **Connie Mack,** owner-manager of the Athletics; **Fred Fitzsimmons,** manager of the Phillies, and **George Bellis,** athletic director of the Pennsylvania American Legion to name **Joe Fromuth,** third baseman from Reading, Pennsylvania.

Bob Stedler, sports editor of the Buffalo *Evening News*, and **Chester C. Reed** of the Legion selected **John (Bucky) Moskal,** catcher for the Canisius Tyros of Semper Fidelis Post of Buffalo. ⧺

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Weldon Pajamas of TELO-MARS* the new wonder fabric

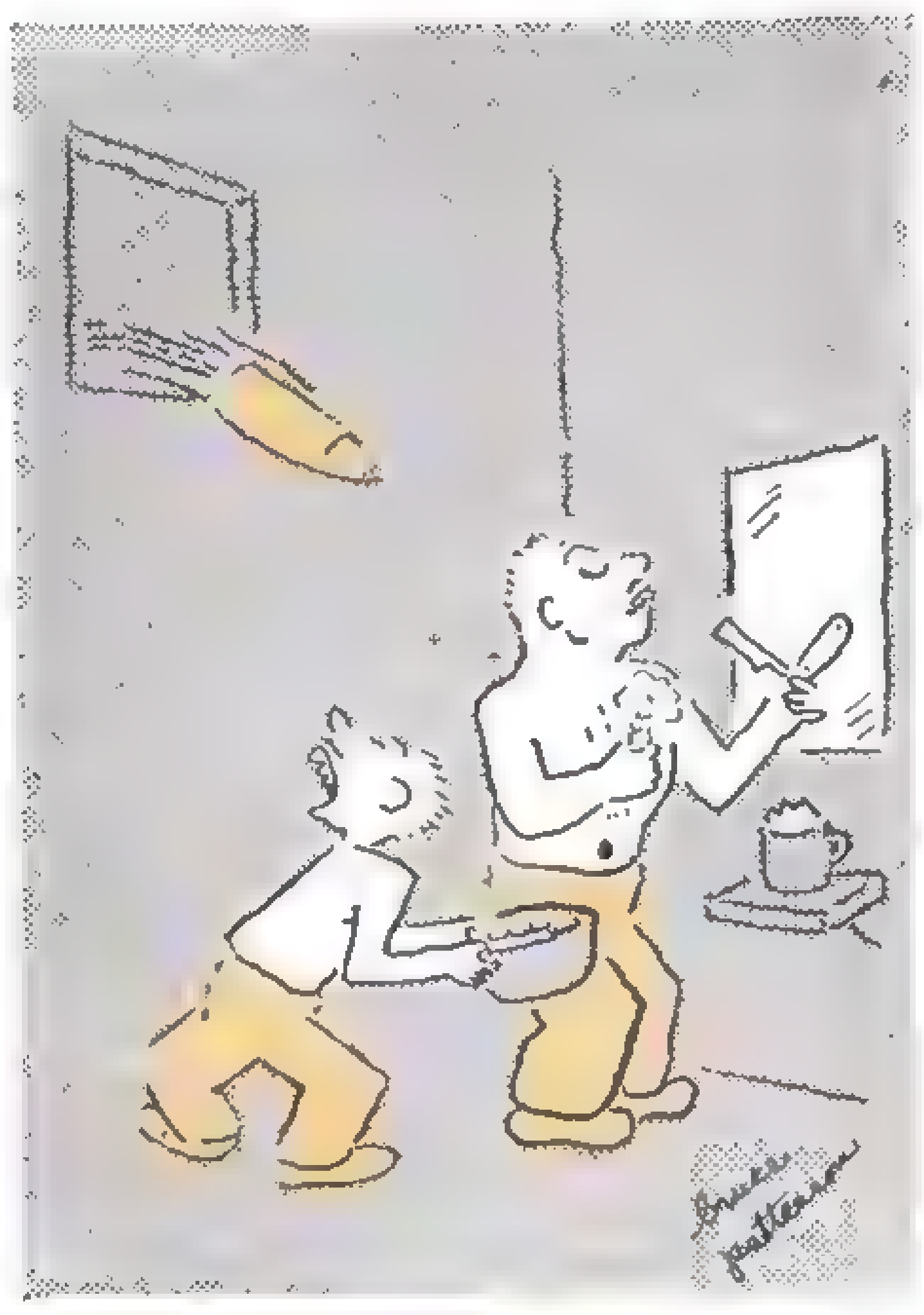
*Reg. App. For

The Diary of a Dead Jap

Continued from page 44

of the tent for patients; the tent gave in and two died instantly. From 0200 in the morning to 1600, stayed in foxholes. Day's ration: one go, five shaker (one and one half pounds). Officers and men frostbitten. Everyone stole any food he could find.

May 24: Battle. It sleeted and was extremely cold—stayed at Misumi Barracks alone. A great number of shells were dropped by naval gunfire and flew around the roof and fell down. In a foxhole five yards away, Hayaska, a medical man, died by a penetration of shrapnel through his heart.



"Honorable Master, don't bother to lather"

May 25: Battle. Naval gunfire. It felt like the barracks blew up; things shook tremendously. The enemy are constructing their positions. Battalion commander died. At Umanose they cannot accommodate all the patients. It is said in the Massacre Bay district the road to Sector Headquarters is isolated. Am suffering from diarrhea and feel dizzy.

May 26: Battle. Naval gunfire, aerial bombardment, trench warfare—the worst is yet to come. Consciousness becomes vague. One tent burnt by hit from an incendiary bomb. Strafing planes hit the next room: two hits from fifty caliber shells. One stopped in the ceiling and the other penetrated. My room is a mess from the sand and pebbles that fell. Hirose, First Lieutenant of Medical Corps, is wounded. There was a ceremony of granting Imperial Edict. The first line at Umanose is broken through; no hope for reinforcement. Will die for cause of Imperial Edict.

May 27: Battle. Diarrhea continues. Pain is severe. Took everything: pills, opium, morphine; then slept pretty well despite strafing from planes. Roof broken through. Less than 1,000 are left from our more than 2,000 troops.

May 28: Battle. The remaining

Continued on page 144

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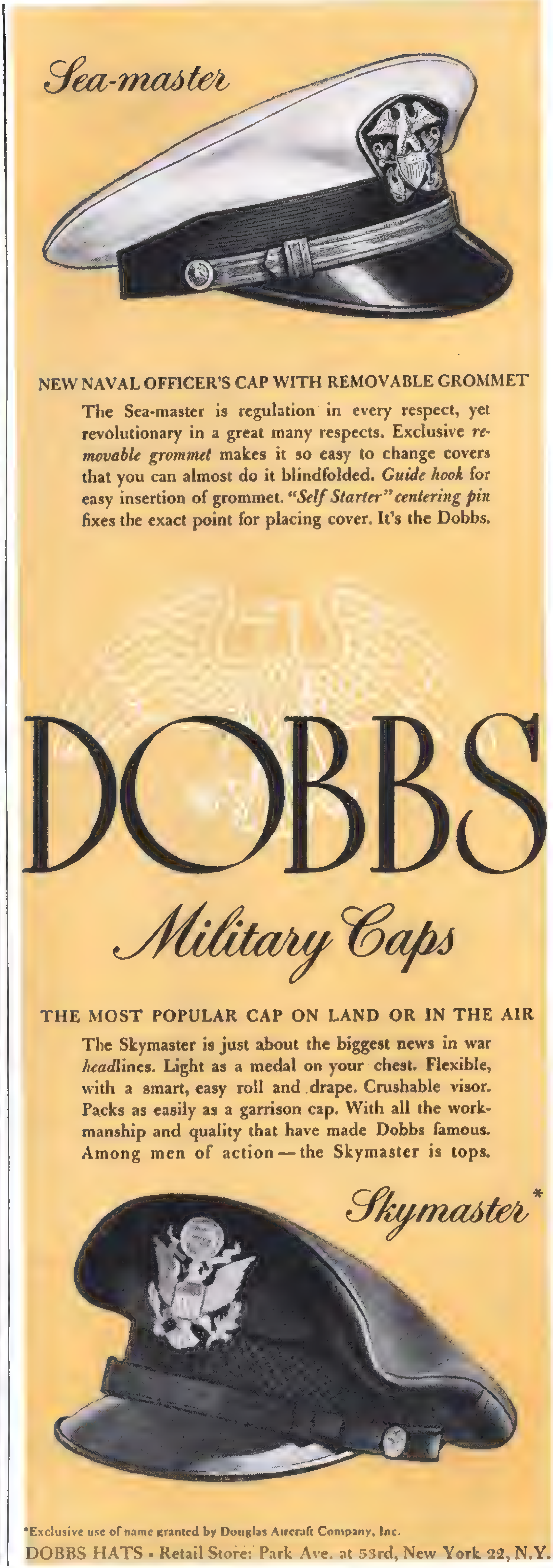
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The Diary of a Dead Jap

Continued from pages 44-143

rations are for only two days. Our artillery has been completely destroyed. There is a sound of trench mortars, also of A.A. guns. The company on the bottom of Attu Fuji is annihilated, except one man. Other companies completely annihilated except one or two. Our battalion has been defeated. Yenegawa Battalion is still holding at Umanose. Continuous cases of suicide. Half of Sector Unit Headquarters has been blown away. Heard they gave 400 shots of morphine to severely wounded and killed them. I ate some half-fried thistles, the first fresh thing I have eaten in six months. Order from the Sector Commander, to move the Field Hospital to the island, was called off.

May 29: Battle. Today at 0200 we assembled in front of Headquarters. The Field Hospital took part, too. The last assault is to be carried out. All the patients in the hospital who were able were made to commit suicide. Only 33 years of living and now I am to die here. I have no regrets. I am grateful that I have kept the peace bestowed upon my soul. At 1800 took care of the rest of the patients with hand grenades. Good-bye, my beloved wife who loved me to the last. Until we meet again, greetings; Godspeed. Be good, my brothers; good-bye. The number participating in this attack is a little over 1,000. It seems the enemy is expecting an all-out attack tomorrow.

This final entry in the diary was a prophetic one. The U. S. forces were expecting an all-out attack; yet so suicidal was the assault of these half-crazed, wounded men that our front-line troops were caught unaware. Screaming Japs, armed with bayonets tied to sticks, rushed through our advanced units, bayoneting men in their sleeping bags and hurling grenades. Our troops, overwhelmed momentarily, soon rallied; and soon the last of the Japs were annihilated. Most of them blew themselves up with their own grenades.

When American troops examined the ruins of Chichagof Harbor, they found a scene of horror. In the hospital tents where the Japanese medical officer had "taken care of the wounded with hand grenades," several mutilated men still lived. These hurled grenades at our men and had to be exterminated.

In an underground shack a few yards away, where the officer had had his hospital, they found eighteen more patients who had been killed with overdoses of morphine. In a tiny back room they found the Japanese officer himself. He lay still on the floor, with a pistol in his hand and bullet through his brain. ⧺

Frank Beaven

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Golf Keeps Me Guessing

Continued from page 32

man. I'm convinced that the supposed pressure of opponents' shots actually relieves the internal tension they'd normally have in championship shotmaking.

In tennis the physical performance is so brisk and continuous that you haven't got time for tightening up. The shotmaking becomes so predominately mechanical that you don't have time for thinking about the innumerable details that may go wrong in your hitting of the ball.

In golf competition you walk about four miles over the comfortable turf of a beautiful countryside in about three hours. You devote from seventy to one hundred seconds to hitting the ball. The rest of the time you spend mostly in worrying about what to do in those seventy or one hundred seconds. That is why competitive golf becomes the most punishing of all sports.

And the great probability that's always with you in golf is that of going stale on concentration while you're walking between shots. By the time you should be standing up to the ball and thinking of nothing else but whacking the ball squarely with the center of the club face, you've probably exhausted most of the peculiar and exacting mental effort required.

In tennis the good mechanical performance can be attained more easily than in golf. And when your game is mechanically sound there obviously is less tendency to get the jitters in any competitive situation.

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The convenience of watching and practicing tennis give that game a great advantage over golf. Very few games can equal tennis in providing the opportunity for entertaining exercise and competition so handily and at such low cost. The tennis player can attain a reasonably good degree of mechanical proficiency on courts that cost much less than an ordinary golf green and which require far less maintenance expense. The small area required for a tennis court makes it possible to provide tennis for most youngsters.

No young golfer could have

Continued on page 146

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Golf Keeps Me Guessing

Continued from pages 32-145

given the time to developing his strokemaking that I was able to devote to my tennis practice close to my door unless the aspiring golfer denied himself the normal boyhood balance of sports. And I certainly didn't play or practice tennis to the exclusion of other games. I became a good enough basketball player to have Sam Barry of the University of Southern California say that I might have been one of his better cagemen if I'd stayed in school and continued at that game.

There's another thing about golf that makes it a tougher game than tennis. That's the almost incredible patience golf demands. I surely didn't appreciate the value of patience in 1932 although it was a great year for me in amateur tennis. I won the U. S. singles for the second time, won the U. S. doubles title with Keith Gledhill, and the Wimbledon tournament. Yet I still lacked the patience to keep the ball in play.

Lack of patience, probably more than anything else, accounted for my flop in 1933.

Early in October, 1932, just before sailing with Gledhill, Allison and Van Ryn to compete in the international matches and to travel on to the Australian championships, I married Verle Low, who had been my only girl ever since we were youngsters. I was desperately intent on making her very proud of me by winning every one of the tournaments on the trip.

But I guess I must have been too eager. When we got to Australia the magnificent hospitality of our hosts and—there is no desire to alibi—the fine tennis of my opponents was just too much for me. All I could salvage out of that season was the U. S. mixed doubles titles with that excellent partner, Miss Pat Ryan.

After my showing in 1933 I welcomed the proposal to turn pro in January, 1934. I made my pro debut in a series of twenty matches against Bill Tilden and managed to win eleven of the twenty. Then Bill and I played a series of matches along Davis Cup lines against the French experts Henri Cochet and Martin Plaa. Bill and I won in both singles and doubles. I kept my amateur record of not having been defeated by Henri clear during our pro matches.

From 1934 through 1939 I competed against the greatest of the pro tennis stars. In addition to Tilden, Cochet and Plaa the opposition included Perry of England, Kozeluh of Czechoslovakia, Ramillon of France and the one who, in my book, is the greatest

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H'it's not the 'eavy 'auling that 'urts the 'orses 'oofs— H'it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway!

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player of all time, Don Budge.

In 1932 and '33 I began playing golf with George Lott, Wilmer Allison and Johnny Doeg, all of them low handicap golfers. They slaughtered me and laughed at my efforts. Yet golf got me as it has corralled many another able player at other sports. Golf is the game they can't lick. Even when you're your best, it beats you.

I've played a championship golf course in sixty-two shots and walked off the eighteenth green kicking myself for having missed two short putts. I was part of a pro-amateur duo that won the past season's San Gabriel event with most of the nation's leading pro golfers in the field. But when I could have cut our score of sixty-four I missed two putts of less than five feet.

EXPERT TATOOING
Angelo

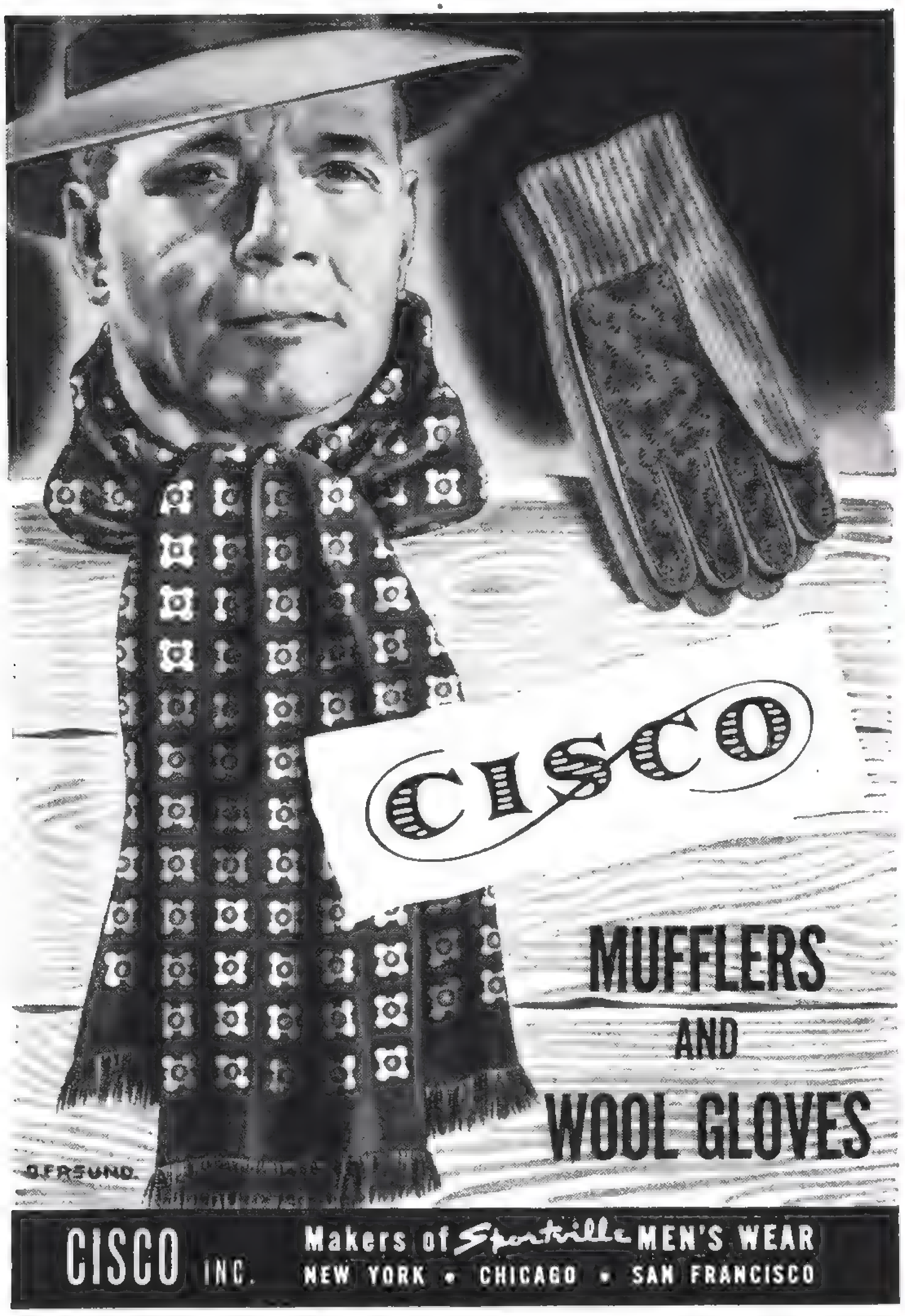
"Take her off—she wasn't true to me!"

What are you going to do with a game that mocks you with memories of your mistakes when you've won? The perfect game of golf will never be played. If a fellow holes a ten-foot putt he thinks that his preceding shot should have been closer to the pin. There always is in golf the sharp reminder that you might have done better. But there always is the hope that you will do better.

That hope and some guidance in achieving it are what I'm now offering those who come to me for professional golf instruction. I can give them a bonus in sympathy, too, for I know what a tough challenge they have accepted in defying Colonel Bogey.

At thirty-two I haven't won a major golf event, and that's a disappointment to a fellow who has won national sports titles and has made up his mind to win championships in another field.

But I've still got time ahead in golf. I tell myself Craig Wood didn't win his first U. S. open golf championship until he was thirty-eight. He'd been playing about twenty-one years. That, by one way of figuring, gives me until 1954 to keep working at trying to become a golf champion. It was easier for me in tennis. #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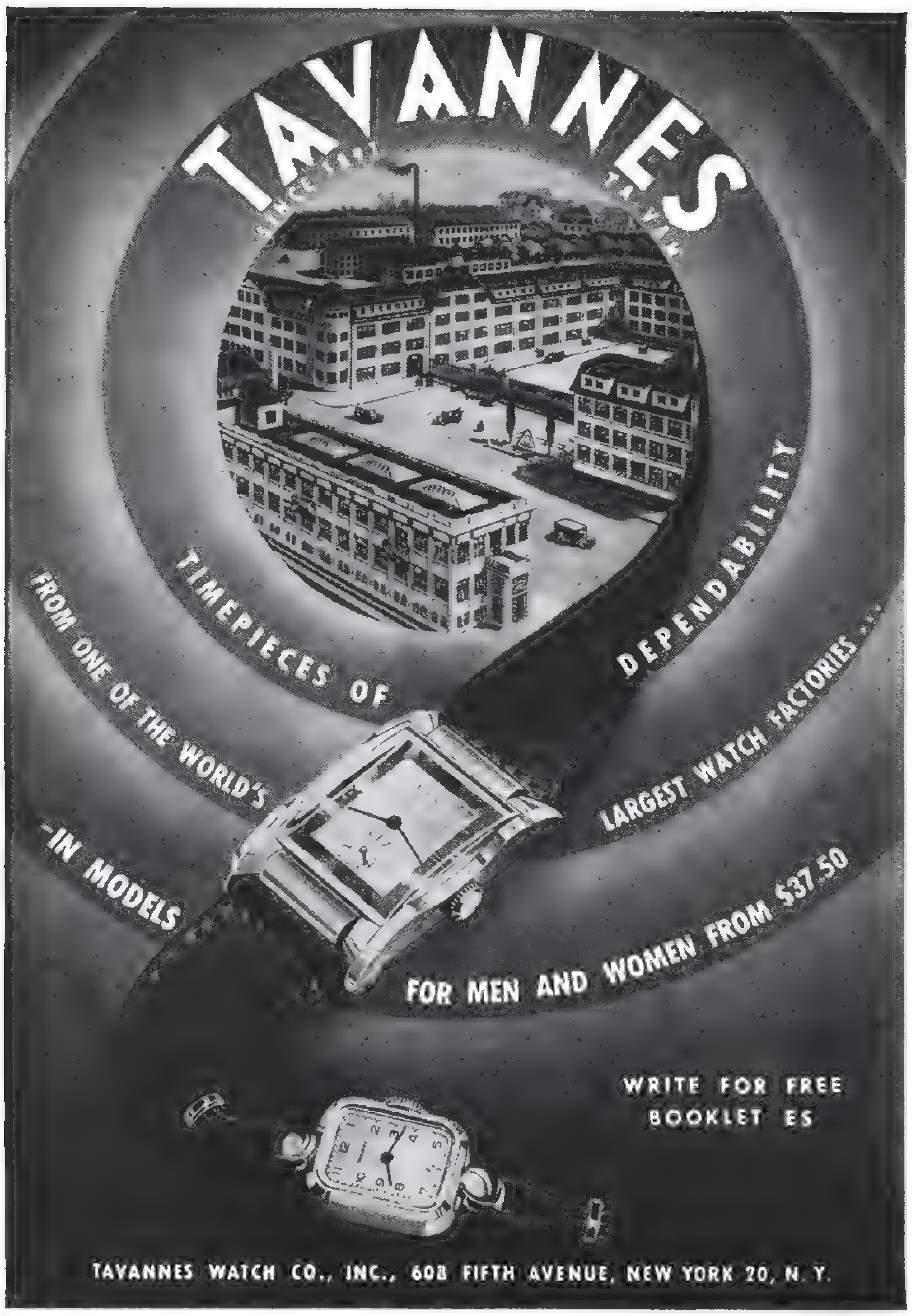
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Tomorrow's Ten Top Jobs

Continued from page 29

foreign people, understand tolerance, have a good language sense, are able to put up with discomfort and have a broad streak of adventure, this may be your dish.

The BUILDING INDUSTRY is another field which is bound to skyrocket. The Department of Commerce says that 4,500,000 new homes will be built as soon as feasible following victory. Post-war homes will be cheaper through mass production. New architecture has shown the way to controlled light, sound and heat, together with vastly increased interior flexibility. The field will be wide open for builders who can apply these refinements. In 1940 the rental value of the *average* nonfarm dwelling was only twenty-seven dollars monthly. Given a continuation of present family incomes, however, the conditions of the Depression decade will be reversed.

PREFABRICATION will have a definite place in building, especially in the under 5,000-dollar class of dwelling for which, numerically, the country has greatest need. Resistance against buying a home "from a catalog" may prove the prefabricator's greatest stumbling block. It will be up to him to show that there is just as much variety and opportunity for individual taste in "prefab." construction as in the complicated many-piece-cutting-to-fit method of traditional building.

WOOD CHEMISTRY is another field which is going through growing pains. It promises to become an industrial leader. Already there exists a chemical means of converting ordinary wood into a whole new range of usefulness.

It permits construction, for example, of doors, windows and drawers that will not swell and stick even in tropical dampness. Wood can be re-engineered to order. Poplar becomes harder than hard maple, which in turn becomes harder than ebony. The compressive strength of wood is so increased and other properties imparted to such an extent that the result is actually no longer wood, but a new material. This is but one marvel of the marriage of the forest and the laboratory.

Take sawdust and other wood wastes which are the inevitable by-products of logging operations. They can produce a billion gallons a year of high-grade low-cost alcohol suited for fuel or industrial purposes. If uses can be found for the by-product, lignin, that will pay a profit of say one cent a pound, the price can be cut to ten cents a gallon. If the lignin can be sold for two cents a pound, the alcohol will cost noth-

Two coats that'll win all kinds of "service" ribbons!

Naturally, we mean "service" in the civilian sense . . . in other words, we're telling you flatly, these coats will give their owners months and months of good hard wear. And what's more . . . throughout their long life they'll preserve those smart, tailored lines that are typical of all Monarch garments, whether fabric or leather. For one thing is certain . . . years ago, the men of this country, young and old, learned that the Monarch label represents the very best in sport, leisure and utility outdoor wear. If you need a coat . . . and only if you *need* a coat . . . look at either one or both of these Monarch styles . . . you won't find better values in the stores anywhere. The Monarch Mfg. Co., 333 E. Chicago St., Milwaukee 2, Wis.

On the left: The Marshal, an ulster of quality gabardine with electrified sheepskin lining and Laskinlamb collar. Men's sizes.

On the right: The Rocket, a fingertip coat of knit fleece with quilted lining and leather buttons. Men's and Boys' sizes. (In Junior sizes ask for the Pal.)

Monarch MILWAUKEE BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

BUY WAR BONDS FIRST!

ing at all to produce. The U. S. Forest Service has tried out just such a wood waste utilization pilot-plant at Marquette, Michigan. A wood-sugar alcohol plant has been approved for commercial operation in Oregon.

PUBLISHING is another field due for continued prosperity. Americans faced with a shortage of pots, pans, toys and auto accessories have created a virtual wartime boom in books. From a scattered few thousand retail stores, book distribution has grown to 70,000 outlets at newsstands, drugstores, five and tens, gasoline stations, chain grocery stores—and, of course, bookshops. Book buying by mail is still on the increase. Twenty-five-cent books have made readers out of a whole new segment of people. And the reading habit sticks!

"Do you mean to stand there and defend the bank against your own wife?"

The export trade in American books and magazines may be expected to zoom when unrestricted shipping is available. Our language is fast supplanting French as the second tongue in Latin America. China's 400,000,000 customers have already made English their second language. In neutral and Allied nations both the British and the Americans are boosting their mother tongue in well-attended classes.

Now how about TELEVISION? Recent figures reveal unusual vitality in this war-stunted medium. War's end will permit a spurt of activity which may presage a substantial network industry patterned after radio broadcasting.

The spokesmen for television optimistically predict that it will create 4,600,000 new jobs within a decade!

There is a potential market for at least 25,000,000 receivers representing a dollar volume of 3,000,000,000 dollars. Television promises to be the greatest medium of mass communication yet evolved with unparalleled opportunities for entertainment and education—and careers.

Nine U. S. tele-studios broadcast regularly. New television re-

Continued on page 150

OUT OF THIS WORLD
(FOR THE DURATION)

Hollycourt
The Miracle Pipe—It Stays Dry

We're sorry Hollycourt Pre-Smoked Pipes are "out of this world" . . . no longer made . . . for the duration of the war. But after Victory they'll be back and you'll still say they're "out of this world" . . . . a Hollycourt with *the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl* is so cool, so sweet, so dry from the first to the last puff.

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It had to be better
to enjoy such universal preference for 317 years! Nothing takes the place of satisfaction!
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Blended Scots Whisky
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Haig & Haig
The OLDEST name in Scotch

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd. NEW YORK

Tomorrow's Ten Top Jobs

Continued from pages 29-149

ceiving sets are promised for delivery six months after the peace in Europe. The television image is already as sharp and clear as the average amateur movie film. After the war it will approach the perfection of Hollywood's product. Here is a chance to get into a field due for vast expansion.

Less promising for the career aspirant, yet still to be reckoned with, are AVIATION and the AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY.

The former, always a white hope of American youth, will undoubtedly have utmost importance in tomorrow's world. However, aviation employment has not merely expanded—it has exploded! It became overnight our chief industry, worth 20,000,000,000 dollars and employing 2,500,000 workers. War's end will bring *inevitable curtailment.* For an aviation career, therefore, stay out of fabrication and look towards air transport—perhaps glider trains. Currently air cargo costs eighty cents per ton-mile while rail freight travels at one cent per mile. The men who can pare away even a part of that seventy-nine cents difference will find their new industry lacing the globe.

The automotive field, outstripped in glamor by aviation, still rates mention as a field in which young men can rise. By July, 1945, some 6,500,000 former auto owners will be without cars; 8,500,000 owners will be driving "junkers." This means a post-war output of five or even six million cars per year. New companies may come into prominence during the retooling period. Remember that it is Detroit's proud boast that three quarters of the vice presidents of the automobile companies were once foremen!

All-out war conversion has wiped the manufacturer's slate clean. Far-reaching design changes are in the air. New interregional highways and urban express routes are planned for construction. After the lean years of rubber and gasoline rationing, and with completely new productive capacity, the new auto industry will undoubtedly enjoy a splendid resurgence after the war.

America's 10,000-dollar-a-year-and-up men have always comprised two classes. There are the ex-lawyers, ex-engineers, ex-financiers . . . called in at some point in the development of a company. Then there is the larger class of leaders in business and industry who rose to the top by getting in on the ground floor. Tomorrow's top jobs are waiting to be filled by such men. Will you be one of them? ⌗

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A SHINING EXAMPLE

For an easy-to-keep, hard-to-beat leather, Winthrop brings you high shining, long wearing Cordovan. With extra heavy sole and Winthrop Action-Free construction it makes the perfect winter weight shoe.

$\$5^{50}$ to $\$9^{50}$
(SOME HIGHER)
WINTHROP JRS. for boys $\$4^{50}$ to $\$5^{50}$
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The Style Endures
Winthrop Shoe Co. • Div: International Shoe Company • St. Louis

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Remember the Emperor's Cup

Continued from page 63

the grounds after the shoot, I happened to pick up one of the targets that hadn't been shattered. I tried to break it and it twisted in my hands just like so much soft rubber. I looked closer and I saw that this 'clay pigeon' was made mostly of tar with a cake icing of clay on the outside. Then I realized what had happened. The Nippers had their own men in the traps and they'd released enough of the tar pigeons to keep the foreign entries from scoring. The light trap shell loads would just imbed themselves in the tar and not shatter the targets. Of course they released regular clay pigeons for the five Nip shooters. I ran over and showed R. K. the tar pigeon. He just laughed and said: 'What do you think I brought along some heavy duck loads for? I started using them after I missed the first two targets and they was husky enough to blast even them tar-baby pigeons.' "

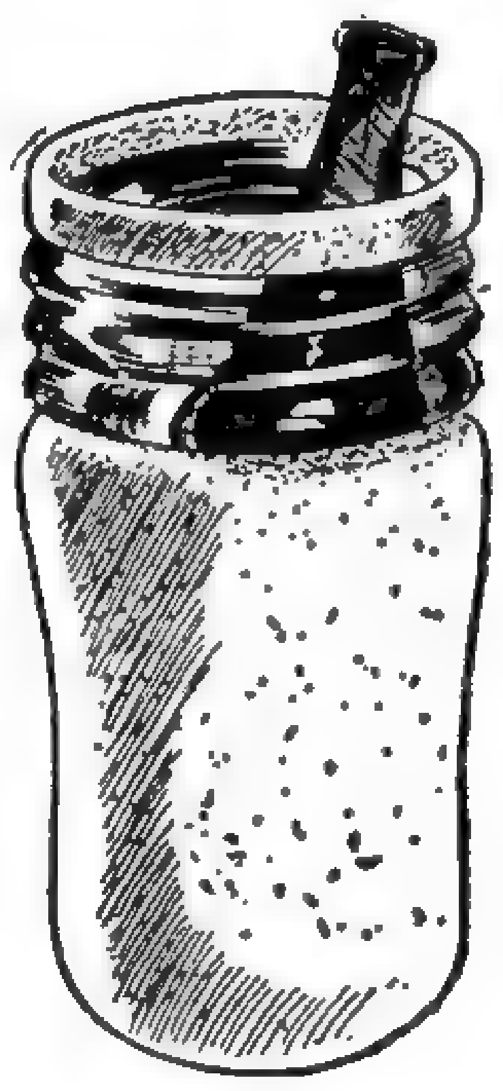
Warrant Officer Kettner quit talking and finished his coffee. By this time all of the supplies were aboard and we were ready to shove off for Tairamboco. Colonel Dorman was down at another end of the docks and we could hear him reading off Second Lieutenant Holmes.

"Whatever became of the Emperor's Trophy?" I asked Kettner after a while. "Did the Nippers steal it back?"

"Naw," replied the warrant officer. He was rinsing the coffee stains out of his canteen cup and considered a few minutes before answering. "R. K. give that cup to a Boy Scout in Honolulu a couple of years ago."

"A Boy Scout?"

"Yeh, the kid was collecting junk for a scrap drive and he was sure glad to get the Emperor's Trophy." ###



Modern bottle icer with a cork jacket requires only a tray of ice cubes, a half pound of rock salt and water.

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JUST RIGHT for easy-fitting, work-and-play comfort is this suede sport jacket from California . . . featuring deep patch pockets . . . leather buttons . . . fine tailoring. Ask for the genuine "Jack Carson" model—available at better stores, coast to coast.

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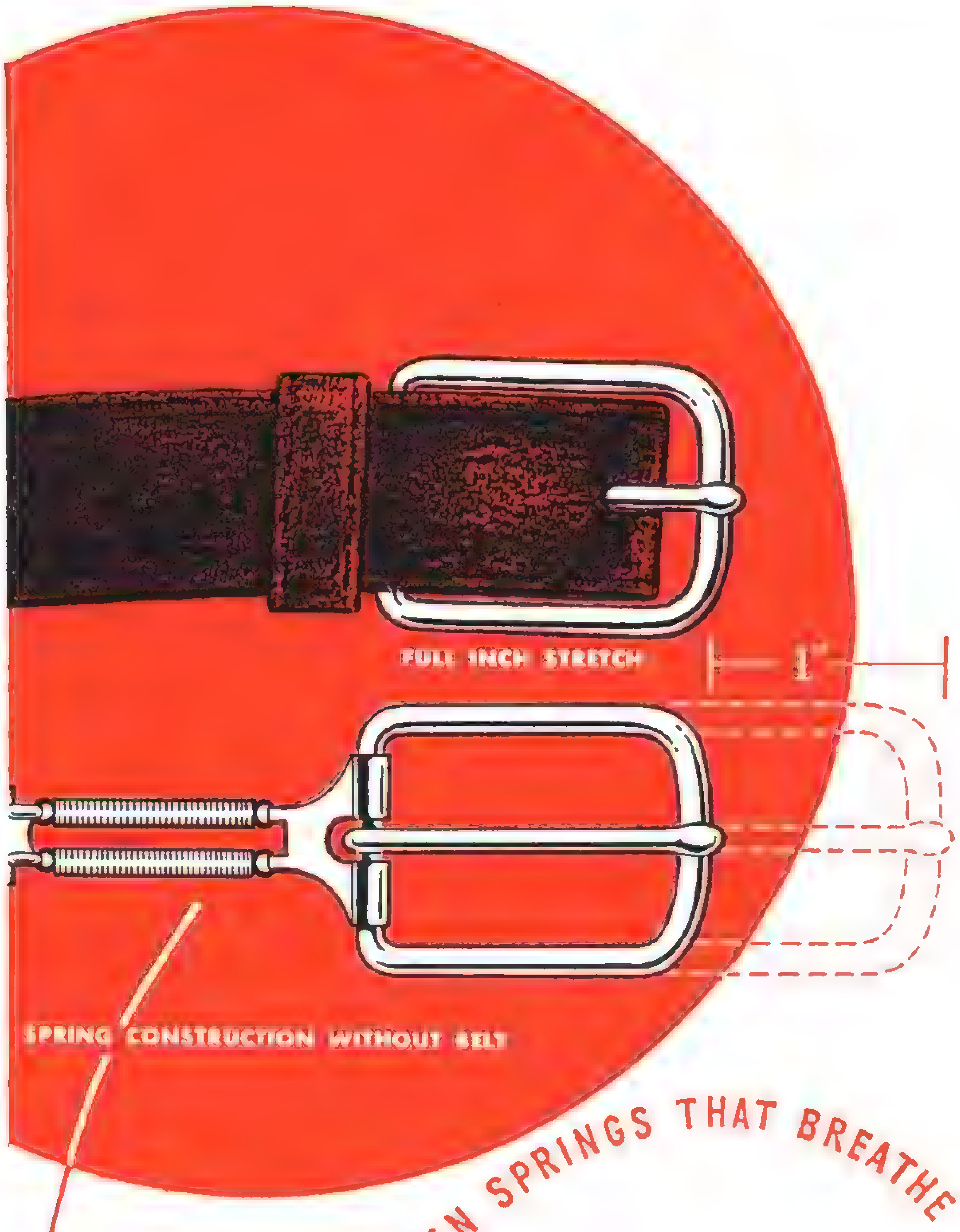
EXPANSO*

for ACTION POINT Comfort



EXPANSO belts assure you waistline comfort no matter how hard and active your work.

Every EXPANSO belt conceals a set of tiny springs that s-t-r-e-t-c-h whenever *you* do. You can bend, twist, turn, stoop...go through all the movements of work and play...without once feeling the uncomfortable tightness of old-fashioned, inflexible belts.

Whether you're wielding a trowel, welding a ship, or just enjoying a good meal, this exclusive EXPANSO feature assures you lasting waistline comfort. Ask your dealer to show you EXPANSO belts. At better stores everywhere. From **$1.50**

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 98

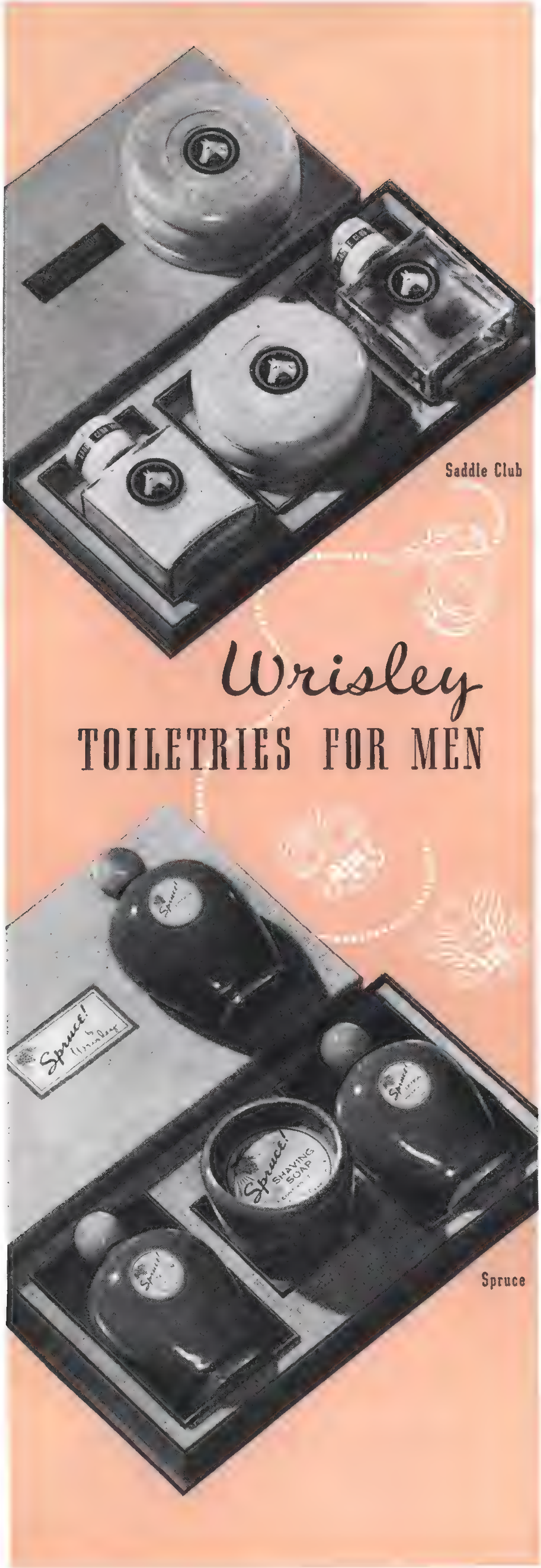
would eat them up; the thumb-sized lobsters already have enough sense to hide behind rocks.

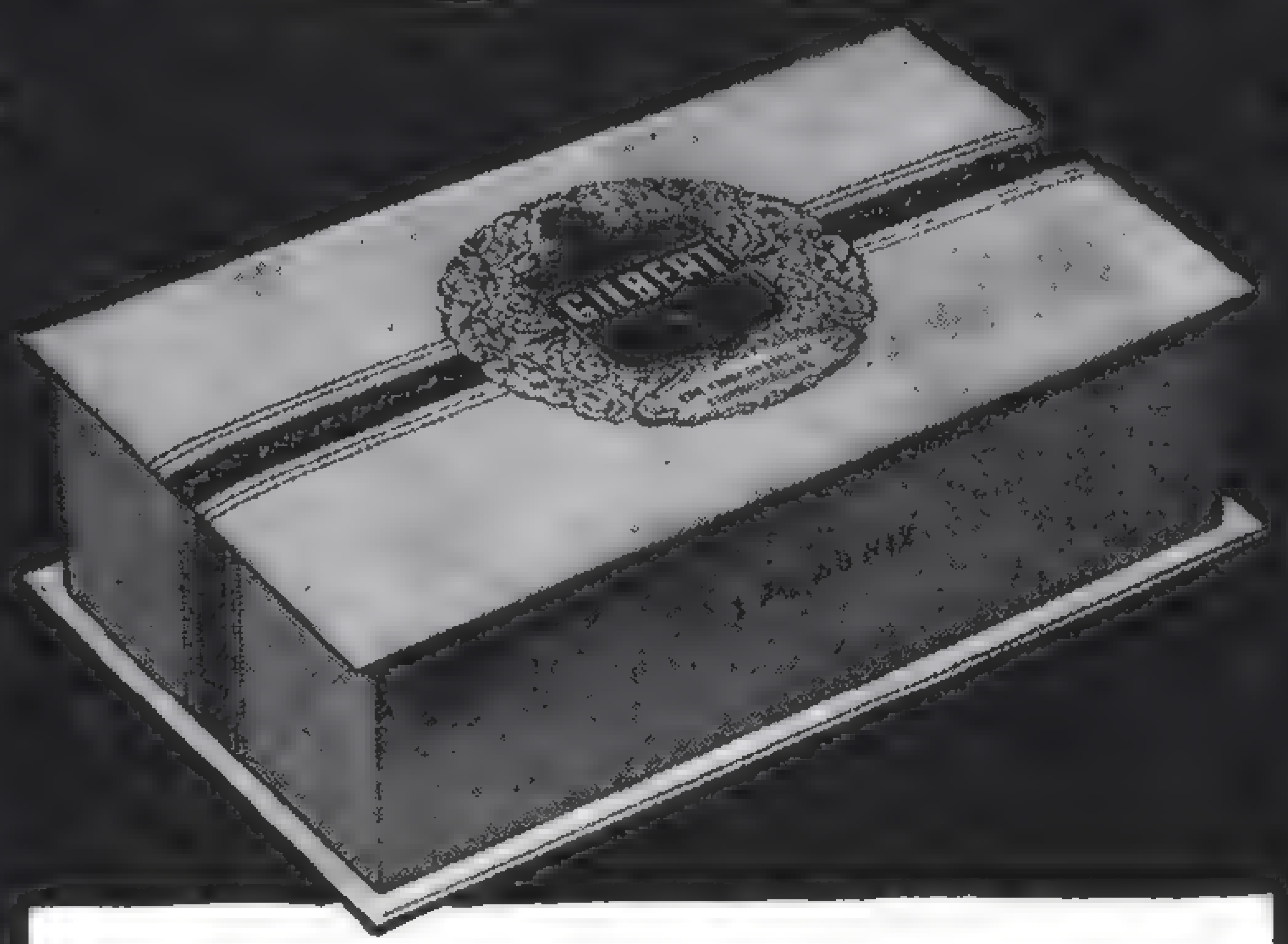
There are other states, such as Massachusetts, where lobster trapping is a great industry, but I have no figures available. I only know that I've tasted lobsters in several states of the Union and they all caused me to smack my lips. The fact remains though that the Maine lobster, coming from that icy water, is very fine, with a tender and firm meat. Up yonder, and throughout the trade for that matter, they call it a chicken lobster if the crustacean weighs from one to one and a quarter pounds; a prime lobster is from one and a quarter to two pounds; above this they are jumbos. The biggest jumbo on record weighed thirty-four pounds! And they are never younger than seven years when they come to your plate.

It is not right to condemn that thirty-four pounder and say that its meat must have been pretty tough; much depends on the mode of preparation, and sometimes a jumbo is better than a chicken. The gastronomical trouble starts with the preparation: lobsters ought not to be broiled if we really want them tender and juicy. Broiling lobsters is an American invention, due to the desire for that charred flavor. Through this culinary process much of the natural liquid of the lobster is absorbed and even in the case of the smallest baby chick, the meat often shrivels, dehydrates, becomes dry and tough, and no amount of melted butter is of much help. The splitting in two for broiling also seems to affect the consistency somehow.

Boiling is the best method. Plunging the lobster into scalding *court-bouillon* affords a comparatively easy and quick end. (I have told you several times before that the mode of killing edible animals and fish has a lot to do with the flavor.) But be sure that it is a *court-bouillon*, and not mere ordinary boiling water. Lobster *court-bouillon* is the simplest thing to prepare—it consists of water, thyme, laurel leaf, salt and pepper. The lobster, after it has been cooked (a chicken lobster will cook in about twenty minutes) must be left to cool completely in the liquid, before it comes to the table. If you insist on freshly made mayonnaise to accompany it, you'll experience great culinary pleasure.

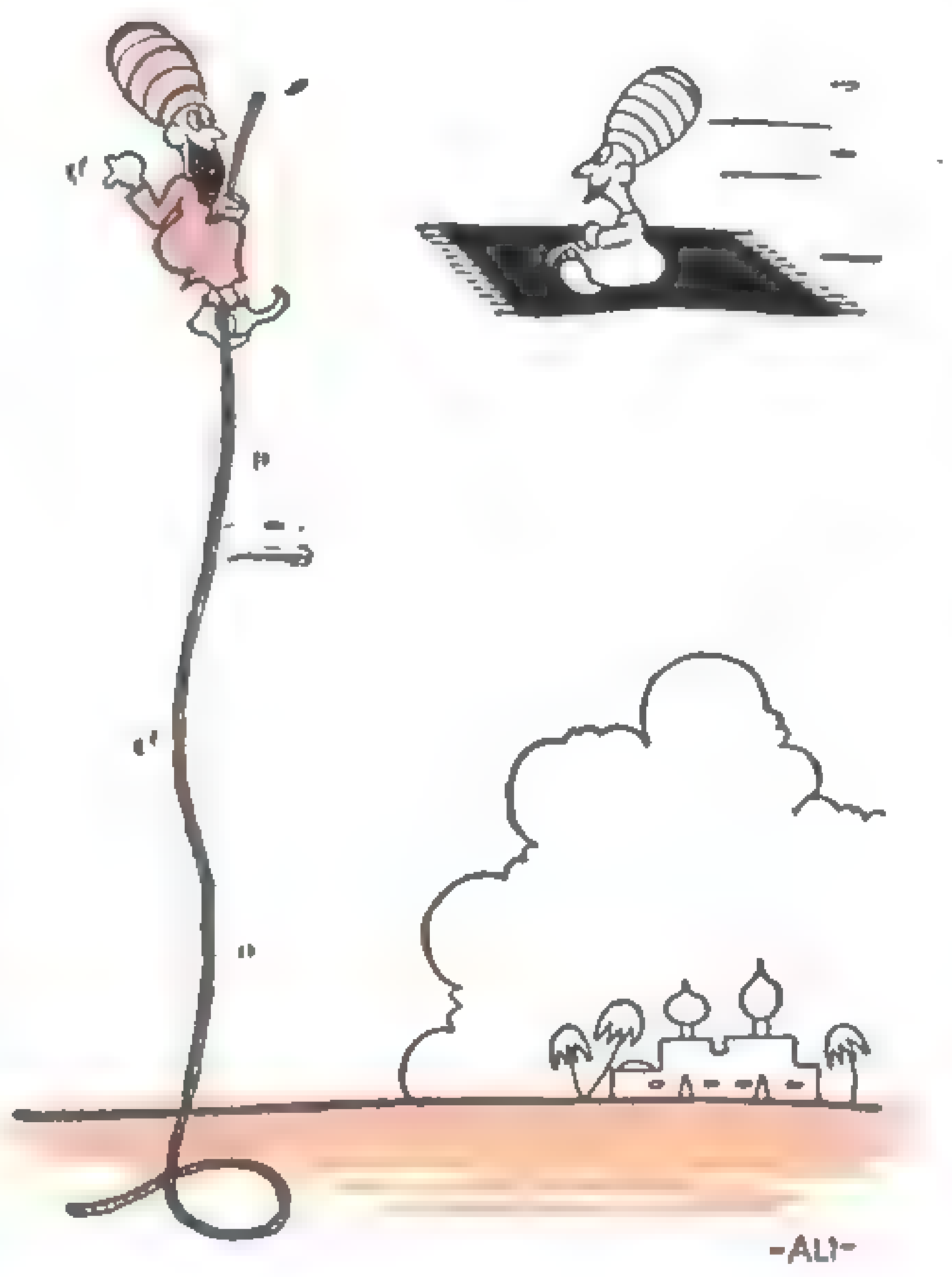
As to how to eat a lobster, I must tell you about my friend, William Ockendon's father, and how he taught a fellow to deal with the intricate-bodied creatures. William Ockendon is better




THERE is a character of quality about our chocolates that is not alone the finest of ingredients used, but the blending and manner of making, which is a closely guarded Gilbert family secret . . . All of our chocolates are going to the Armed Forces now, making new friends for these quality chocolates from Michigan's rich countryside . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan.

GILBERT
Chocolates
THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

known as Billy the Oysterman. He is the owner of two grand fish restaurants in New York, inherited from his father. The elder Ockendon was a colorful man; he worked his way here from England nearly eighty years ago aboard a merchantman, jumped ship and soon owned a hole-in-the-wall fish restaurant in Greenwich Village. The place was small but caught on immediately. So when a six-foot-three Mr. Long from North Carolina registered at the "palatial" Broadway Central Hotel and told the clerk that he had come to the city only because he wanted to eat lobster, the clerk said that he'd steer him to a good place. "Do you want style or simplicity?"



"Don't care a damn," answered Mr. Long succinctly.

"Then go to Oyster Billy. "The best lobsters are there."

Mr. Long, as he entered the little eating place, confided in Mr. Ockendon, Sr., regarding his yearnings. "Big or small?" asked the restaurateur briefly. "The biggest," said hungry Mr. Long.

When the lobster came to Mr. Long's table, he just sat and stared at it. Finally Ockendon came over and asked what the trouble was. "How do you eat the damn thing?" inquired Mr. Long. "I'll show you," said Ockendon, who then sat opposite Long and finished the big lobster in no time, while the customer's eyes were popping. Long had his lobster that night and a bigger one than the *patron's*.

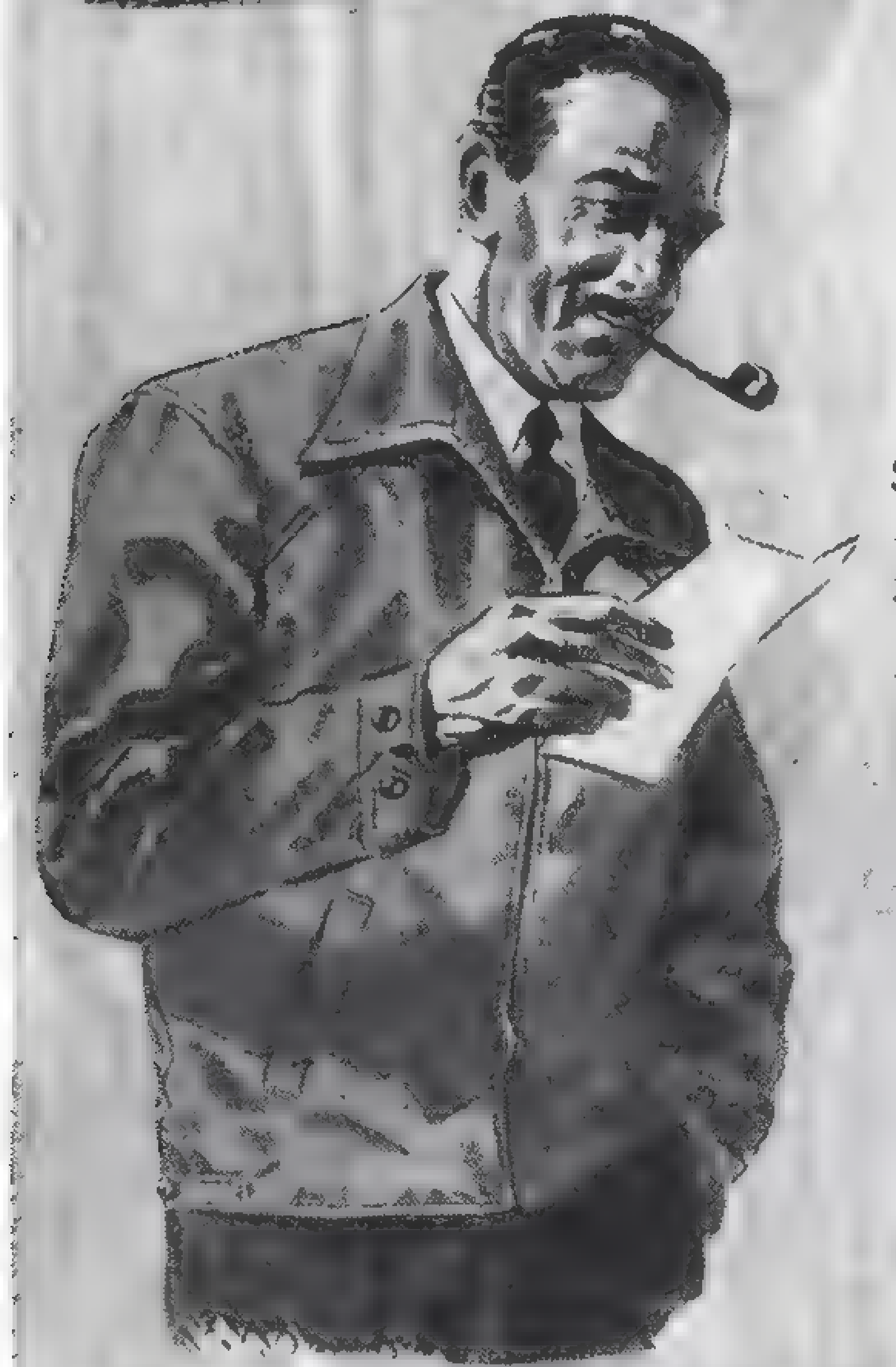
Gastronomical etiquette—and common sense—prescribes that the tails should be consumed first. Then comes the coral (possessed only by females), a pinkish and exceedingly tasty bite. Next is the tomalley, the liver, which offers a different flavor, not a bit less toothsome than the coral. Now the feet from both sides should be torn off, bitten and sucked clean, and finally come the two claws—hoping that the particular lobster you are experimenting on has both of them. They fight like hell, as I have said,

Continued on page 154

Sgt. Major calls "ATTEN-SHUN!"

this Fall's finest jacket by

Revere



Sleek as a seal and just as warm is this hardy, handsome jacket... grand for work or fun this Fall.

Made of Revere's wind-and-water-repellent combed cotton gabardine, the rugged Sgt. Major is reinforced and rayon-interlined throughout...has a full-length zipper, roomy slash pockets, and the "at ease" fit and feel typical of Revere tailoring.

Slip into a Sgt. Major for your work hours outdoors and your off hours everywhere.

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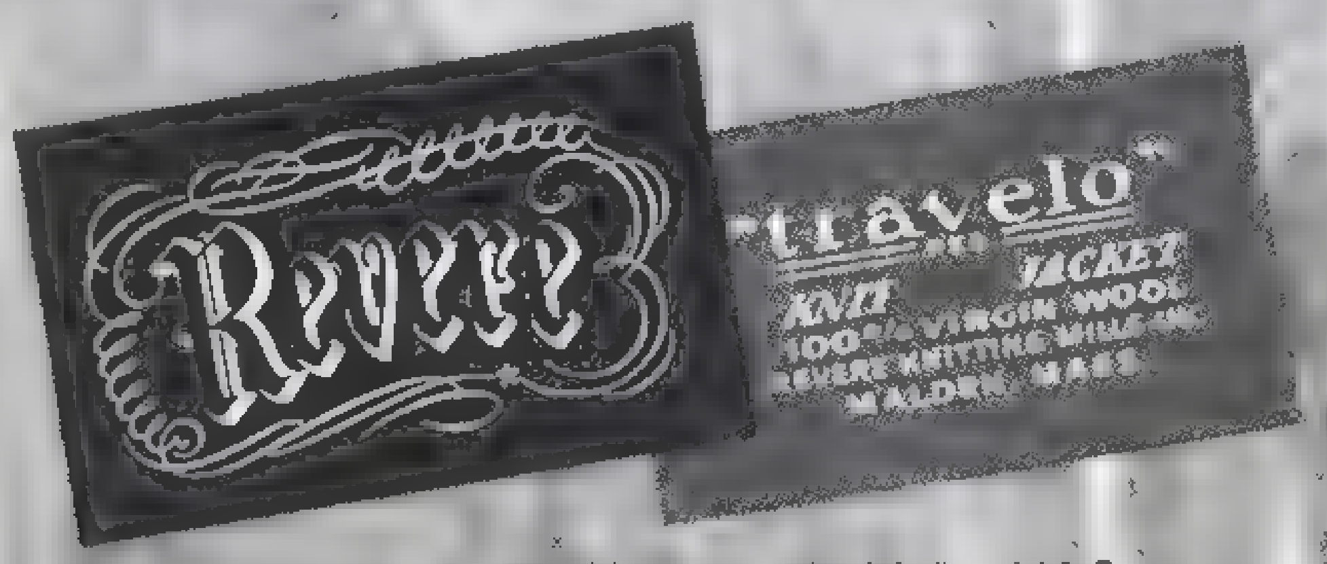

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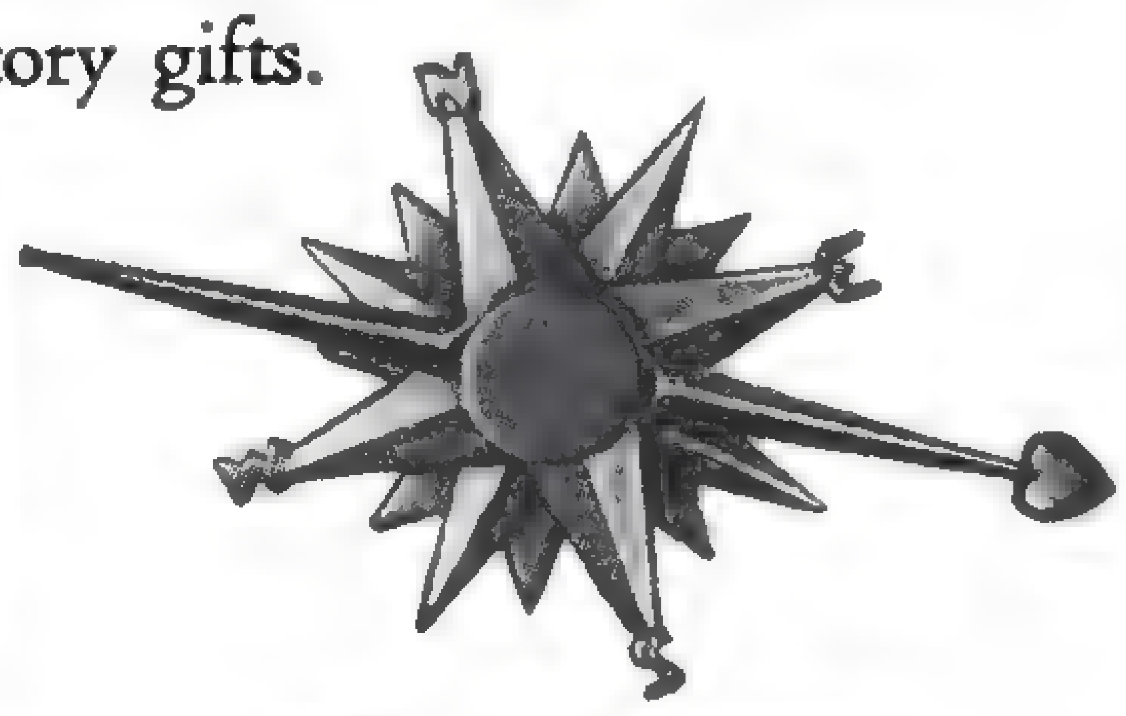
For the home folk!

You, who are far away from home, may be thinking of the Christmas gifts you would like to send to your loved ones. We can help you. The articles shown below are only indicative of our large stock of merchandise.

If you will write us and give us a list of names and addresses with the kind of gifts you want to send, we will do all we can to fill the orders satisfactorily and plan their arrival on any date you set. A & F gift certificates, in any amount are satisfactory gifts.

AIRPLANE HIGHBALL GLASSES

Twelve-ounce, heavy sham bottom highball glasses, decorated with Eric Sloane designs of combat and bombing planes in full color. Set of 8. $10.00



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North, South, East, West . . . she sets the heart-tipped needle in his direction. Sterling silver. 20% Federal Excise Tax included . . . $12.00

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Handsome accessory for any handbag holds bills, change, cards, etc. Soft maroquin leather in red, blue, green, brown or black. 20% Federal Excise Tax included $7.20

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Wash it if you will
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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 98-153

and when one of them wants to escape, he'll drop off a heavy claw to render the retreat easier and quicker.

In Europe much langouste is eaten and less lobster. The langouste has no claws, just long feelers, and never grows as large as the lobster. All in all, it is supposed to be inferior to lobster. Yet to me and to many a piscinaire its flesh tastes much sweeter and it is definitely juicier. The best comes from the waters of the Adriatic, but they are found all along the coasts of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal and the British Isles. Langoustine is the little brother of langouste, but strangely enough langoustines possess both pincers and feelers.

In Paris it was difficult to get people to eat anything but boiled lobsters or langouste. The real fancier slighted the crustacean even if it was prepared *à la Bretonne*, in a cocktail, *farcie*, in a salad, Newburgh, *Thermidor*, *aromatique*, *Belle Aurore*, *Armoricaine* or Albert. He knew that he mustn't make the already heavy lobster even heavier. For no matter how good they taste, I feel I must tell you that lobsters are hard to digest.

It took a Diamond Jim Brady's stomach to cope with them—he would eat twenty-four oysters, two lobsters, a mutton chop and pie. This was his simple lunch.

Although through these pages I constantly preach simplicity, I usually relent at the last moment, and affix a couple of fancy recipes, which are not too difficult to follow.

LOBSTER ESCALOPES

Cook the lobster in a *court-bouillon*. When it cools in the liquid, remove the tail, cut in escalope sizes and plunge the slices into hot butter in a pan. Take the rest of the lobster meat, break it up into little pieces, pass through a sieve, add to this hot tomato sauce, a small glass of brandy or whiskey, heat and mix, and pour this sauce over the lobster escalopes.

LOBSTER XAVIER

Boil your lobster and, after it has cooled, split lengthwise in two. Remove the lobster meat carefully so that the shell remains intact; dry the shell. Dice the meat and put the small pieces in hot butter. Add a little cream to it and a cup of Mornay sauce, prepared the following way:

Beat the yolks of two eggs together with a cup of Béchamel sauce (melt six tablespoonfuls of butter, add to this six tablespoonfuls of flour, cook till golden brown, add gradually a quart of milk, stir constantly and add an onion. Cook for one hour over low flame and strain through fine sieve), add a tablespoonful of butter, and a little grated cheese.

Mix the diced lobster meat with the Mornay sauce, fill the shell with the preparation and cover the top with another cup of Mornay sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in a hot oven. ##

THE

"FINNEGAN TWIST"

tailored by Disney

When you slip on the "Finnegan" notice how the binding flows wide and narrow, "in-again-out-again"...a typical deft Disney touch that gives you a becomingness and flattering headline not found in the ordinary hat.

Try on the "Finnegan Twist" in your favorite color at your local Disney agent.

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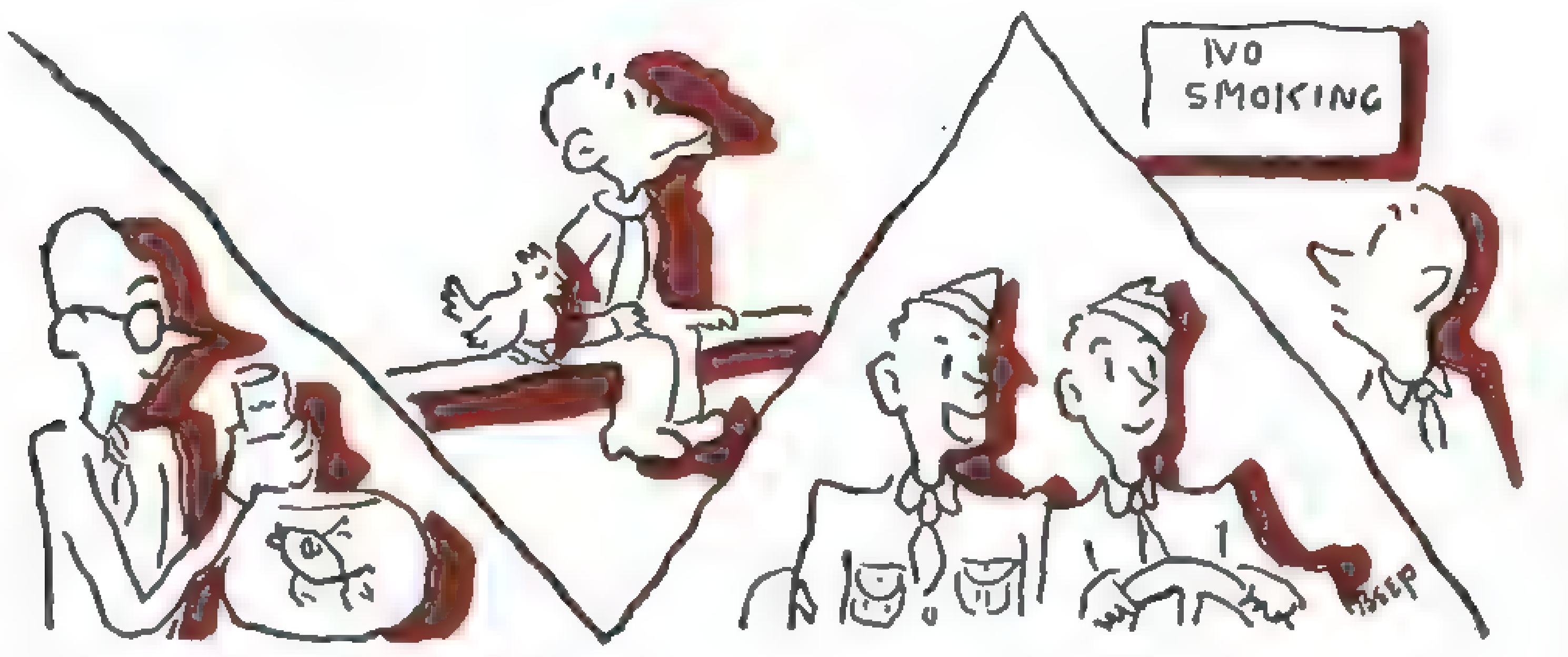

Incidents All Right-Thinking Humorists Deplore

"Henry," said Professor McAbstruse's wife, "before you come to bed be sure to put out the cat, pour some fresh water into the goldfish bowl and put the chowder in the icebox."

When the professor finished the last chapter of *Early Merovingian Folk Customs* two hours later he muttered: "Hmm. Now what was it Armanda told me to do?"

Next morning, when Mrs. McAbstruse came down for breakfast, she surveyed the results. The professor had put out the cat, poured some fresh water into the goldfish bowl and put the chowder in the icebox!

* * *

Rastus was in Farmer Brown's henhouse stealing some chickens when the farmer, having heard some noise, came to the door and demanded: "Who's there?"

The wily Semang, knowing that the slightest sound would betray him, kept absolutely quiet and the farmer eventually departed—allowing Rastus to escape with $63.75 worth of poultry.

* * *

Two G.I.'s on leave were driving along a winding coastal road, adjacent to bathing beaches, many of which were adorned by beautiful feminine bathers. The driver, after being forced to apply his brakes suddenly to avoid going off the road on a particularly sharp hairpin turn, exclaimed irritably: "Boy, oh boy, what curves!"

"You said it!" retorted his companion, "this is the crookedest stretch of road between Laguna Beach and Santa Monica."

* * *

A man with astigmatism, hoping to get a driver's license, had a friend scout the eye-test chart at the license bureau. This chart the astigmatic man memorized from his friend's report. When it came time for his test and the examiner ordered: "Read that," he happened, by mistake, to look at a large NO SMOKING sign on the wall. "Sorry," said the astigmatic man, and hastily put out his cigarette.

—Parke Cummings

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ARISTOCRAT
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ORIGINAL

There's something about the Marly—as there is about every member of the Ayrostar fashion family—that will give you the center of the stage. At the ball game, at business, for town or country, or any casual wear, its precision style-lines are correct and distinguished. Tailored of CORDUROYAL, a rich, supple corduroy that wears like iron and is used EXCLUSIVELY on Ayrostar fashions. In Sand, Saddle Brown, or Lovat Green.

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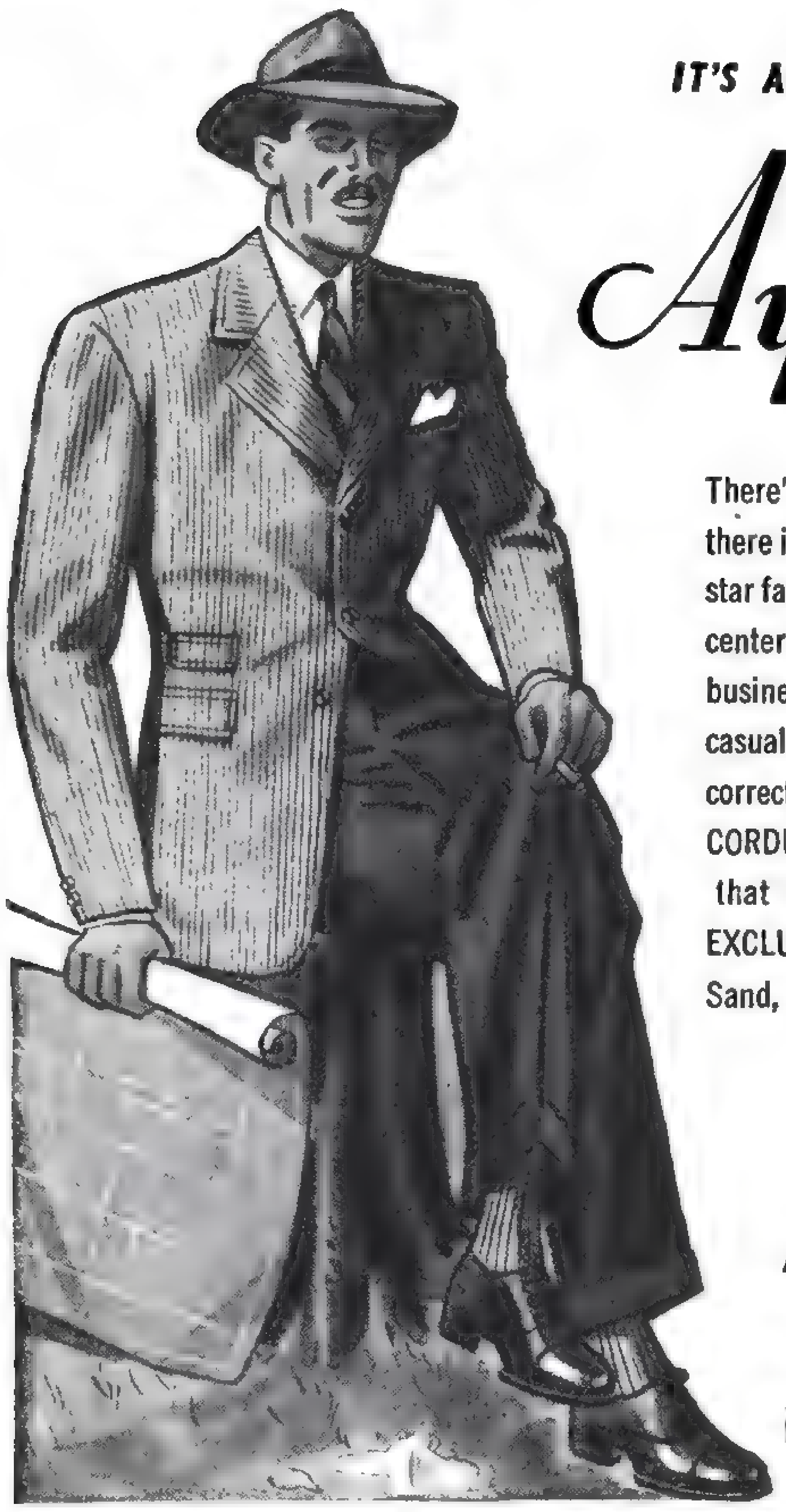

When men want fine footwear

There comes a time when a man is ready to own Footsavers, finest of Bostonians. Why not enjoy the cushioned comfort of a really well-built shoe . . . a shoe fashioned of rich, plump leathers ... and styled with the true distinction which only fine shoes possess. Pictured is Fenworth. Isn't now the time for you to step up to Footsavers? $11.50 to $12.95. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Mass.

Footsaver Shoes
BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

It's the cagey thing to do

HEUBLEIN'S
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAIL

IF YOU'RE very, *very* particular about what goes into your Dry Martinis . . .

Take note: These Dry Martinis are made with scarce and precious MILSHIRE GIN and the world's finest *Dry Vermouth.*

Just ask your liquor store for Heublein's Dry Martinis—perfectly mixed, ready to add ice and serve. *It's the cagey thing to do.*

THERE ARE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Manhattan, *65 proof* • Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Martini medium, *60 proof* • Side Car, *60 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof* • Daiquiri, *70 proof*

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 91

tors whip the air, regardless of the athletes' own wishes.

Curley Lambeau conducts the Green Bay Packers football club as a commercial venture, so when Curley took his club on the Chicago-Cleveland leg of a game trip and return, it was not to accommodate his thirty players, whose average weight per man, according to United Air Lines, was 209 pounds. Curley wanted to get his stalwarts there and back, quick, cheap and in the regulation number of pieces.

When the hockey clubs travel by plane, it is not to cut short the pullman gin rummy and bridge games but to save money for the club owners and, according to Coach Bun Cook, to keep the fellows in better condition.

Michigan, which has sent football teams and relay teams to the West Coast by air, also testifies to air travel delivering athletes in sprightly condition to the cities in which their labors are to be performed.

But again you have the probability that a ride in an air-conditioned train doesn't do any injury to the physique of a sports star and might do the fellow some good. So what the facts are about conditioning by travel depends on which ticket agent you are talking to, and what he has to sell.

Bob Feller is said to have traveled more by air than any other baseball player. Bob got one of those 100,000-mile certificates which an air line bestowed upon its customers. And Bob never was out of condition.

There has been considerable speculation about the prospect of bringing Los Angeles and San Francisco into major league baseball by plane travel after the war ends. Well, the fact may be that the ones who hope for Pacific Coast teams in the National or American leagues or both misapply the facts of time, distance and population.

The population of metropolitan Los Angeles was 2,904,596 by the 1940 census, and by the same census San Francisco's metropolitan area showed 1,428,525. Yet the baseball hunger of those cities was not registered in Pacific Coast league attendance to a degree promising that Los Angeles or San Francisco deserved to be in the same league with Cincinnati which had a metropolitan population of 789,309 in 1940, or with Washington, D. C., which had a population of 907,816.

St. Louis, which has been hoping that night ball will increase its major league patronage, has exhibited more of a baseball appetite than San Francisco, which has

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Good appearance radiates confidence, success, victory. Smart, quality clothes are a great builder of morale on the war front, and the home front as well. That's why the Army and Navy specify only the finest grade materials for American officers and enlisted men's uniforms. Civilian buyers are following this lead, and demanding smart style, perfect fit and first line quality in their clothes.

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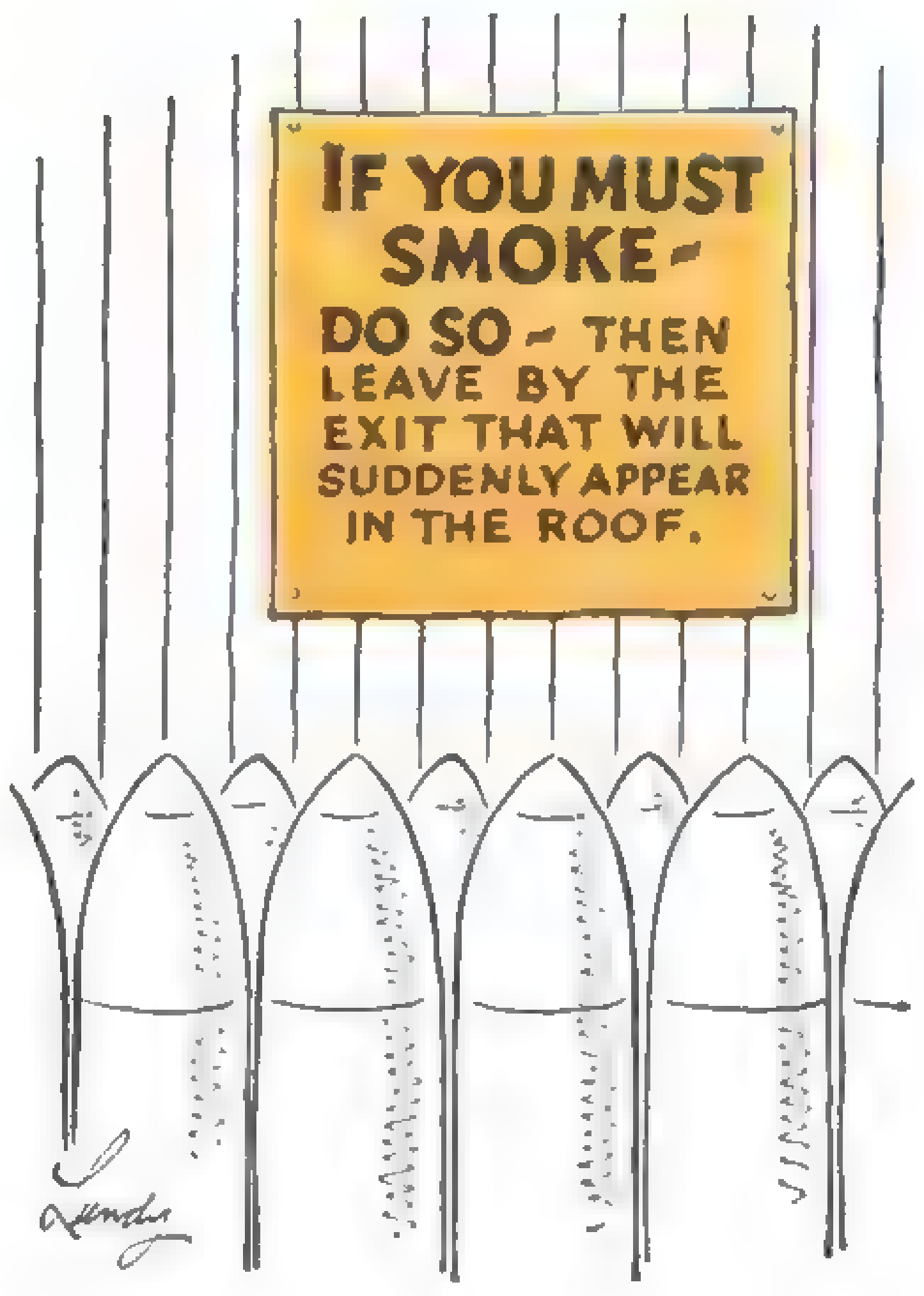
Tailoring Co.
[illegible] W. JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

160,548 more people than St. Louis has in its ball park customer zone. Boston, with two teams drawing only 677,614 last year from a metropolitan area population of 2,350,514, is a better baseball box-office proposition than Los Angeles, with practically 600,000 more potential patrons. Size doesn't always determine how the baseball box office will draw.


IF YOU MUST SMOKE—
DO SO—THEN LEAVE BY THE EXIT THAT WILL SUDDENLY APPEAR IN THE ROOF.
Landis

Probably a championship major league team would change the attitude of Los Angeles or San Francisco fans, but how do you know that the air-borne team would be a championship outfit?

So, thus far, the mere facts don't point to post-war major league club travel by plane altering the territory of the leagues or making the magnates and players more opulent.

Yet, if you want to argue that a winning ball club could do business anywhere on a circuit it could travel by plane, what's wrong with trying to switch a franchise to London where there are 8,700,000 people who have been getting exposed to baseball as played by American soldiers? London is closer by plane time to New York than St. Louis is to New York by ball club train schedules.

Or there is Paris with 4,933,855 possible customers, and when things get back to normal it would be a very lovely place for spending an evening or two or three during the World Series. Some old people say even better than Philadelphia which, after a fashion, supports two teams with its 2,898,644 metropolitan population.

Moscow, which will be only a plane sleeper jump from New York after the war, has a population of 4,137,018 and after war work stops should be able to turn out bigger ball crowds than the St. Louis Browns draw at home.

Now you see where facts are likely to lead you in a mild sports debate about whether or not the air age will bring the major leagues to the Pacific Coast. The moral—if any—is don't bother too much about facts when you are talking sports. ##

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VERSATILE FAVORITES
OF THE
WELL-DRESSED UNDER-GRAD

Topsail is a 100% All-American Tweed, that authentically reproduces the rich coloring, soft texture, and durability of hand-loomed imported fabrics. Superbly tailored to Seven Seas standards of style (with new Koverzip Fly Closure), it makes ruggedly handsome slacks that are fit mates for casual coat, sports jacket, or sweater—both on campus or off.

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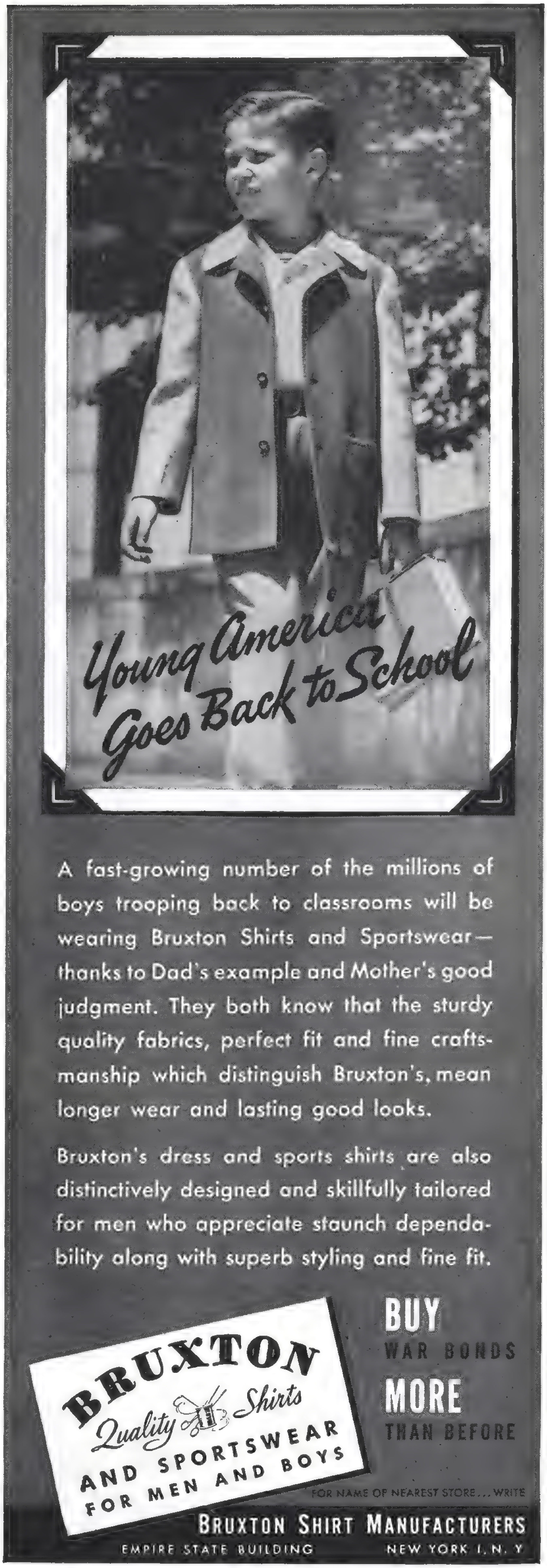
Moyer MFG. CO.
ESTABLISHED 1894
YOUNGSTOWN


Young America Goes Back to School

A fast-growing number of the millions of boys trooping back to classrooms will be wearing Bruxton Shirts and Sportswear—thanks to Dad's example and Mother's good judgment. They both know that the sturdy quality fabrics, perfect fit and fine craftsmanship which distinguish Bruxton's, mean longer wear and lasting good looks.

Bruxton's dress and sports shirts are also distinctively designed and skillfully tailored for men who appreciate staunch dependability along with superb styling and fine fit.

BRUXTON Quality Shirts AND SPORTSWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS

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FOR NAME OF NEAREST STORE . . . WRITE
BRUXTON SHIRT MANUFACTURERS
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING NEW YORK I, N. Y

Harridge Plays No Favorites

Continued from page 41

was criticizing the commissioner. That was the last straw. Judge Landis demanded a showdown of the American League. The club owners convened in Chicago and voted unanimously to give Johnson a leave of absence.

As the league president, broken in health and spirit, left the meeting room on the arm of Harridge, he paused briefly and said: "Will, I suppose you know that this means I am through and, of course, that means that you are through, also."

But behind the door they shut, the club owners were far from designating Will Harridge as through. They first named Frank J. Navin of Detroit as acting president of the league, then appointed Harridge as acting secretary of the organization.

When Johnson read in the newspapers that Harridge was continuing his association with the league and was going the next week to meet with the National League committee to draw up the following season's schedule, he fumed and raged about man's ingratitude. In the new league crisis, however, he believed the call to duty was beyond that of personal allegiance.

Busy with the affairs of his Detroit club, Navin turned more and more American League detail over to the acting secretary.

Two months after he had left the American League office, advised by his physician that any return to work would be exceedingly detrimental, perhaps even fatal, Ban Johnson again appeared upon the scene and announced that he was taking charge. He had never resigned, had he? For days at a time he would not speak to Harridge. He countermanded the acting secretary's orders. Intraoffice conditions became intolerable, and Harridge finally moved out of the league office and opened his own suite down the corridor on the same floor. He did not re-enter the league headquarters until, at long last, Johnson officially resigned on October 17, 1927.

Again Navin, as vice president of the league, was the ostensible head of the circuit, but again the administration of details fell on the shoulders of Harridge. It wasn't until November that the league elected a new president, Ernest S. Barnard of the Cleveland Indians.

With harmony restored to the league, Harridge was officially made secretary of the organization and he had reason to look forward to peace and quiet. But President Barnard died March

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His students hear how all-year-round comfort is theirs when wearing Wat-a-tite rainwear, as Wat-a-tite lets fabrics "breathe" by keeping them porous while repelling rain, wind and snow. They also hear the Prof. tell how Wat-a-tite won't weaken fabrics . . . fact is, it sometimes strengthens them. Their notes also show that Wat-a-tite LASTS even after several PROPER** dry cleansings, AND, Prof. B. emphasizes the fact that Wat-a-tite won't crack or crackle in cold weather.

Take a page from the Prof.'s book! Visit your favorite clothier today . . . and LOOK FOR THE WAT-A-TITE LABEL; the next time it rains you'll be glad you did!

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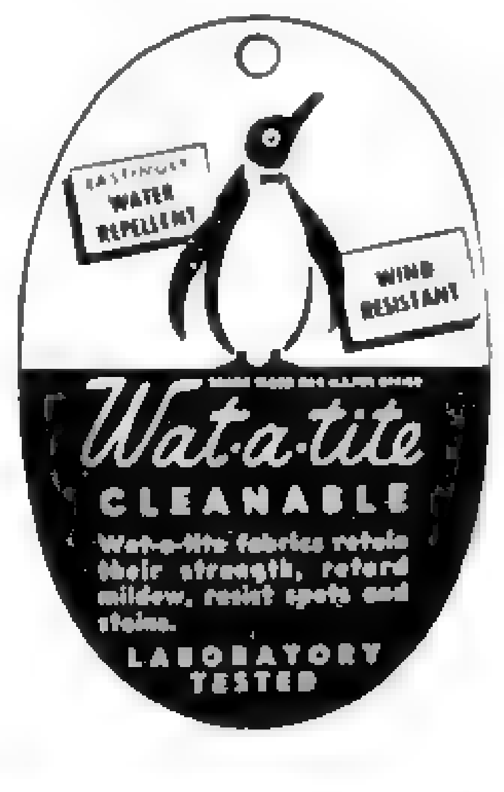
A LASTING WATER REPELLENT FINISH FOR COTTONS and RAYONS



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WIND RESISTANT
Wat-a-tite
CLEANABLE
Wat-a-tite fabrics retain their strength, retard mildew, resist spots and stains.
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HOLLAND RACINE Shoes

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HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
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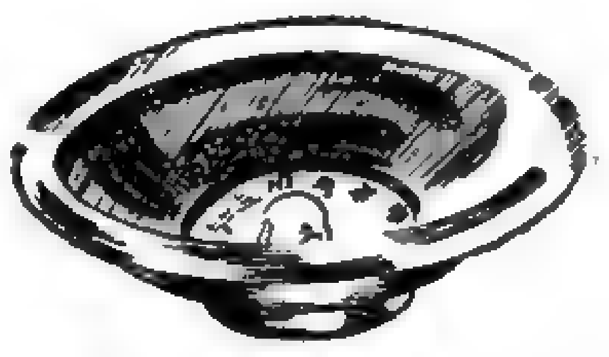
27, 1931, and the next day Ban Johnson also passed away. Within forty-eight hours, Harridge had to attend the last rites for the two men whose right-hand man he had been throughout his own baseball career.

In the weeks that followed Harridge was perturbed not so much by league affairs as by the scores of applications for the vacated presidency. Minor league executives, sports editors and baseball writers, dyed-in-the-wool fans and politicians wrote glowing tributes to their own qualifications for the job. The mayor of a large midwestern city dropped in at league headquarters, slapped Harridge on the back and assured the secretary his post would be safe when he, hizzoner, moved in as president. The mayor even mentioned names of club owners who would vote for him.



Sterling silver ash tray has a Chinese coin set in center.

The meeting to elect a new president was called for May 27. Before that date, Charles A. Comiskey summoned Harridge to his bed, on which he was to die before the year ended, and commanded him to take the league presidency. That was significant in view of the fact that Harridge had been Johnson's man and the "Old Roman" and Johnson had been enemies for years. It was significant, too, that Phil Ball, the lone dissenter when the "oust Johnson" vote was taken, should at the special election meeting in Cleveland get up and announce: "I nominate Will Harridge for president and treasurer. I hope he is not elected, for, if he is, we are going to lose a damned good secretary."

The nominations were closed and Will Harridge, who never played baseball in his life, became the third president of the American League.

Everyone in baseball knew that Harridge brought energy, diplomacy and levelheadedness to the office. They knew he was a past master of detail and system even though he always operated in the background, overshadowed by the fiery, dominant Johnson and the quiet, efficient Barnard. But—did the man have courage? Could he look a recalcitrant ballplayer in the eye and make him realize the league meant it when it proclaimed: "No rowdyism"?

Harridge had been league president only a year when he was called upon to face that test. The Memorial Day game at Cleveland

Continued on page 160

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America's Luxury Whiskey

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The perfume of promise...

Worth

JE REVIENS

(I will return)

unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

Harridge Plays No Favorites

Continued from pages 41-159

in 1932 between the White Sox and Indians provided the incident that was to be his crucible. Sox Manager Lew Fonseca and three of his players disputed Umpire George Moriarty's decisions with verbal brickbats and fists.

Upholding the authority of the umpire and keeping down rowdyism were two of Ban Johnson's cardinal principles. As National League umpire Bill Klem once said it: "It wasn't till Ban Johnson built the American League and insisted that umpires were as much a part of the game as players that we (the umpires) felt sure of our ground."

Harridge moved as swiftly and effectively as Johnson himself would have. He fined the White Sox quartet 1,350 dollars.

But if Harridge could be tough, he also could be forgiving. He had levied one of baseball's stiffest fines on Lew Fonseca. Yet when the White Sox manager came to him the following season and unfolded his baseball educational movie idea, the league president was quick to see its possibilities and readily and eagerly obtained the club owners' okay to advance Fonseca 1,000 dollars.

Encouraged by Harridge, Fonseca went to work in earnest and within a year produced such startling results with his camera that the league president then "sold" the club owners on the idea to the extent of a 25,000-dollar separate movie budget. The result: Fonseca now heads the American League's promotional department.

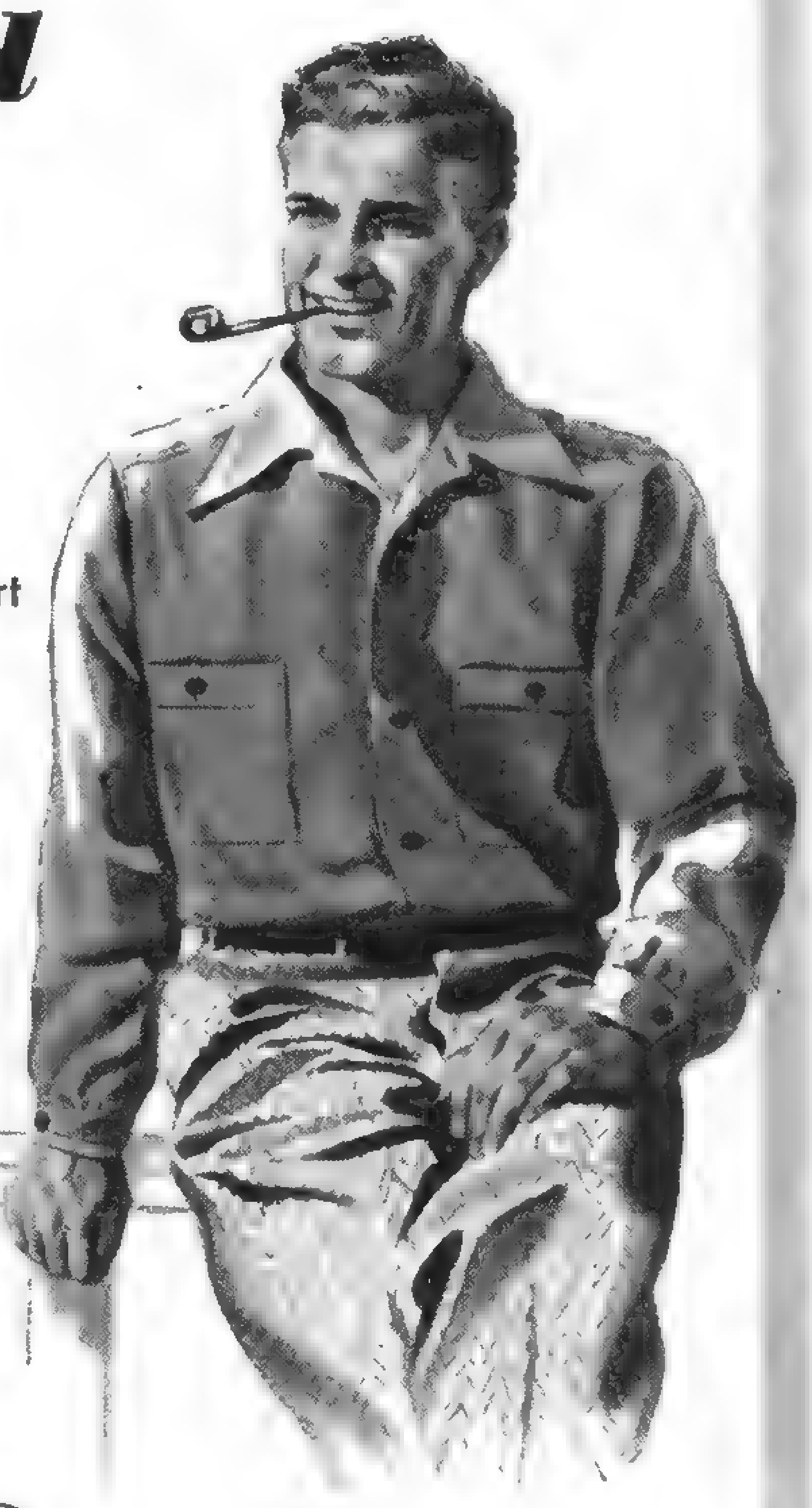
As president of the league, Harridge, of course, must be perfectly neutral in his feelings toward the American League teams and players. He "just can't have" favorites under ordinary circumstances. But the All-Star game of July 8, 1941, doesn't come under the status of ordinary circumstance. The score was five to three in favor of the National Leaguers when the Americans came up for their last bats that day in Detroit.

"You know," says Harridge, "about the only time I ever get to do any cheering at a ball game is in the World Series or at the All-Star game. When I go to an American League game, I have to be impartial—and I like to root. Well, that afternoon I felt glum."

He doesn't remember perking up much even when, with one away, Ken Keltner of the Indians pinch-hit for White Sox pitcher Eddie Smith and singled. Joe Gordon of the Yankees hit safely, too, but Harridge didn't feel the excitement boiling up until Cecil Travis of the Senators drew a base on balls, filling the sacks.

"I'll never forget that next mo-

a grand way to relax!



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ment," Harridge confesses, "as Joe DiMaggio came up to the plate. Joe was on a hitting streak that had extended through forty-nine consecutive games, and although he had got his hit for the day earlier in the game I felt that if anyone was liable to come through with a long hit that would get us back in the ball game it would be Joe."

But DiMaggio rolled to Eddie Miller at short who forced Travis at second. Travis hit the dirt and jarred Herman just enough to keep him from getting off a double-play throw, and DiMag was safe at first, Keltner scored on the play and Gordon moved to third.

"I can still see Ted Williams of the Red Sox, the next batter up." The Harridge voice is excited.

"Williams was batting .405 in the league—and at season's end was going to be the first American batsman in eighteen years to hit over .400. He stood up there before Claude Passeau, the Cubs' star. I still see Williams, tall and loose, up at the plate. The count was two balls and one strike when he swung. Everyone around me began yelling. I must have taken my eye off that ball a moment because when I looked I thought I saw it falling foul in the stands—must have been a white drinking cup, dropped by some excited fan, though. Because that hit was really a home run. It won the game for the American League, seven to five, and gave me my biggest thrill in baseball."

It must have done that all right because friends who were with Harridge that day tell of how he fell over two rows of seats in his haste to get down to the clubhouse to congratulate Williams. And he admits, "I guess maybe I'd have kissed Ted, only a lot of photographers were around."

Old-timers around the American League office remember that Harridge used to have one weakness, a fondness for loud socks—the gayer the colors, the better. But no more. As a matter of fact, he probably is the best-dressed man in the game, albeit conservatively. On the street you'd very likely spot him as a banker or industrial tycoon or corporation lawyer or—well, as it happened in Washington at a recent All-Star game:

It was some minutes before game time when the tall, distinguished gentleman and his party took a front box. Men reached over railings and chairs to shake his hand. Others, further away, waved in greeting.

One of the ballplayers, warming up almost directly in front of the tall, distinguished gentleman's box, paused and asked a teammate: "Who's that guy? He looks important enough to be the president." The second player took a look and replied: "He *is* the president—president of the American League." ╫

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$100

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AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

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SINGLEDGE
GEM BLADE

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PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH!

FIGHT WASTE • SAVE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

Education of a Night Fireman

Continued from page 57

take out all the ashes. When Frankie comes in the morning, he always looks first into the pits."

The soldier stared into space and shrugged again. "Don't mix up the two coal piles. The hard coal is on your right side, except in the two barracks over there, where it's the other way around. After midnight you can take it easy but start working around four in the morning so they will have plenty of heat and water when they're getting up."

I made the round of number four and five and worked on the fires until they seemed all right. I swept the space around the furnace and studied the regulations on the wall. There were intricate rules for saving coal. They would surprise many a civilian who thinks that the Army is just wasting things. It was past seven and I went over to the officers' mess hall. Mess call was over and the hall was empty. Inside the kitchen one cook was frying meat and the other reading a letter. A frail-looking private in a clean, freshly pressed O.D. shirt wrapped up large cubes of butter which he carried into the refrigerator.

The private served my dinner; vegetable soup, ham croquettes, French fried potatoes, creamed cauliflower, mixed salad, pineapple cake. The food was well-cooked and it was nice sitting in here far away from my fires.

Outside, I felt the cold wind blowing through my bones. The fires looked good enough except the one in number five, which was dangerously low. There seemed to be an excessive draft somewhere but I was unable to check it. I banked the furnace, carefully imitating Frankie's side-banking method. In the next hours I kept going between the barracks, watching the furnaces and stoves, occasionally listening near the orderly room, where the radio was playing a Heifetz recording of the Beethoven concerto. At half past ten all lights were out. In the darkness the cold seemed to grow. I made sure that furnace number five was well-stocked and went into the orderly room. The C.Q. had gone to bed. I put the light on. After awhile a captain and a boyish, red-haired lieutenant came in. They stepped to the alert list and the lieutenant whistled, finding his name.

"Well," he said. "I guess a change of climate will do me good. Though it may even be colder."

"What about Madge?" the captain asked.

The lieutenant shrugged. "Madge is swell. She figures that we had six months together anyway. Six swell months. That's a lot more than a hell of a lot of guys have been having."

The captain stared out of the window into nothing. "I wish I were married," he said.

A ruddy-faced, broad-shoulder-

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ed major came in, his hands in his coat. "Nice and warm," he said, taking his hands out of his pockets. "Keep it warm, boy." And to the officers, "Your names there?"

"Jack's," the captain said.

The major nodded and went on to describe a house which he had just rented. Just a few minutes' walk from the camp, three bedrooms, garage, fireplace, nice kitchen. "And all for—well, you won't believe it. They charge me eighteen dollars."

"A week?" the lieutenant asked.

"A month."

"The house must be haunted," the captain said. They went out and I took my overcoat and went back to my fires. Not much happened until half past two when I came back from a round and sat down near the furnace on the cardboard box. It was pleasantly warm and I opened my field jacket and leaned back. The next thing I must have dozed off. When I awoke, it was a quarter to three. I jumped up and ran toward number five. The fire was down to a small, stuttering flame. I put on two shovels of coal and the fire died altogether. For half an hour I was trying in vain to build another fire, by taking out glowing live coals from the small stove. In the end, the small stove's fire went out, too. The wind howled and the temperature inside the barrack fell rapidly. The warm-water tank was down to eighty degrees. Frankie slept next to the C.Q. I had to rouse him for a while before he opened his eyes. Frankie didn't explode as I had expected—another proof of the noncommissioned officer's impenetrable psychology. He didn't say a word. Just put on his fatigues and overcoat and went with me to boiler room number five. For the next half hour we worked hard building the fire. I brought all cardboard boxes, wooden baskets and papers I could find but the constructive job of nursing the flames was done by Frankie. By four a.m. the fire was burning more beautifully than any other fire I've seen, including several terrific *Feuerzaubers* in the last act of *Die Walküre*. Frankie looked satisfied, wiped his brow and for five uncomfortable minutes gave me hell, but it was anticlimactic and merely educational.

He went back to bed and I swept the boiler rooms and carried out the ashes. Inside the barracks it was warm and when I turned on the warm water, I almost burned my hand. I couldn't help feeling that I had arrived as a fireman and decided to celebrate with a cup of hot coffee.

At six I was relieved by another soldier. I signed out at the orderly room and went home to my barrack. From the loud-speaker in the middle of the camp came the Air Forces march and the "*Seid umschlungen, Millionen*" theme from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. A group of soldiers, carrying steel helmets, rifles and field-packs, were marching toward the rifle range. ##

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Smith Synchro-Flex*British Walkers are more than just shoes . . . they are conclusive evidence of how good shoes can be. To their style and stamina, patented Synchro-Flex Construction adds the exclusive quality of *Synchro-Flex stability. In them your feet are instantly at ease. You know no other shoes are like them the minute you put them on. Priced from $11.95.

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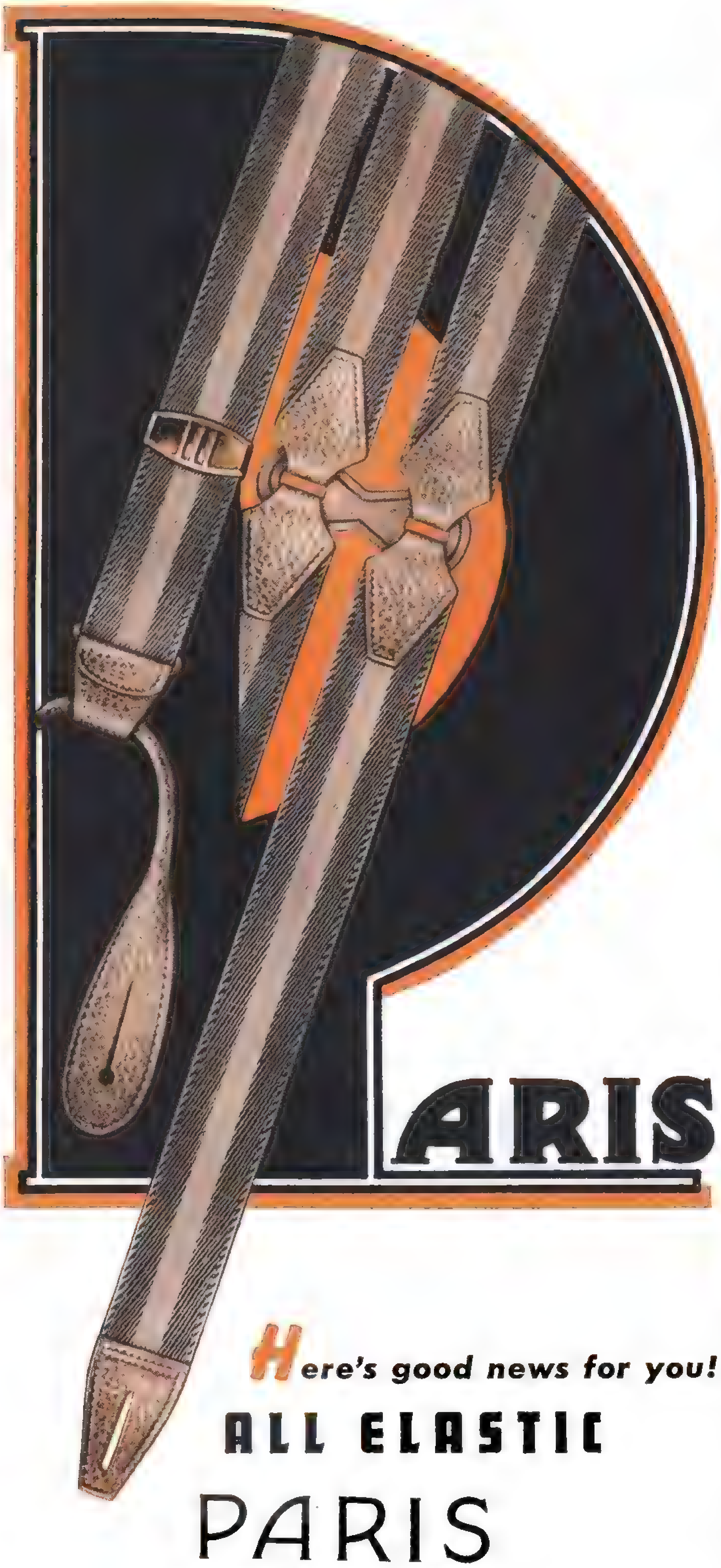

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Style illustrated: ⅞" all elastic Paris "Free-Swing" Suspender. English style ends made of fine quality imported pigskin, $2.

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto.

The Widow Kelvey's Curse

Continued from page 31

so did Millbush seem given to periods of gloom which Caroline could not understand. One night he confessed he was afraid to ask Caroline to marry him; he wanted to marry her more than he had ever wanted anything, but he was a great-grandson of old Watson Beggs. . . . The Curse . . . root and branch; that was the way the legend went.

Caroline burst into tears and rushed up to her hotel room. Freddy Millbush sat in his car and smoked cigarette after cigarette, too tired and baffled to drive home. He dozed off and was awakened when Caroline and her father appeared beside his car.

Ralph Stafford asked his daughter, Caroline, to get into the front seat beside Millbush and he climbed into the back seat and took up the chain cigarette smoking where Millbush had left off. He wanted to tell the young people a story that Caroline had never heard.

He was the son of Peggy Kelvey—the grandson of old Kitty Kelvey, who invoked The Curse. Peggy had lost her first child, of diphtheria, soon after the baby was born; later she went to Atlanta and married a man named Stafford. Before he was grown, Ralph Stafford had heard often the story of his mother's seduction and flight from Florida—a sensational version rendered by shocked Stafford aunties.

His mother had been dead for several years, his grandmother longer than that. "It seems to me," he said, "that if there is any curse on the Beggs clan, this marriage might wipe it out. Of course, it's up to you kids to decide."

Caroline Stafford and Freddy Millbush were married three months later in New York City. They returned to Florida and Freddy proceeded to develop his beach holdings and tourist-trade.

Now he and Caroline have three healthy and happy children. There hasn't been a catastrophe or violent death or ugly happenstance among the Beggses, Cunnivans, Smoaks, Darrows, et al, in the decade since the wedding. Few families have so pleasant a record.

Of the several Beggs grandchildren and great-grandchildren serving in World War II, no one has been killed or even injured in action. A great-grandson of old Watson Beggs recently returned to this country after flying his specified missions against Germany without getting a scratch.

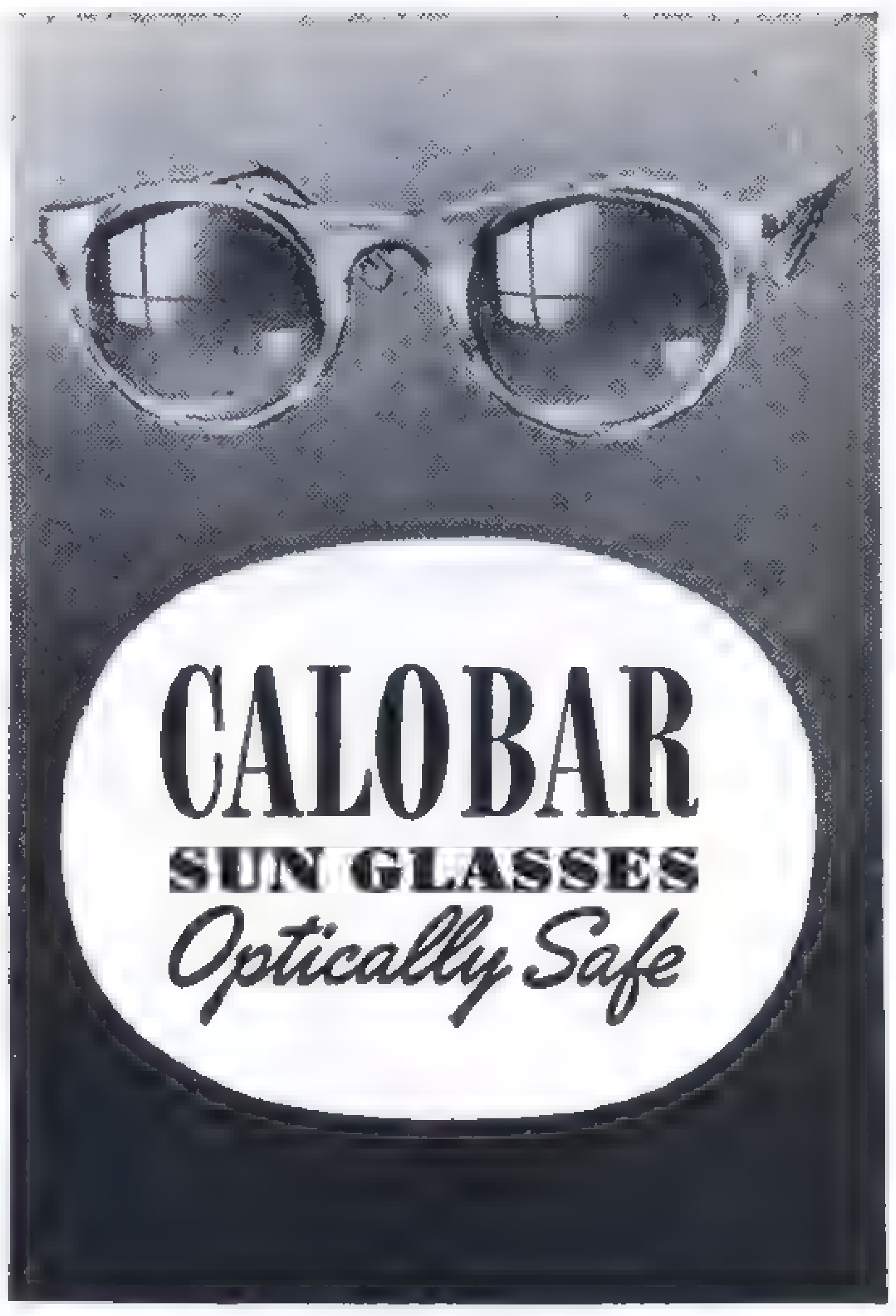
No specter of insanity, mutilation, suicide or other vile fate hangs above the Beggses' descendants these days. They are as hopeful and ambitious and confident a lot as one could find anywhere. With pardonable pride, Freddy and Caroline think that their marital venture had something to do with this. In Freddy's slow drawl, "Yes, sir—Caroline sure put the hex on her great-grandma." ⌗

MEN WHO *MUST* SEE CLEARLY WEAR CALOBAR SUN GLASSES

BLINDING SUNLIGHT. Terrific speeds. Yet eyes must not be dazzled. Life hangs on sharpness of vision. That's why Calobar Sun Glasses are worn by so many U. S. airmen.

Calobar Sun Glasses have lenses made of specially compounded glass. They absorb hot infra-red rays, block ultra-violet "sunburn" rays, and prevent excessive light from reaching the eyes. Plenty of "seeing" rays are admitted.

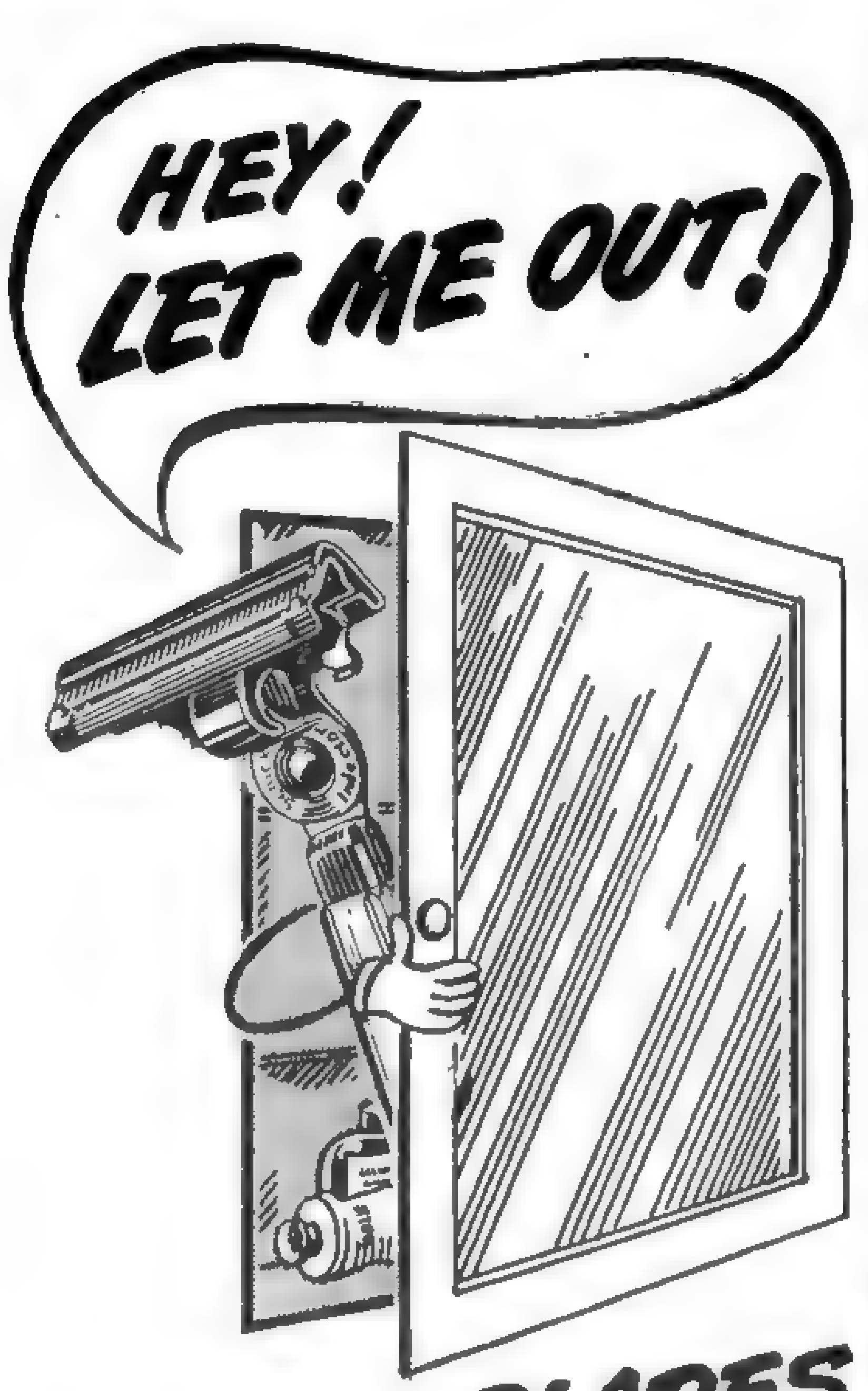
Now, Calobar Sun Glasses are all going to the armed forces. When war needs have been taken care of they will be available through those who render professional eye care.



American Optical COMPANY

World's Largest Maker of Ophthalmic Products

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS


HEY! LET ME OUT!

SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

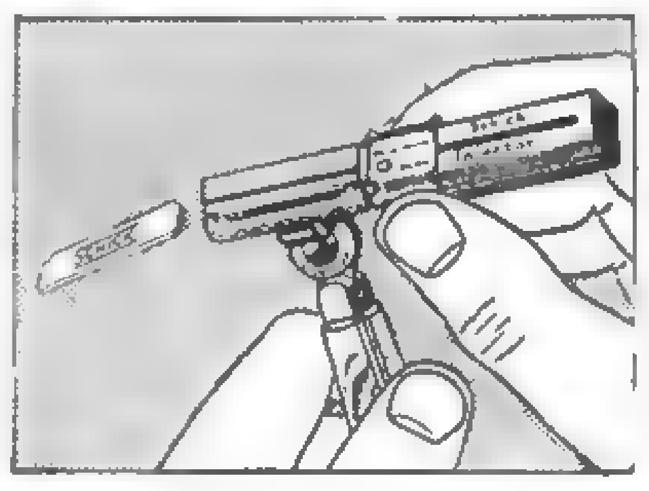
Your Schick Injector Razor says and we quote: "I've been on the shelf long enough. You can put me back to work tomorrow morning! Schick Injector Blades are here again—in force!

'Nuff said? From now on, you and I can get together on some really smooth shaving!"

While we're still unable to get material for new razors—we're now supplying *all* military and civilian demands for the blades. So go right ahead and enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years!

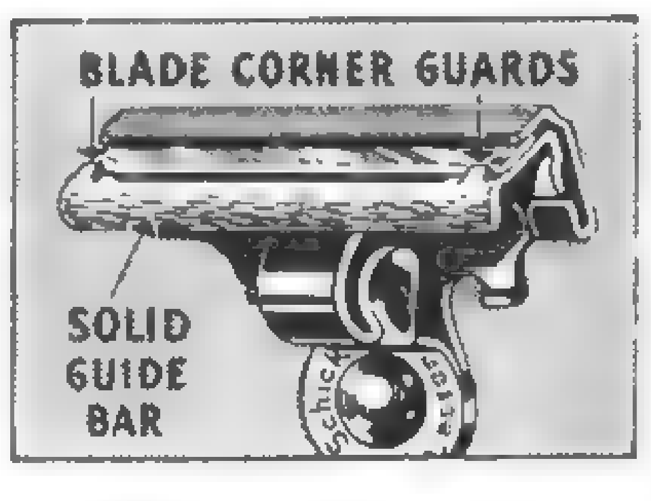
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature that shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or paper wrappers.



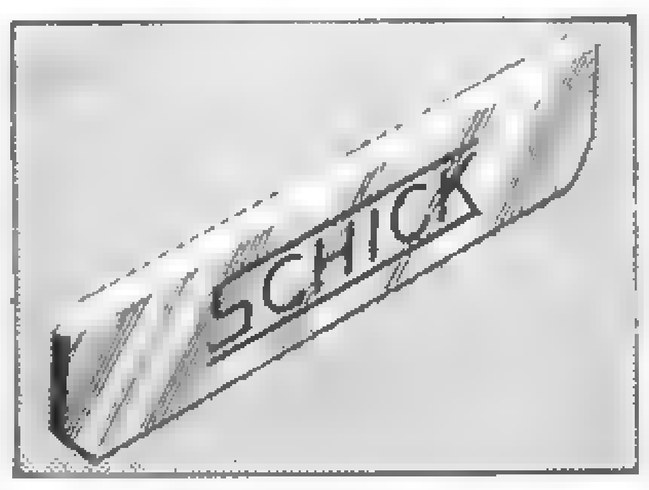
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport 1, Conn.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 81

up for their craft, I would like to hear from them. For the moment, Johnson is an undisputed champion!

LATE SUMMER READING

The Letters of Alexander Woollcott (Edited by Beatrice Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey). Wasp's-eye view of the private lives of some of the most amusing people in America and England, with the added thrill that always comes from sneaking a look at letters addressed to somebody else. None of Woollcott's nastiest and most vitriolic missives are included. Aside from this omission, and a slight overdose of drooling effusions to Laura Richards, this collection is cannily chosen and brilliantly edited. A highlight of the season.

Fair Stood the Wind for France, by H. E. Bates. The faces are familiar: the British flier who makes a forced landing in France, the Nazis who seize hostages, the farmer's daughter who supplies the love interest. In the hands of a sensitive, accomplished writer, however, the formula expands into a tender, highly effective story, with a smash ending that will look like a million in technicolor. Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Mr. G. Strings Along, by Robert Wilder. An occasionally amusing compound of tardy spoofing of Washington, bathroom humor and sex antics from the Thorne Smithsonian Institute. Mr. W. Strings It Out. Not in a class with his *Flamingo Road*.

The Red Cock Crows, by Frances Gaither. Another plantation story of de ole Souf, massuh, but with a difference. Frances Gaither has distilled guts, vigor and a rare sense of reality along with the magnolia. The result is a novel of genuine distinction.

McGraw of the Giants, by Frank Graham. This is the best book about baseball in years. McGraw had that mysterious thing called "color" or "box office;" and Graham does him full justice.

Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural (Edited by Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser.)

"This is the most complete and hair-raising collection of ghost stories and tales of terror that has ever been assembled in the world," says the jacket blurb of this book. "It is a bumper volume of fifty-two complete stories, each a masterpiece in its particular way." I find nothing to quarrel about in this description. As a matter of fact, I wrote it. The editors tried the book on a man with a toupé. After he read two tales, every hair of the toupé stood on end!

A Treasury of American Folklore (Edited by B. A. Botkin). A dazzling crazy quilt of rich Americana that will serve as a source book for anthologists, historians, raconteurs and radio comics for the next fifty years. ⧺

Good advice for Men and Women from Diana Barrymore daughter of the great John Barrymore:

"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection. Men as well as women should use Arrid."

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid — it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, antiseptic, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid does not irritate — gives complete protection — use it regularly.*

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 39c, 59c a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Worsted-tex

100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

A gentleman's suit in every particular, distinguished for fine fabrics, smart designing and fine tailoring. Quality-value worsteds loomed of 100% Wool Naphthalated (virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve wool fiber life, strength and resiliency) provide luxurious comfort and long wear. Your guide to the quality is the tag (illustrated) you will find in the outside breast pocket.

FABRIC IS MADE FROM
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

For sale by BROADSTREET'S, New York and Chicago, and hundreds of other leading stores. For name of nearest store, write to Arlingcrest Service, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Arlington Mills
LAWRENCE, MASS.

GE-Nie of the Bottle

Continued from page 48

has eyes with which to see, fingers with which to feel, ears with which to hear, even noses with which to smell."

Here is an excerpt from another authority: "New uses for the electronic tube are multiplying so rapidly that *we are getting scared* by the sheer size and speed of the development."

The speed is there all right. Almost a thousand different types of electronic tubes are in use and their number increases daily.

Some of the more spectacular uses of electronics have been sketched to us in the press, such as the winning of the *Battle of Britain* by means of radar and the sinking of a number of Jap ships in the Solomons in the middle of an inky black tropic night.

Like most magic, the tricks of electronics are simple when they are explained. GE is but one of several large companies experimenting with it, inventing new uses for it. GE has established dozens of schools all over the country for the special purpose of teaching the would-be electronician—to coin a word.

Technical words like cathode and anode, proton and neutron, bandied about by writers, have checked the enthusiasm of the average man inquiring into super-electricity.

Electronics might be said to have started when Edison invented the electric lamp. He noted that not all the current which he used to heat the filament actually went through the little wire. Apparently some of it jumped from the wire entering the lamp to the wire which returned from it. Curious, Edison then inserted a plate (a thin strip of metal) in the bulb and discovered the current would leap from the filament to the plate. This is called unilateral conductivity and is perhaps better known as the *Edison Effect.* The year was 1883.

Things sort of dragged along for a quarter of a century with this one and that one noting one thing or another. It was in this period that X-ray became a new word for the dictionary. Then Lee de Forest, in 1907, introduced a tiny bit of zigzagged nickel wire between the filament and the plate which he called a *grid.* With this he could control electrical discharge between filament (cathode) and plate (anode). He didn't do much about it at the time—there was no radio as yet.

Basically, that is all there is to electronics. It is *controlled electricity*—freed from the wire.

All matter, according to modern physics, is electrical in nature; it is composed of three fundamental particles: electrons, protons and neutrons. The electron and the proton contain electrical charges.

Each element, hydrogen, iron, silver, etc., has a characteristic

U.S.O.
PARTY
TONIGHT

Buy More War Bonds

Strong enough to stand on

Samson
Card Tables

» » » America's most popular card tables. At better stores everywhere, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work.

Denver
SHWAYDER BROS., INC.
Detroit

atom composed of a tiny positively charged core of protons and neutrons around which *negatively charged* electrons rotate in orbits. According to some electronics poets, it is similar to the solar system rotating around the sun. Hydrogen, the lowest on the scale of elements and the lightest, has a nucleus of one positively charged proton with an orbit of one negatively charged electron, whereas uranium, the ninety-second and highest in the scale, has a core of ninety-two protons and one hundred and forty-six neutrons. Around these rotate a swarm of ninety-two electrons. The protons, positively charged, and the electrons, negatively charged, are always the same number. The neutrons, which seem to be sort of excess baggage, are strictly neutral.

Now take the negatively charged electrons. To give you an idea of their size, thirty thousand trillion trillion, (30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) electrons weigh approximately an ounce.

In metals which are good conductors of electricity, the electrons are relatively free to move about and thus easier to capture.

The electrons are freed from the wire in two ways. They can be forced out by a high electrical voltage or by a beam of light. The first way gets you the radio tube and all the uses to which it is being put and the other the phototube or electric eye. The controlling is done by the grid which operates like a Venetian blind. By changing the grid's voltage, we can let through as many or few electrons as we choose.

A small voltage change on the grid produces a big one in the current of electrons. That is how your amplifier tube in your radio works. The amount of energy caught on your radio aerial is infinitesimal. Applied to the grid in your tube, it controls the strong current from the battery or wall socket that operates your loudspeaker.

The photoelectrical cell doesn't have a hot filament. Electrons are driven out of the metal by a shining light. The brighter the light, the more electrons. The variations in density on sound track on the side of motion-picture film cause changes in electric current in the loud-speaker at the theatre. It's as simple as that.

Dr. Langmuir went to town with de Forest's grid and might be called father of the high-power tubes such as are used in broadcasting. Other uses for them are the extraction of aluminum from bauxite, induction heating used by plywood manufacturers to melt the glue in the inside of the fabricated board without burning the outside, and this principle adapted to therapy as a means of producing artificial fever.

The fountain that gushes when we bend over to drink, the garage door that opens when a beam of light is thrown on the electric eye, the doors that open when we reach for the knob and the auto-

Continued on page 168

LEKTR°LITE
FLAMELESS LIGHTER
Needs
NO PAMPERING
NO TAMPERING

LEKTR°LITE is the fighter's lighter because it needs no pampering. It works anywhere, anytime, under any conditions because it's FLAMELESS. NO FLAME to blow out in the wind, gale or slipstream. It needs no tampering, either — no wheels to spin, no spark to fail. And in the dark, there's no revealing flame, flare or glare, thus enabling our boys to smoke at night. *That's* the kind of lighter service men need*— and they're getting it! A limited number of new LEKTR°LITES has just been made available for civilian purchase, too.

*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request

There is plenty of LEKTR°LITE FLUID for those owning pre-war LEKTR°LITES. So fuel up your lighter — the more you use it, the better it works!

IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER AND YOURS! *The New* LEKTR°LITE *Flameless Lighters*

LEKTR°LITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 35, N.Y.

Remember This One?

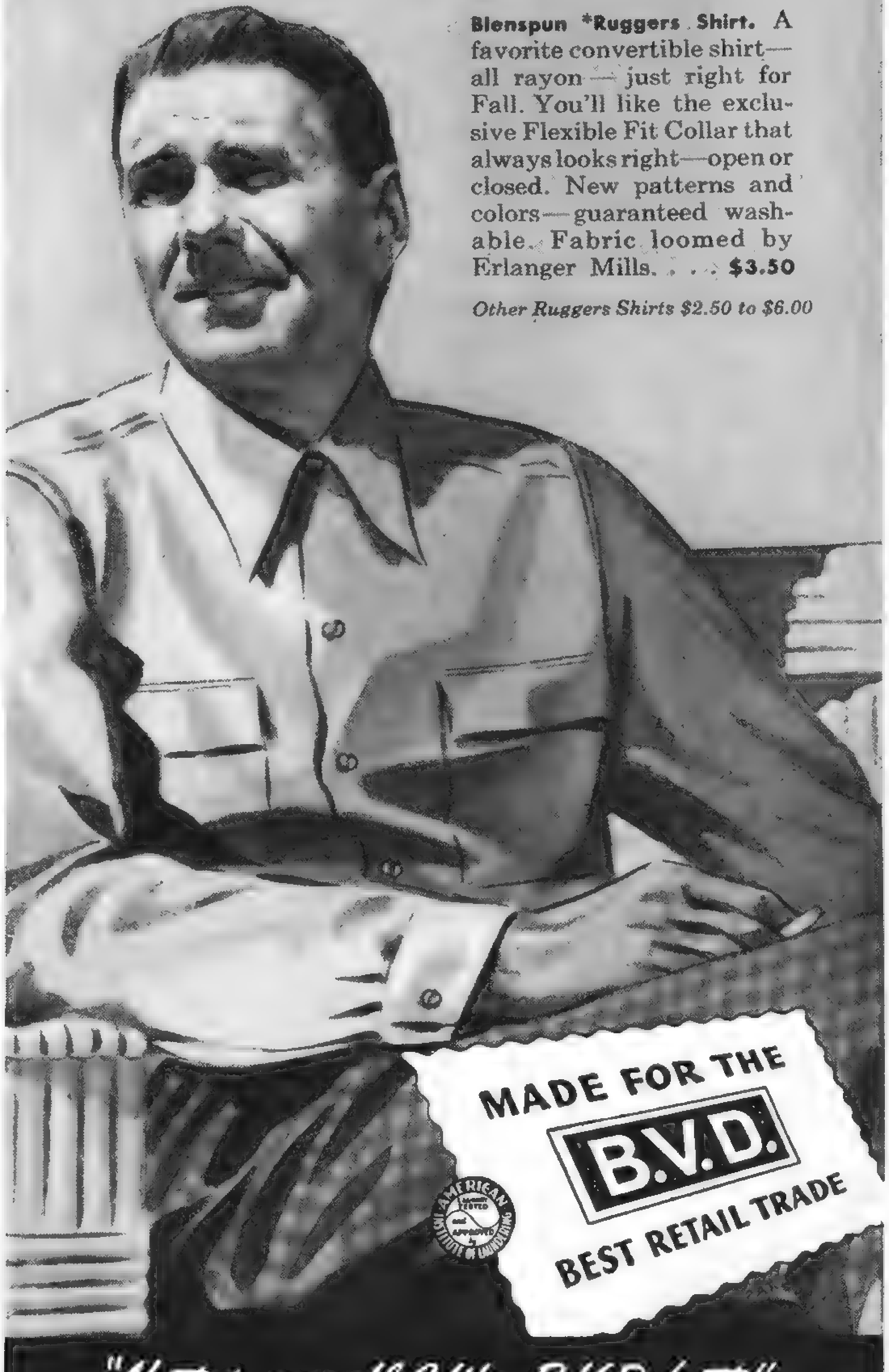
HOSTESS: "How do you like the debutante I seated on your right at dinner?"
BACHELOR: "She reminded me of my *B.V.D."
HOSTESS: "How so?"
BACHELOR: "Coolest thing I've had next to me this summer."

*B.V.D. AND *RUGGERS ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE B.V.D. CORP.

FOR INFORMAL PARTIES WEAR YOUR *B.V.D.

**Ruggers Shirt!*

B.V.D. no longer is a brand for only underwear. Nowadays you find that famous label on smart sports shirts and on pajamas, too! Same top quality and workmanship you've always received from men's wear marked with that famous label!



Blenspun *Ruggers Shirt. A favorite convertible shirt—all rayon — just right for Fall. You'll like the exclusive Flexible Fit Collar that always looks right—open or closed. New patterns and colors—guaranteed washable. Fabric loomed by Erlanger Mills. . . . **$3.50**

Other Ruggers Shirts $2.50 to $6.00

"Next to myself I like B.V.D. best"

UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • SWIM TRUNKS

Helen E. Hokinson

"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"

It's plain to see that starchy wartime meals
Are apt to make you grow — the wrong way.
To help you lose in weight, gain in fitness,
Ry-Krisp has a simple, sensible reducing plan.

New Reducing Booklet, Free!

Start your slimming program the Ry-Krisp way
That makes it easy for any normal person
To lose excess pounds and still enjoy
Delicious meals based on plentiful foods.

For new booklet with complete reducing plan, new recipes and menus, write Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 2, Missouri.

LOW-CALORIE MEAL PLANNER

SATISFYING SALAD

Plump prunes stuffed with cottage cheese, nestled on crisp lettuce. Made more wholesome and delicious with toasted Ry-Krisp—the 100% whole grain bread that has the minerals and just about all the vitamin B₁ of whole rye, only 23 calories in a slice. A great family favorite, too! . . . its rich rye taste perks up all food flavors. Menus the whole family will enjoy included in the new Ry-Krisp booklet. Send for it today.

Ry-Krisp
RY-KRISP

Ask for Ry-Krisp at hotels, restaurants, on trains and planes.

GE-Nie of the Bottle

Continued from pages 48-167

matic burglar alarm—all "magic" is but a change in light density.

This same electric eye can count with the rapidity of light, observe pin-hole imperfections in pieces of metal and mark them for subsequent correction, all in one operation. Sheets of steel and aluminum for the wings of planes are now "stitched" by high-speed welding made possible by electronics. With the aid of a few tubes, a lathe duplicates any pattern in a piece of metal. Blueprints can be fed into a machine by an unskilled workman and at some distance parts will be cut out of raw material as per diagrams.

In printing, colorplate work can be absolutely accurate and a machine can distinguish at least two million shades of color. A weft straightener using a simple electronic tube corrects mistakes in weaving. Orange growers have been saved thousands of dollars by an electronic device which rejects all frozen and imperfect fruit.

Tin plating by an electronic method is faster and uses only one third as much tin. Refrigerators and automobiles are painted by means of an electronic invention which sprays negatively charged paint onto the positively charged object. Facsimile telegraphy was well under way before the war. A transmitter has been developed which is as easy to operate as a mail box. The patron pushes a button and drops his telegram into a slot; presto, it is delivered in the handwriting of the signer.

In medicine the importance of electronics is evident when you realize the X-ray is an electronic device. A field rapidly opening is the use of sterilizing lamps to prevent infection—especially in operations. A variation of this, the *Precipitron*, has been developed for schools, churches and theatres to rid them of air-borne germs.

Our radio will eventually become a television set. With an electronic printer a daily newspaper can be turned out in our living room and we can call our shots, naming the paper we want to read. To enter the house, we will need only to speak a code word to release the lock. Rooms will be kept cool in summer and warm in winter with another device.

Recorded telephone messages when you are out of the house are already possible. By a form of induction, you will cook only the food instead of heating the whole house to do so.

The time-users take this revolutionary science in stride. I was looking at an X-ray machine of 100,000 volts used to photograph through giant castings and detect flaws in guns before they are mounted in the turrets of our battleships. The photographic plates were amazing. Every flaw showed up distinctly, like an

TOP-FLIGHT*
CORDUROY

Styled for School days

Your son will be proud of his TOP-FLIGHT* Corduroy by Crompton. It has the smart pattern and he-man styling he likes. And TOP-FLIGHT* can take plenty of rough-and-tumble wear . . . it's woven with a fast-anchored pile that protects the basic fabric. Look for the TOP-FLIGHT* label when you buy.

a TOP-FLIGHT® Corduroy by CROMPTON ® REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO., Inc.
1071 Sixth Avenue at 41st Street, New York 18, N. Y.

YOAKUM ★ ★ YARNS

by RAWHIDE TANNER

"GIZZARDS AND GOLD"

By rights I ought to be the richest man in Texas; would be, except my pappy liked turkey gizzards so much. No drum sticks or breast meat for Pap, but show him a plump, roasted gizzard and he'd drool like a lobo scentin' a stray calf.

Well, one day years ago Pap had been in a runnin' fight with a bunch of Comanches. He'd shot his last bullet when the Injuns finally give up and vamoosed. It was strange country and Pap was mighty thirsty. Sightin' a canyon, he eased his horse down to the water and clumb off. As he dipped his hat for a drink he saw somethin' sparklin' in the river bed . . . round, yeller pebbles the size of 30-calibre shot. By grabs, they was gold!

Pap was fit to bust. He says to hisself: "Wherever that gold washed from they's more! I'll find it and have me a gold mine!" But Pap never relished diggin' so he decided to take a hand ful of nuggets to town and hire some men.

It was a far piece, and Pap was hungry. 'Bout dusk he spied a turkey roost, a tree full of big gobblers. "Gizzards!" thinks Pap, and his mouth started waterin' like a patio fountain. But he didn't have no bullets; only powder. Then he thought of his nuggets. It was gold against gizzards. Pap's mind said no, but his innards said yes. And his innards won.

So he started blazin' away. He didn't quit 'til the last nugget was shot and the ground was littered with turkeys. Then he started roastin' and eatin' gizzards. He lost count at 48 and keeled over with a half-et gizzard in his hand. Three days later he rode into town, still clutchin' that hunk of gizzard, and mumblin' about gold. He was plumb out of his head . . . couldn't remember where he'd been or how to get back. And not a single nugget left to prove his story. Folks laughed and said he had gizzard fever. But Pap wouldn't lie no more 'n I would. I'd have a 20-room house right now, with gold spittoons in every room, if Pap hadn't been such a glutton for turkey gizzards.

★ ★ ★

FREE! There's the sparkle of the Western spirit in the stories told by "Rawhide Tanner." And the same rugged, dashing spirit is found in Texas Ranger and Saddle Craft Belts and Billfolds, created in Yoakum, Texas, by master saddle craftsmen. Ask your dealer to show you TexTan originals in leather. Write TexTan, Yoakum, Texas, for "Rawhide Tanner's" booklet, "Yoakum Yarns." It's FREE!

YOAKUM YARNS
SADDLE CRAFT
TEXAS RANGER

TexTan OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

YOAKUM MEANS FINE LEATHER

abscess at the root of a tooth.

"Oh," Jim Stokley said as my eyes went back to the large cylindrical machine with its powerful snoot poised to get another picture, " a hundred thousand volts is nothing—we've got one of a million volts. It's nearly finished, Dr. Charlton—"

That was the magic name. "Can I see him?" Stokley disappeared. When he returned he wore a smile. "Dr. Charlton will see you," he cried above the noise.

We went into a special room with walls of concrete eighteen inches thick. It had been scientifically constructed to house the million volt cyclops. It was almost filled with two huge squares of metal, one suspended by a giant crane above the other with space between for coils.

A slender man of medium height was standing beside the machine. He came forward with a quick, nervous stride and greeted us warmly. "Next week it will be ready," he said and his eyes rested on his creation pridefully. "Then we shall see—we shall see!"

Stokley explained the necessity for the thick walls. When the current was turned on, the atoms in the metal fairly shrieked in rebellion.

"One hundred and twenty decibels of sound," Dr. Charlton told me; "practically the limit the human eardrums can endure."

"What are you going to do with it?" I asked.

He turned astonished eyes upon me; then with a quick smile he pointed to a wall and said: "I thought maybe I'd make a hole in that wall and build a place on the hills twenty-eight miles across the river. It might be interesting if I could catch electrons at such a distance. Don't you think?"

A time-user must not be mistaken for a time-waster. Without men like Doctor Charlton, who probe deep into the realm of pure science, who are interested in getting back to the first great cause, the very core, one might say, of the atom of intelligence, there would be no end products. These are the men who give the world something *new* and write their names on the pages of history; the engineers give us the things we use.

Electronics may very well be the "key science"—its possibilities are apparently unlimited. The deeper we go and the closer we come to the essence of all power, the greater is our field. The negative electrical force in the heart of an atom is a prime principle and as such must affect everything. So those who have thought the praise has been too fulsome and the promises too flamboyant may have to revise their opinions.

If we are dealing with an essence, which is active and in motion, a power possessed of the speed of light, yet susceptible of control, we have indeed a modern Genie in a magic bottle awaiting our command. ##

I won't tell
Secret de Suzanne
the fragrance of intrigue!
Every drop of this fascinating fragrance holds a masqued potency...
Suzanne Perfumes
Secret de Suzanne
SUZANNE

*

SLIPPER-FREE
WHERE YOUR
FOOT BENDS!

BATES

*You can *see* their style . . . you can *sense* their quality . . . but you need to *try on* a pair of BATES ORIGINALS to appreciate their new kind of roominess . . . "Slipper-Free Where Your Foot Bends." You'll experience a comfort feature that makes all BATES ORIGINALS feel as good as they look . . . because there's extra width at the ball of the foot where you need it most. Next time you are looking at shoes, try on a pair of BATES ORIGINALS. They are priced, in most cases, from $6.50 to $10.50 in the U.S.A.

BATES Originals

Made in Webster, Massachusetts since 1885

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Carreño the Cubanist

Continued from page 75

(to which he has returned in his latest paintings, emphasis being upon the pictorial quality) and the adoption of the harsher letter K in his signature. (Possibly one has to be a Latin to detect anything subversive in such a step.)

These, however, were the flamboyant gestures preliminary to political battle under fire. With the erstwhile daughter under the brutal heel of Machado, the former motherland, Spain, became a republic, and for Spain Carreño took passage, arriving in Madrid with three dollars in his pocket. He worked for a printer, then an advertising agency. He decorated a night club and when the owner could not pay him in cash took his wage in part ownership. Drawn into the vortex of political agitation, his art work became subordinated to propaganda

When you're in the inflammable twenties, it is easy to believe that with just one more push the revolution will, somehow, be accomplished. He contributed illustrations to the revolutionary magazine *Octubre* and Communist Party posters signed Karreño which appeared one morning in Madrid's *Puerta del Sol.* Spain was a republic but the Communist Party was illegal and Carreño discovered Madrid's jail, which was model only in name.

With thunders threatening from the Spanish Right, Carreño returned home, bringing a collection of canvases descriptive of Iberian character and customs which he exhibited at Havana's Lyceum Club. Subsequently he designed the sets for a ballet and a group of murals on the sugar industry, for a fair in the town of Rancho Boyeros. In these the softening and rounded influence of Rivera began proclaiming itself.

It was in Mexico, to which he went in 1936, that he met the man who was to remain his master for the next several years. Jaime Colson, a painter from the Dominican Republic, induced Carreño to cut the sharp, metallic corners of Cubism and go to school to the unashamed and pagan human form, particularly as it had been bodied forth in the dimensions of classical art.

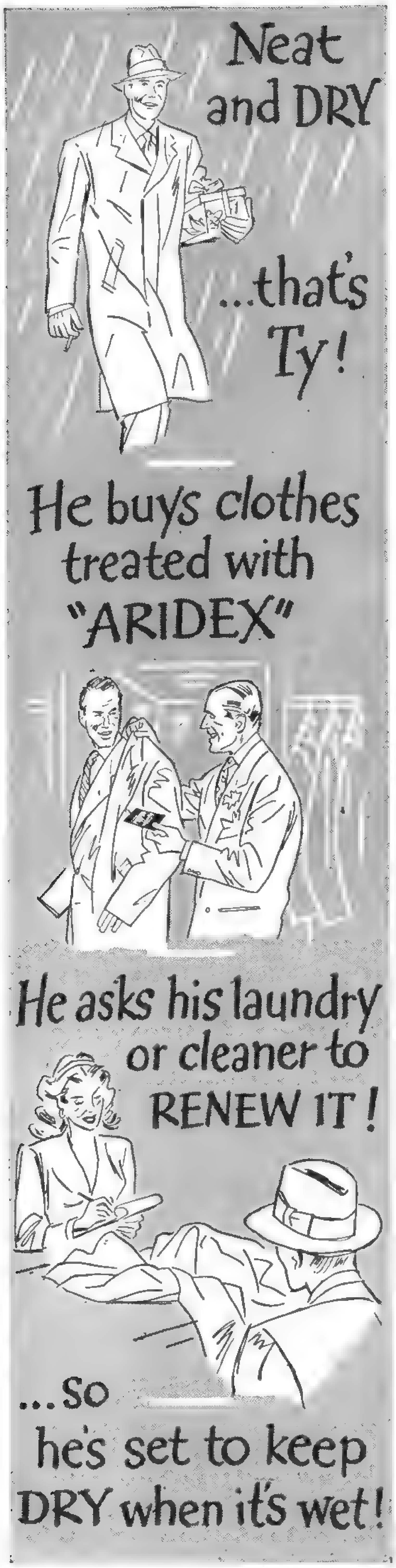
From this period dates Carreño's sequence of Latin-Graeco figures, immobile and ethereal, despite their solid sculptural quality, bathed in the suave and disciplined Mediterranean light of the Italian Renaissance. Out of this influence came such distinguished forms and polished surfaces as *Harlequin, The Birth of the American Nations* and *Discovery of the Antilles.*

One wonders how this restrained and delicate style could have been married to such violent skies and aboriginal rhythms as were required by *Tornado* and *Afro-Cuban Dance,* but, nevertheless, in the realization of the human

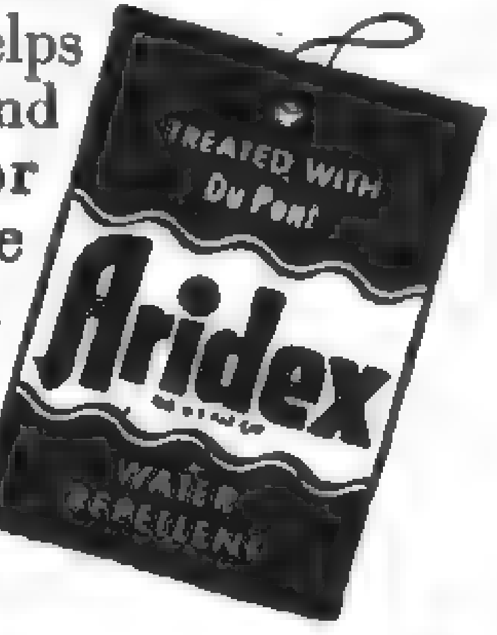
Irwin sells insurance
Bertrand banks your cash.
Banker B and Irwin
Know long-term risks aren't rash.
Both wear Westminsters
Because they realize
That these handsome walk-proofed socks
Are safe-investment buys.

Frank is home on furlough
He's earned a 10-day rest.
He's wearing ribbed Westminsters—
Wants to look his best.
Younger brother Billy
Wants to be like Frank
And so *he* wears Westminster Preps
For teen-age Swank!

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



Topcoats double as shower coats when they're labeled "Aridex." This Du Pont finish makes *all* fabrics rain-resistant . . . helps keep clothes clean and in shape. Look for "Aridex" on all active weather wear. And when your clothes are washed or cleaned, just say, "Renew with 'Aridex'!"



Du Pont
ARIDEX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Renewable Water Repellent
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

form and in the ingratiating harmonies of bland color, these paintings of what might be called Carreño's intermediate period are astonishing performances for a youth of this artist's age at the time. The concentration is upon the human figure, without reference to time and place, minus all localizing, picturesque data. As his skill developed, the classic nude ceased to become the solitary occasion of his paintings and became figures in a symphonic tapestry, employed to tell a story, describe a scene or suggest a symbolism.

This development in Carreño was continued in Paris, where, under Colson's guidance, he studied the painters of Florence and of Venice, represented in the Louvre, and painted pictures which, when shown in the Spring of 1939 at the Bernheim Jeune Galleries in a group show, attracted official attention, but made Soutine uncomfortable, as Carreño himself now laughingly confesses. With war threatening, Carreño left for the south of France and for Italy, where, on their native heath, he saw the works of Raphael and Da Vinci, Michelangelo and Botticelli and the frescoes at Pompeii.

He arrived in New York around 1940 with only one canvas, *Harlequin*, in his possession. Planning but a brief stop before a South American tour, he remained a year and a half, falling in love with the city, studying in its museums, living and painting in Greenwich Village. Colson has disappeared from the record and the lessons which he had emphasized have by this time become absorbed in the structure of Carreño's work. His first New York exhibition in March, 1941, is probably the major milestone in his career, for its success emboldened him to undertake the important step of marriage, his bride being María Luisa Gómez Mena, daughter of one of Cuba's leading sugar planters and patron of modern art on the island.

With this return to Cuba there began a process, not clearly defined at first and possibly not even realized until 1943, in which this prodigal son became aware of, and then claimed, the inheritance for which (unlike the original prodigal son) he had been preparing himself. The method of painting which distinguishes Carreño's current crop arose from the instinctive recognition that the tropical wealth, vigor and turbulence of Cuba could not be stated within the self-possessed terms of the relatively placid Italian primitive and Renaissance art.

Give the devil his due, even Benton, with his clumsiness and provincialism, comes closer to the spirit of tropical ferocity and lushness that is Cuba than, say, Botticelli, but how much better prepared is a man to describe and interpret Cuba who has attempted to incorporate into his vision and system both Botticelli and Benton, both Siqueiros and

Continued on page 172

"Be sure your tailor is a man of sense"

Oliver Wendell Holmes

A skillful tailor knows that clothes must keep their place, always subordinate to the personality of the wearer. The men he dresses, in turn, have respect for clothes that reflect character and distinction; are quick to recognize the presence of these qualities. Such men have learned that, when it comes to suits, a Skinner lining is the mark of a tailor who knows. William Skinner & Sons, New York 3. Est. 1848.

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"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • WALLETS

PHILADELPHIA

Carreño the Cubanist

Continued from pages 75-171

Rivera? Consider the tropical effulgence of the sunset in *Cuban Landscape* (the view from Carreño's Havana apartment) or the profuse fruitfulness of the island as revealed in *The Fruit Vendor* or *Sugar-Cane Cutters* or *Afro-Cuban Dance* or almost any other painting of his most recent period and it is easy to see that his mind must have set aside the problem of form as more or less solved for his latest purposes, and has begun concentrating on the job of using color boldly without losing control of the picture. In both *Sugar-Cane Cutters* and *Afro-Cuban Dance* one can see with what freedom the artist paints his forms in high color without permitting any element of the picture to escape him.

As Harold T. Riddle puts it in his English version of José Gómez Sicre's brochure on Carreño (published by the Galería del Prado): "He sees everything around him as though he had suddenly regained lost vision and explored the seductive and capricious nature of the tropics. Cuba now fires him with a peculiar romanticism and an indefinite taste for everything in nature that in some way remains hidden to the casual observer. His new canvases are flushed with unique and dramatic tints."

Much of the typical effectiveness of the latest Carreños is involved with his use of a new art medium. As far back as 1936, he had begun using Duco paint under Colson's tutelage. But when, in 1943, Siqueiros, the Mexican painter whose berserk effects are achieved almost exclusively with Duco, visited Havana, Carreño, always susceptible to new influences, began to experiment with this new paint, using both brush and air gun, usually on wood panels. Its chief advantage lies in its quick-drying nature, allowing a fast worker like Carreño to finish even a large picture in one session. Also it sometimes adds accidental effects beyond those on the painter's original schedule, suggesting subsidiary departures, without removing the picture from the artist's control. By using successive layers of this paint, the artist can create effects of a rich, raw density, analogous to the "barbaric yawp" of Whitman, but not the subtle tones which are in the gift only of oil on brush, water color and gouache—mediums which Mario Carreño does not propose to abandon.

The future for a man only thirty-one years old cannot be definitely predicated upon his past. There is something restless in the eyes and in the bearing of Carreño which might take the wind out of confident prophecy. He will remain a painter, that's certain, but what direction he will take, as man or artist, is in the lap of others than the gods. ⧺

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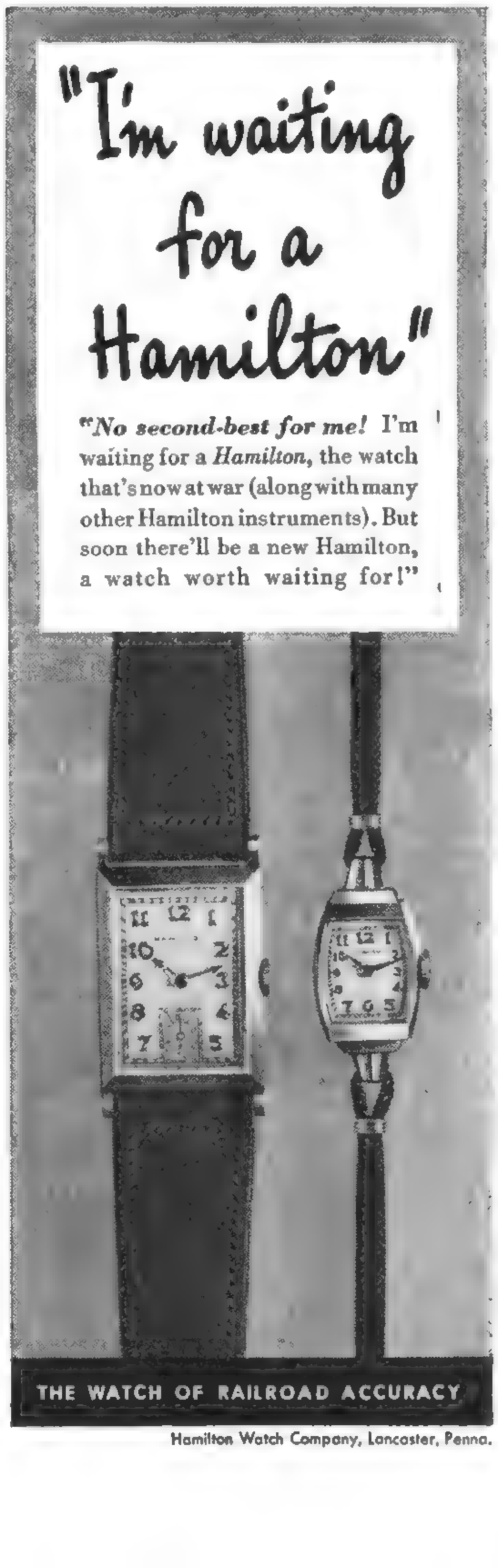

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"No second-best for me! I'm waiting for a *Hamilton*, the watch that's now at war (along with many other Hamilton instruments). But soon there'll be a new Hamilton, a watch worth waiting for!"

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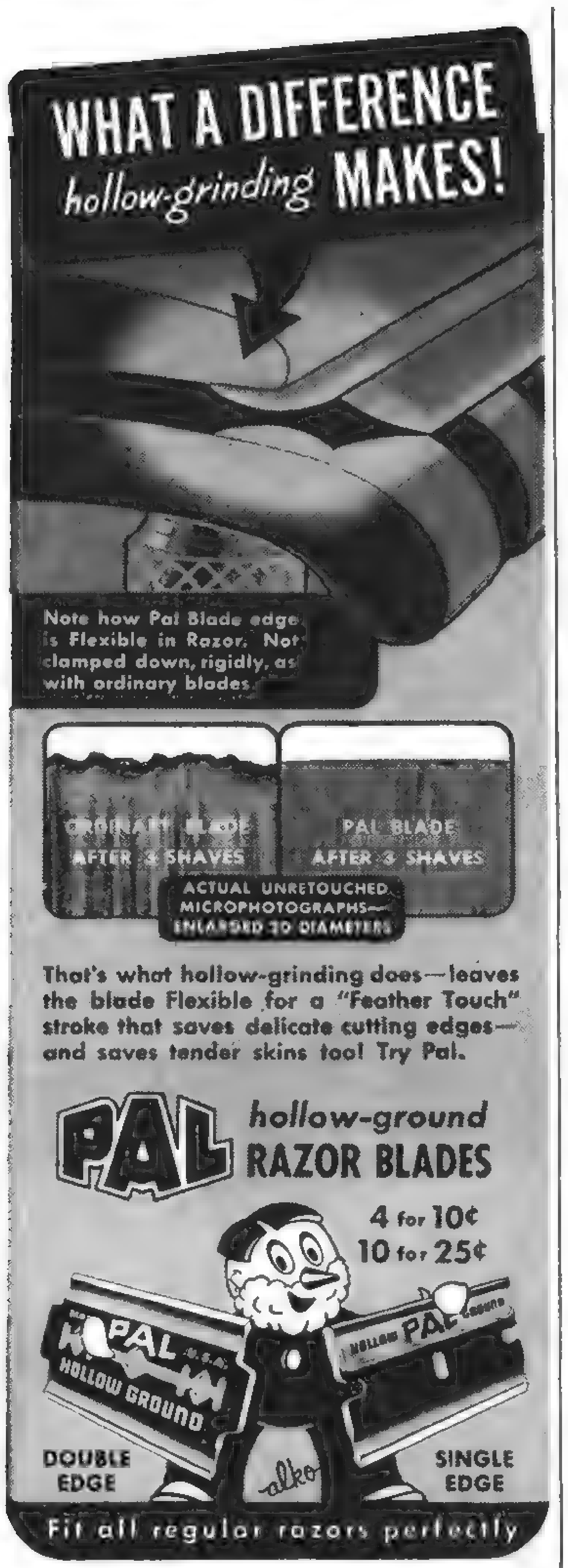
Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.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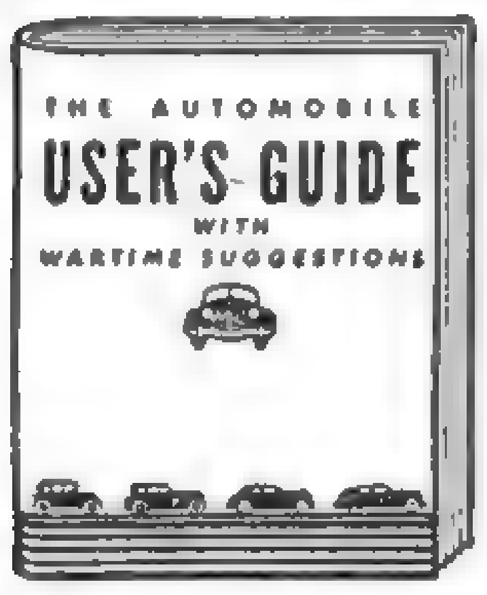
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Emir of a Meatless Oasis

Continued from page 60

"Little Ottie is the new manager of the Giants!"

"You're kiddin'," somebody challenged.

"On the level. Horace Stoneham just called me from Jacksonville. Bill Terry resigned, an' Ottie's in."

Stanley Frank, of the New York *Post*, gulped and made the phone booth in nothing flat. It was only one of many scoops that spring from Shor's role as father-confessor to baseball club owners, officials, players and sports writers.

Once I had occasion to talk with Joe DiMaggio in a hurry. Rather than waste time locating his unlisted phone number in New York City, I simply telegraphed him in care of Shor's, asking him to call me. Within an hour I was talking to the Yankee outfielder. Just why this same DiMaggio should phone Toots Shor from a hospital maternity room may be hard to understand, but telephone he did, and the existence of Joe DiMaggio, Jr., was known to Shor's lucky reporters present almost before Mrs. DiMaggio was aware of what had happened.

There is an important reason for such calls; for Quentin Reynolds' going to Shor's and there scribbling his first speech before Congress on the back of a menu; for Jimmy Conzelman checking his suitcase and changing his linen there daily during New York visits; for Orson Welles' apology when he learned that the picket line he had refused to cross was a phony. . . .

The answer lies in man's deep response to simple, human companionship. Toots can keep secrets. His sports interest is not only genuine, but rabid. Every American League baseball figure who enters his "saloon," is a bum by the host's loud declaration. "Tourists," looking up from their meals to observe the bum, are startled to see Joe Cronin, Joe McCarthy, Mickey Cochrane, George Weiss, Jimmy Dykes, Tom Yawkey or even venerable Connie Mack.

Of course, it wasn't always this way, especially in Toots' early days. A native of Philadelphia, and despite the given name Bernard, he associated with what might be termed unsavory characters. Just to what extent, I haven't learned, because it has no bearing on his current status.

Toots first became known to New York less than ten years ago when he took over the management of The Tavern, after the death of the popular Billy La Hiff. Toots went in there for a weekly salary of 150 dollars and ten per cent of the gross above 2,800 dollars monthly, a push-over. He had the place teeming with characters, names, sports writers and, unfortunately, gamblers, for Toots himself liked to gamble. He liked it so well that

Continued on page 174

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No shoe could gain a reputation for high value, style leadership, and dependability...and keep it for over fifty years . . . unless it consistently delivered more than was expected.

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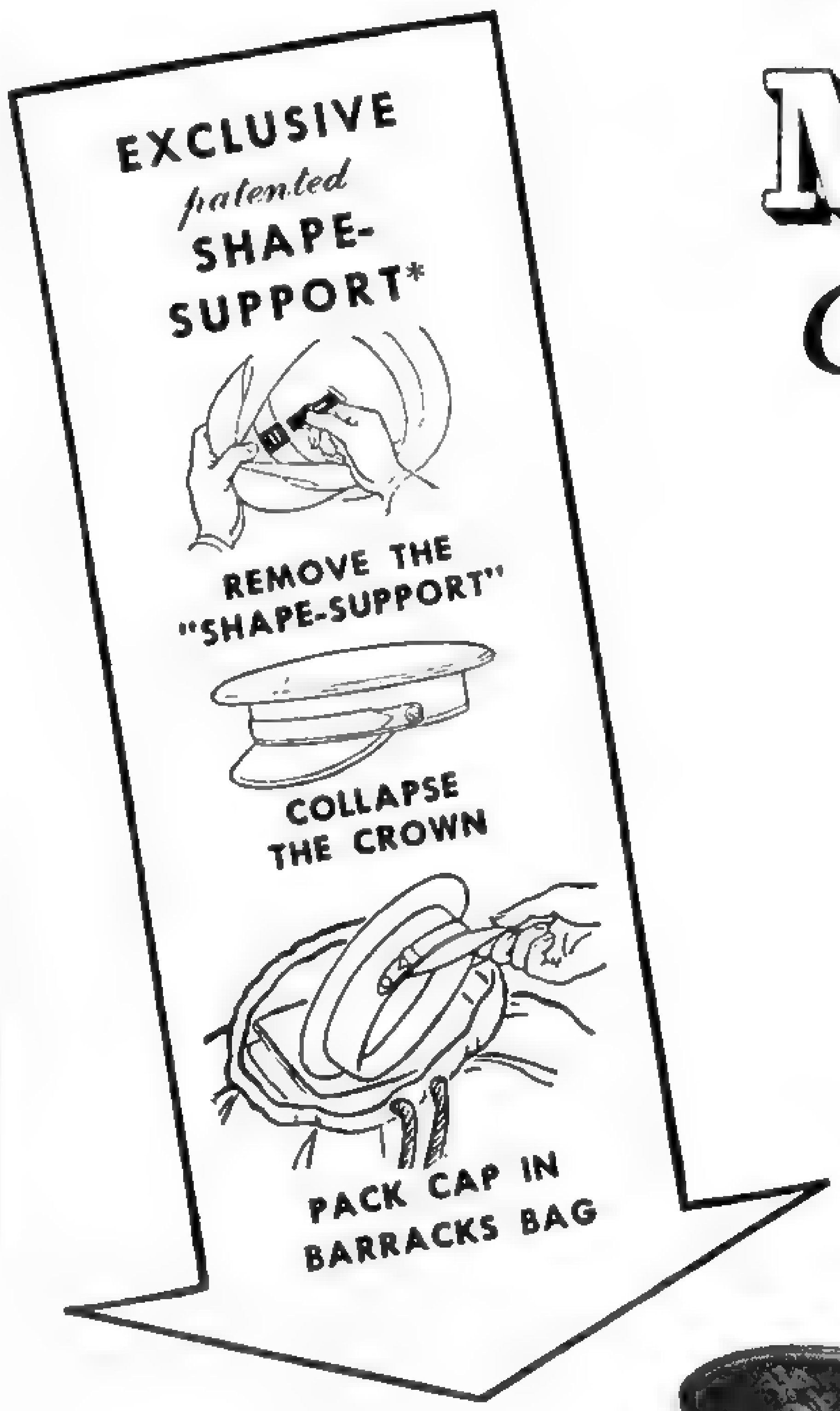

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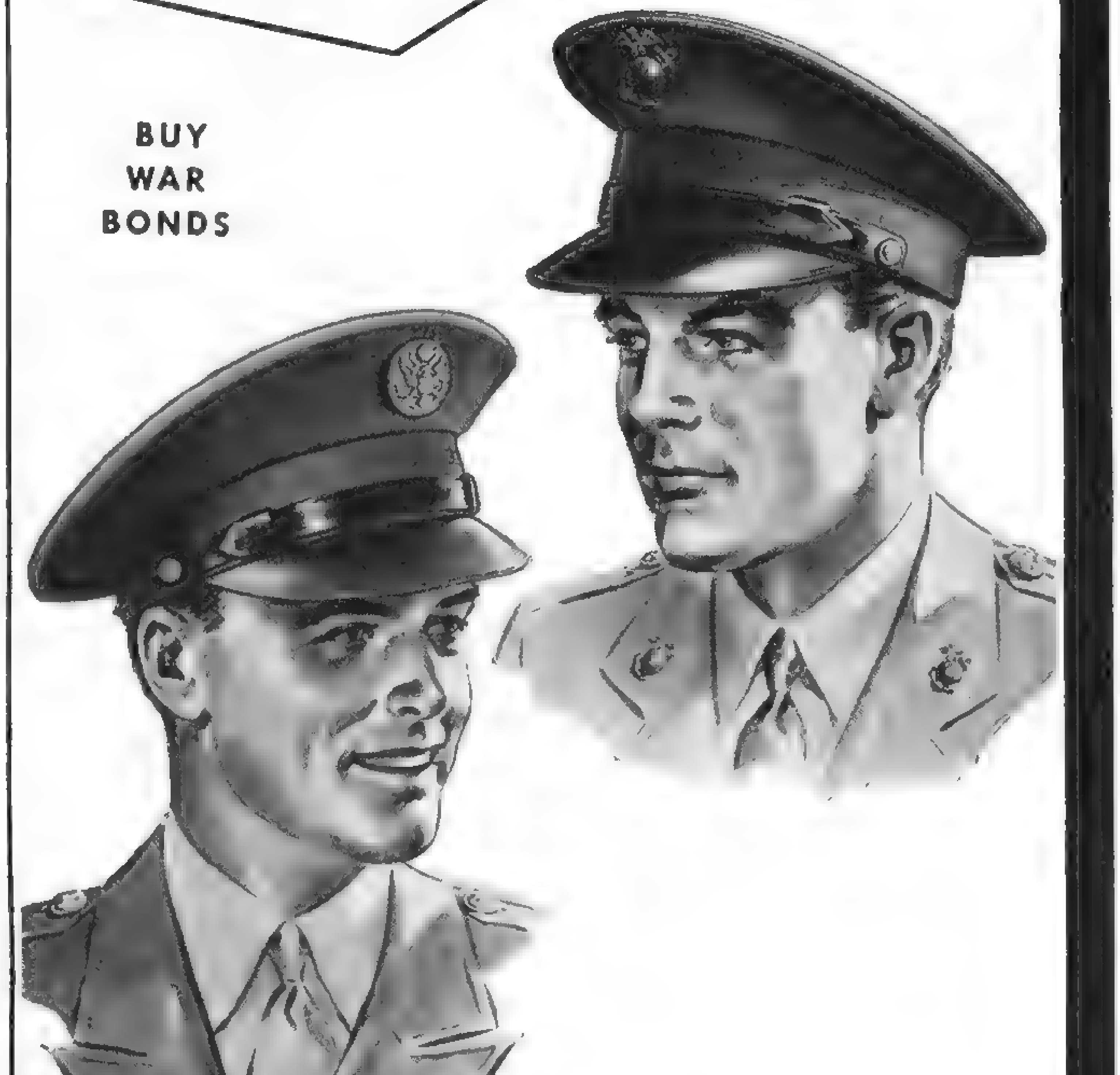

Due to their exclusive, patented "Shape Support" feature, M C Military Caps are in a class by themselves today . . . far and away the most popular caps in the Military picture. You'll like them for this outstanding feature, and for their superior styling and craftsmanship, their sterling quality as well. If you want the smartest, best Military cap you've ever worn, ask for an M C

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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF QUALITY CAPS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

Emir of a Meatless Oasis

Continued from pages 60-173

he neglected business and was soon out on the street without a job or a dime.

But he had demonstrated uncanny ability as a host, a food buyer and purveyor, and after a few months of planning, he laid his idea before a wealthy theatre owner, Leo Justin. All he needed was 141,000 dollars for a completely new place opposite Radio City Music Hall. The architect would be Irvin L. Scott, of World's Fair fame, and the joint would have a quiet, colonial type of class. Justin not only supplied the money, but agreed to shell out 100,000 dollars more to see the place running, and all he took was a half-interest.

Toots rushed to his friend, Bill Corum, insisted he name the joint . . . something like the Blue Horseshoe or Gilded Lily.

"What's the matter," Corum demanded, "are you ashamed to call it Toots Shor's?"

The sports writers turned out quickly and discovered that Toots had eclipsed The Tavern, because you entered a revolving door and ran smack into a circular bar, beyond which was the brick-and-maple dining room. Not only was the bar convenient to the sidewalk, but the men's room was only a step from the bar. The whole setup was a man's paradise and the panic was on.

One day a steady stream of customers paused before the locked doors and read a black-bordered card:

Due to the death of
Leo G. Justin
this place will
remain closed today.

Someone questioned the wisdom of turning away customers.

"I can't open it," Toots insisted. "What's more, the joint won't be open tomorrow, or even a week from now, if I don't get over feelin' this way about Leo."

Picking up a customer's check goes against his grain. Sports writers and columnists lose or switch jobs, and he doesn't relish the idea of altering his feelings or welcome to match the fluctuations.

"A guy who pays his way can look me in the eye," Toots maintains. "What's more, I can look him in the eye, or I can throw him out or chase him over to Billingsley's, if he goes wrong on me."

Shor expresses his feelings in a different way, such as the incident at the Boxing Writers' dinner for Al Buck. It was a simple testimonial to a popular sports writer about to go into uniform. When the association secretary tried to pay the check from funds collected from 150 diners, Toots laughed at him.

"Buy somethin' for the bum," he said. "If you think enough of Buck to give him a dinner, I think enough of you to pay for it."

Perhaps his greatest display of

Whether 'tis or 'taint a Ronson
You had better be advised
That to get most from your lighter
You should keep it
RONSON-ized

RONSON REDSKIN
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For Better Service
USE
EXTRA-LENGTH
RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
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...from the seasoned stocks of LHS, by master pipe craftsmen, for discriminating smokers.

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Antique or Smooth Finish, Sterling Silver Band. Many handsome models.

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LHS STERNCREST 14K

Made of imported briar especially chosen for beauty of grain, with 14K solid gold band $7.50

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Ultra-fine $10 LHS Certified Purex $3.50

SORRY—Many LHS pipes are going to the armed services. Your dealer may not always be able to supply just the model you want.

Gantner WIKIES

You'll usually find the best—Gantner WIKIES—at the best stores, all year 'round. These days, no store has all styles, but most fine stores have some.

feeling came with the departure of Frank Graham from the newspaper business. After some twenty-seven years as sports writer for the New York *Sun*, Graham decided to take an editorial job with *Look*. Shor announced a gathering for Graham, wherein all the writer's friends would be welcome.

It was a large order, for Graham made nothing but friends all his life. Shor's upstairs banquet room was jammed to overflowing with Jim Farley, Jimmy Walker, stars of stage and screen, publishers, sports champions and Graham's legion of friends in sports writing. The finest of liquor, the finest of food, speeches and more liquor. When guilty consciences drove some of the guests downstairs to buy, Toots rushed to head them off. He locked doors and signed all checks.

Little wonder then that the town was turned upside down when Shor was 40,000 overdrawn in red points a year ago. He appeared before the O.P.A. for information on his next allotment and received no definite figure. A month later he was 103,193 red points in arrears, and the gentlemen in charge clamped down.

Definitely meatless, he devised ways of arranging chicken and fish and lobster and figured that this was the end of a wonderful career. But regular customers at lunch reappeared for dinner.

"Look, ya bum," Toots complained to Grad Sears. "You were here this noon. Go on out an' get some meat somewheres."

"I don't like meat," Sears confessed. "I like you."

"We'll lick this thing, Toots," said Jimmy Walker.

"How? D'ya know anybody down there?" Shor asked.

"No, but I'll come here twice a day instead of once."

They all came, "to help out Toots." As a matter of fact, it was more than that. Shor refused to buy black market meat. A would-be crony telephoned one day with the news that several truckloads of fine meat would leave Maryland at a certain early hour, and would Toots care to do a little highjacking?

Shor turned him down with a sigh, and, with reddened face, watched his friends struggle night after night with his assorted dishes of chicken, sea bass and lobster. His shame mounted as the demonstrations of loyalty accelerated through the summer. Near the end of the ordeal he was berating them for it, pointing out their need of vitamin B, and how they should go somewhere for meat. But they kept coming.

And they kept on coming even after the meat was returned to the menu. Toots has only one explanation for the whole business—a fortune reimbursed to his backer, Leo Justin, and the estate; a building paid for, a thriving business and enough liquor of all kinds "to take care of my friends for a couple of years."

"It's all due to the sports writers," he insists. ##

MARK CROSS ARTICLES OF FINE LEATHER
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THE STETSON SHOE

Stetson men's shoes, $10.95 and up. The OLD MASTER (shown here) is priced at $13.95.

GENTLEMEN . . . be fitted!

Be fitted, gentlemen, to Stetson comfort. It will give your feet a new sense of ease . . . an up-and-at-'em feeling that goes along with the streamlined styling of these thoroughbred shoes. And the way Stetson shoes wear . . . and keep on wearing . . . will convince you that their long-standing reputation for quality is well deserved.

Stetson dealers will be proud to show you the available styles as, for instance, The OLD MASTER which is illustrated here. THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., South Weymouth 90, Mass.

STETSON SHOES

"More by the Pair, Less by the Year"

This Man's World

Continued from page 82

must be confessed, they excelled even the incredible little brutes of our comic pages in slaughtering, torturing and blowing people up.

We are now once again in the process of administering the usual spanking reserved for the final frame and the Germans are once more preparing to yell, "Baw!" on a truly colossal scale.

All I am asking is whether, having administered it, we will then sit back and wait for the next generation of Nazi-nurtured Hanses and Fritzes to convulse the world with horror, brutality and sadism, or will we do what the American comic strip syndicates might well have done many years ago with small loss to anyone—get rid of the Katzenjammer Kids, the not quite so comic little angels?

Plaintive Note

Major Charlie Clapp, the old Yale man, now P. R. O. for the fighter squadrons who go out and chaperon the bombers of the Eighth Air Force, tells this.

It seems that on one of the raids over Berlin, when the Luftwaffe was demonstrating an extraordinary shyness about mingling with our set, one of the kids in a Thunderbolt was buzzing about Berlin looking for a fight and not finding any.

He flew up and down Unter den Linden in broad daylight, cut down the Tiergartenstrasse and buzzed the Kurfürstendamm, went back up to the Wilhelmstrasse via the Potsdamer Platz without raising so much as a single swastika.

At which point one of the other pilots heard the kid murmur into his intercom radio—

"Ho hum! You can't do business with Hitler . . ."

Old-Timers' Corner

This one goes all the way back to the days when your package of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes contained a bang-up good colored picture of Packey McFarland, Leach Cross, Abe Attell, Knockout Brown, Christy Mathewson, Hans Wagner or Ty Cobb, and boxing was something disreputable and to be hidden away from the police.

I remember one picture card in particular I used to treasure and would never trade off, and I couldn't tell you why except I think the euphony of the name fascinated me. It was Jem Driscoll, the English featherweight.

Look, will you young fellows go off in a corner and cut a rug for a minute, or discuss the relative merits of Louis Armstrong and somebody apparently called Satchmo and I'll be right back. This is a little glimpse back into the days fire engines were drawn by three white horses and were called "Steamers," boxing in New York was limited to ten-round no-decision contests and you got those swell chromo cards if your Dad

For My Money
It's A HARLEY-DAVIDSON

From "somewhere in Italy" comes this one:

"Can't give exact figures, but have overhauled around 300 of your motorcycles. Of all the Harley-Davidsons, I've never seen a bad one yet. *For my money it's a Harley-Davidson.* You sure can depend on them. How long after the war will I be able to get a new one?

That question is symbolic of the yearning in thousands of fellow's hearts. Answer: "Soon after the War Production Board releases raw materials for civilian production." BUY WAR BONDS NOW — be ready for the good new motorcycling days to come!

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Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycle pictures and stories.

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The Cooper Blade has long enjoyed the distinction of finer craftsmanship that has made it the thoroughbred of blades . . . giving you those extra cool, smooth, comfort shaves found in no other blade, regardless of price or brand.

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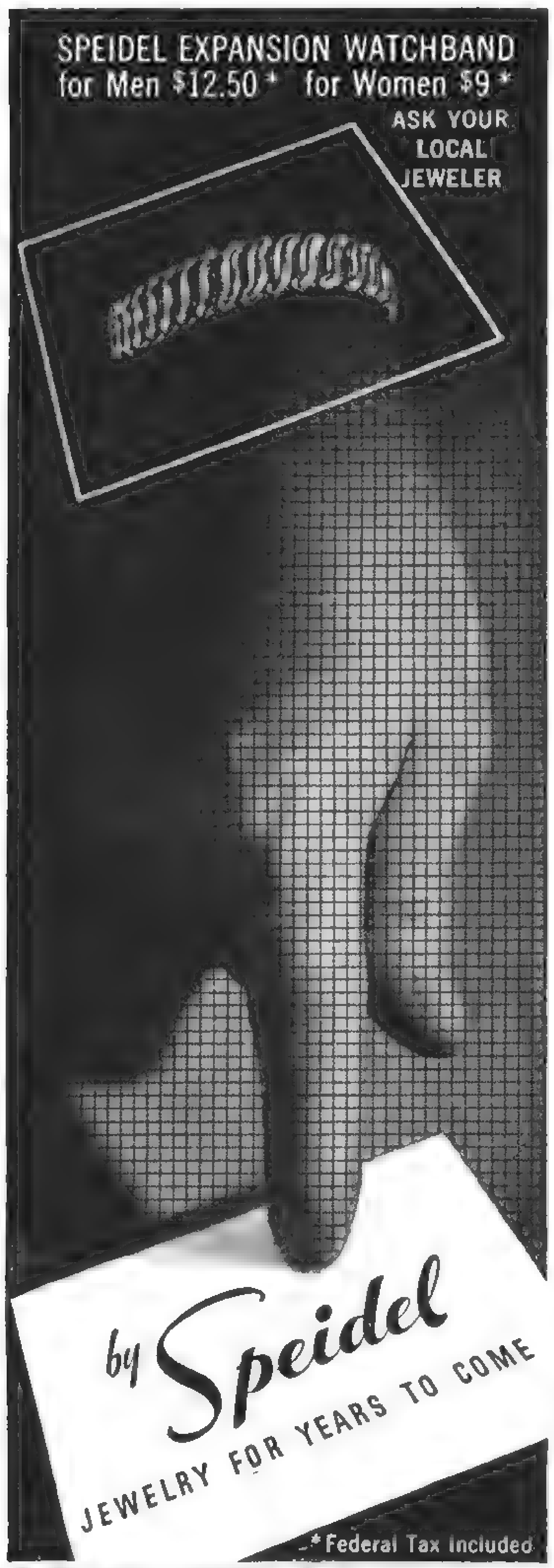

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*Federal Tax Included

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Andover Clothes, Inc.
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smoked Sweet Caps, as whose didn't. Or they came with slabs of penny toffee, pictures of the Wright Brothers' airplane or Louis Blériot's monoplane that flew across the English Channel or the first dirigible. What do you get with a pack of cigarettes today? Nothing except a lot of schmoos from the manufacturer and his personal promise that it won't choke you to death.

But about Jem. The picture on my prized card was of a skinny, narrow-chested, slope-shouldered fighter with dark hair and the darndest pair of lop ears ever seen on any human. He had a funny stance, too, kind of hunched over, but with his hands held quite low.

I suppose what fascinated me was that he wasn't all muscle like so many of the ring heroes of that day and I used to wonder how he could ever survive in a fight. But any one who knew anything about boxing in those days could tell you that Jem Driscoll was one of the cleverest men who ever pulled on a fighting mitten.

Do you remember the story they tell of the ten-round no-decision fight between Jem Driscoll and Leach Cross at the old Fairmont A.C. in New York, back in 1909? Leach was pretty clever himself, but six rounds had gone by and Leach hadn't even seen the British ghost, much less laid a glove on him. In the seventh round Jem accidentally slipped to one knee. Cross ran over to him, clouted him one on the shoulder with his open glove and said—"Well, I've hit you at least once."

Jem was a world's master at slipping punches, moving his head in and under just enough to let the glove by or pulling away the fraction of an inch needed to make the other man miss.

But only recently did I hear the story of how Jem became such a wizard; indeed, it covers the reason for the fantastic cleverness of a whole breed of English boxers, the like of which is no more seen in any ring.

Jem Driscoll was brought up in the old English boxing booth in the traveling fairs that moved from town to town the length and breadth of the Island, setting up on the village green.

Driscoll weighed around a hundred and twenty-one pounds. After an exhibition of bag punching and a demonstration of the manly art with a spar mate, he would let them tie both hands behind his back and offer a quid to any man who could hit him.

The rustics would line up one after the other and knock themselves out trying to nail that shifting, elusive head. He would stand there and pull away, or duck or weave in under the wild swings. Nobody ever hit him a solid punch. Jem used to like to see just how fine he could cut the distance of the misses which turned out to be a little rough on his ears and was responsible for the size and odd shape of his appendages.

He would also accept the challenge to fight any man in the au-

Continued on page 178

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Lift it to your lips! As you sip and savor this fine, extra-dry, bottle-fermented champagne, remember that sun and soil and nearly three quarters of a century's experience were combined to bring you this epicurean delight. Write for a free copy of our 24-page Wine Recipe Book. Address Dept. 31, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J. Distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.
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Enjoy Renault—the Wine Without Fault

HILDEGARDE gets a Birthday Bouquet—By Wire

From her friend, Jerome Kern in Miami, lovely Hildegarde receives birthday flowers in New York by Telegraph.

To Hildegarde—
A Happy Birthday
Devotedly,
Jerome Kern

In any event—wire Flowers

When someone dear to you—
in another town—has a birthday, or
any event you want to remember—wire flowers.

IT'S EASY AS 1-2-3! AND NOT AT ALL EXPENSIVE

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• Listen to Hildegarde on *Raleigh Room* program every Tuesday night at 10:30 EWT, N.B.C. Network.

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FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

This Man's World

Continued from pages 82-177

dience, no weight barred. Up to thirty pounds heavier, he would play it straight. For anything over and above that, he would avail himself of the assistance of a small chunk of lead foil that fitted neatly and invisibly into the palm of the glove. This was known as a "Gimmick." It had a soothing effect on even the biggest lunks.

With this kind of training from early youth, it was no wonder the boys he faced on his American tour thought they were boxing a ghost. Even Abe Attell fell right out of the ring through the middle rope trying to nail him.

In Martinis Veritas

I suppose everybody has some particular drink he cannot handle. I have tried practically everything from Slivowitz to Tiger Bone Wine and from Vodka to Black Velvet and I wish to state at this time and over my signature that, as far as I am concerned, for pure concentrated essence of malicious mule juice there is nothing that can compare with the jolt and instant drunk-making qualities of a Dry Martini.

This is not to be taken as a kind of Introduction to the Confessions of a Souse, because I am actually a very temperate fellow; it is just that I am beginning to take a clinical interest not unmixed with apprehension in the effect upon me of a couple of Dry Martinis. These ideas are really put forward in the interests of science rather than *belles-lettres*, and I am hoping to begin an instructive correspondence with clients of this department who have had similar experiences with this innocent cocktail and will write me about them.

As I say, it's the only one. Four or five Manhattans will only bring a healthy glow to my cheeks with no effect upon my disposition whatsoever. The same with Old Fashioneds. I will drink whiskey or brandy or Tom Collinses or straight gin and bitters with you all evening, and lose not one iota of my charm or balance; wine and champagne brings out the continental in me, beer and ale makes me mellow and sentimental.

But let the first drops of three parts gin to one part Noilly Prat slide down the gullet and land in the old receptacle, and I behave apparently as though I had swallowed a mixture of muriatic acid, snake venom and truth serum. In no time at all I am informing my hosts and fellow guests exactly what I am thinking. In nine cases out of ten this is not flattering. By the time I have had two with dividends, I have insulted everybody in the room simply by prattling the truth. I am not drunk. It is just the effect of that golden liquid upon me. I cannot tell a lie when harboring a shot of it.

If a lady in my vicinity is wearing what appears to be a horrible hat, apparently I first stare at it,

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sort of transfixed, and then when she archly queries me on the object of my obvious fascination, I will smile and reply dreamily, "Gee, what a dreadful skimmer. Where in the hell did you catch up with that?"

I would be interested to know if any of the customers of this department are similarly afflicted.

I suppose this query really belongs in my Woman's Corner, since no man can be trusted to reveal exactly how he behaves with two double D. M.'s under his weskit. All data for the exposure of my own sad case has been supplied by the Little Woman. Gratis!

It is only recently that I learned that I had quite innocently insulted the exquisite cookery of my colleague, Mr. Iles Brody, who runs the "Indigestion in Three Easy Lessons" department in this magazine a couple of doors down from this fountain of wisdom.

It seems that brother Brody perpetrated the social error of asking us to dine at his apartment one evening for the purpose of sampling his extra special Paprika Chicken, a recipe to beguile the gods. Iles is as fine a hand at coordinating gin and vermouth as he is with a skillet and before the repast he whipped up a perfectly chilled and blended container of—you know. Before I was aware, I had had four with no outward visible effect.

But I understand that during one of those dinner-table lulls where nobody says anything, I looked across the table at my wife with a tender smile and said, "Gee, this is lousy Paprika Chicken. I like yours much better."

Mr. Brody blanched. The Little Woman tried to step into the breach—one, I might add that you could have driven a truck through—with, "Shhh . . . It's delicious. This is the way the Southern Hungarians cook it," at the same time registering a perfect bull's-eye on my shins with her little footsie.

Completely undaunted, the four Dry Martinis stood up in a body, saluted and said, "My God, have they got Hungarians in the South, too? I still like your Paprika Chicken better."

At that point, one of the other guests apparently was able to change the subject by firing a pistol, or the chandelier fell down, or one of Brody's dogs bit somebody, I do not remember quite which, and I seem to have subsided quietly, muttering that my wife's North Hungarian Paprika Chicken could give cards and spades to this Southern stuff, etc.

I was really quite shocked to learn of all this, which is what has really inspired this piece on the fatal effect of the Dry Martini; it is actually a kind of apology to that prince of gourmets, Professor Brody, but I should like to go even one step further in humbling myself and say that in the future if he is going to whip up any of that lousy South Hungarian Paprika Chicken he must under no circumstances so much as let me look at a Dry Martini. #

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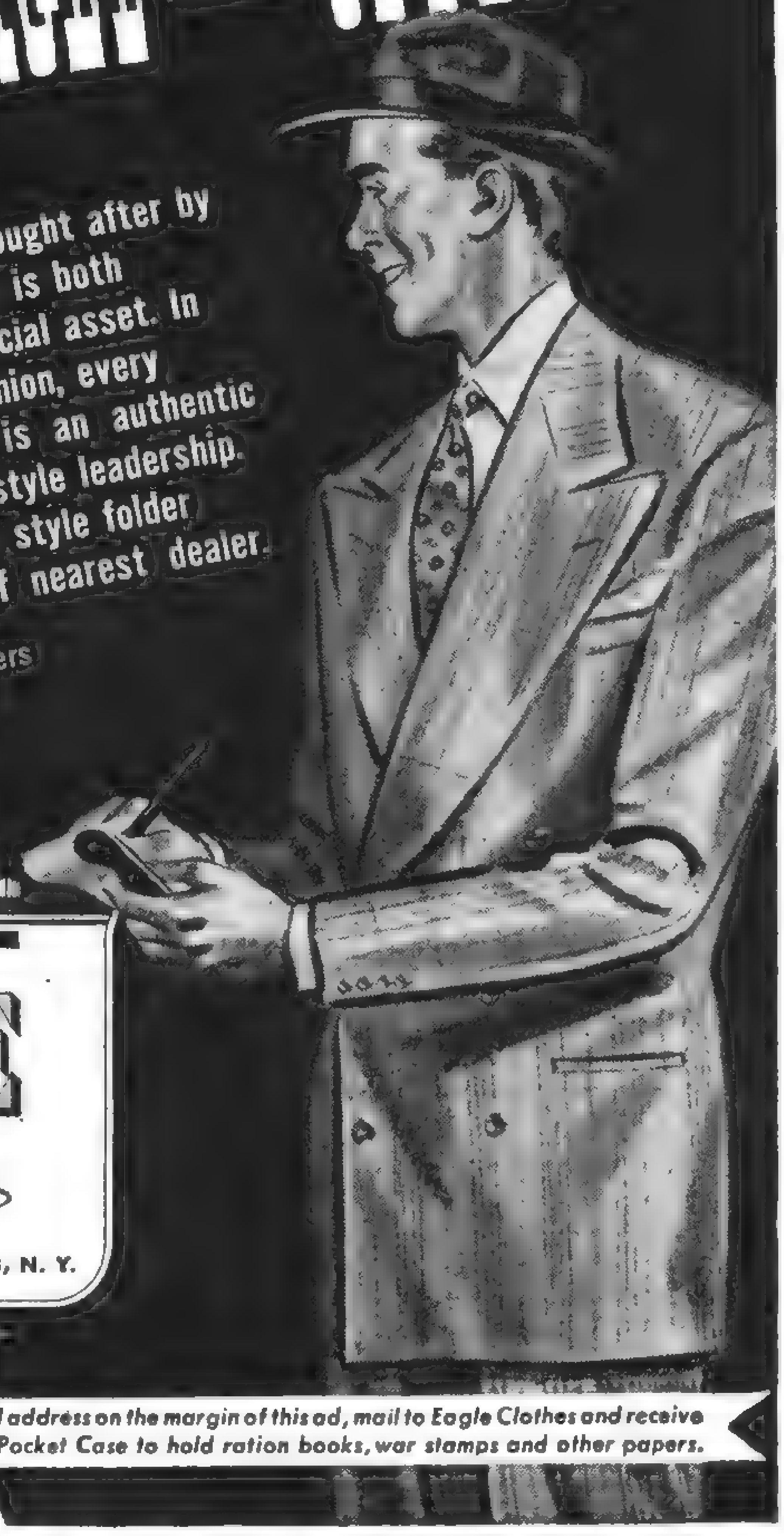

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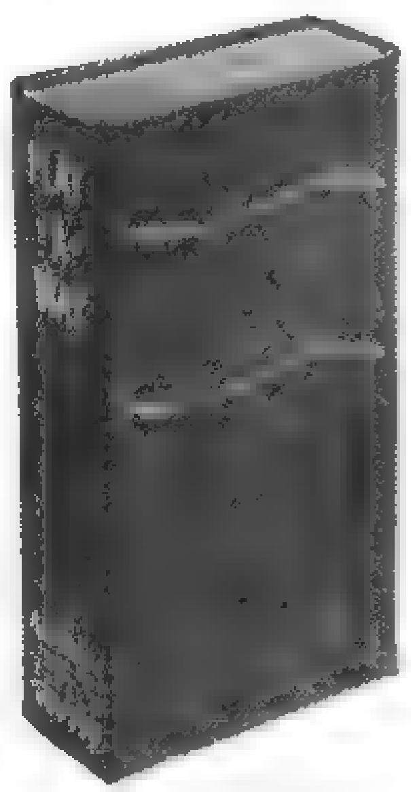

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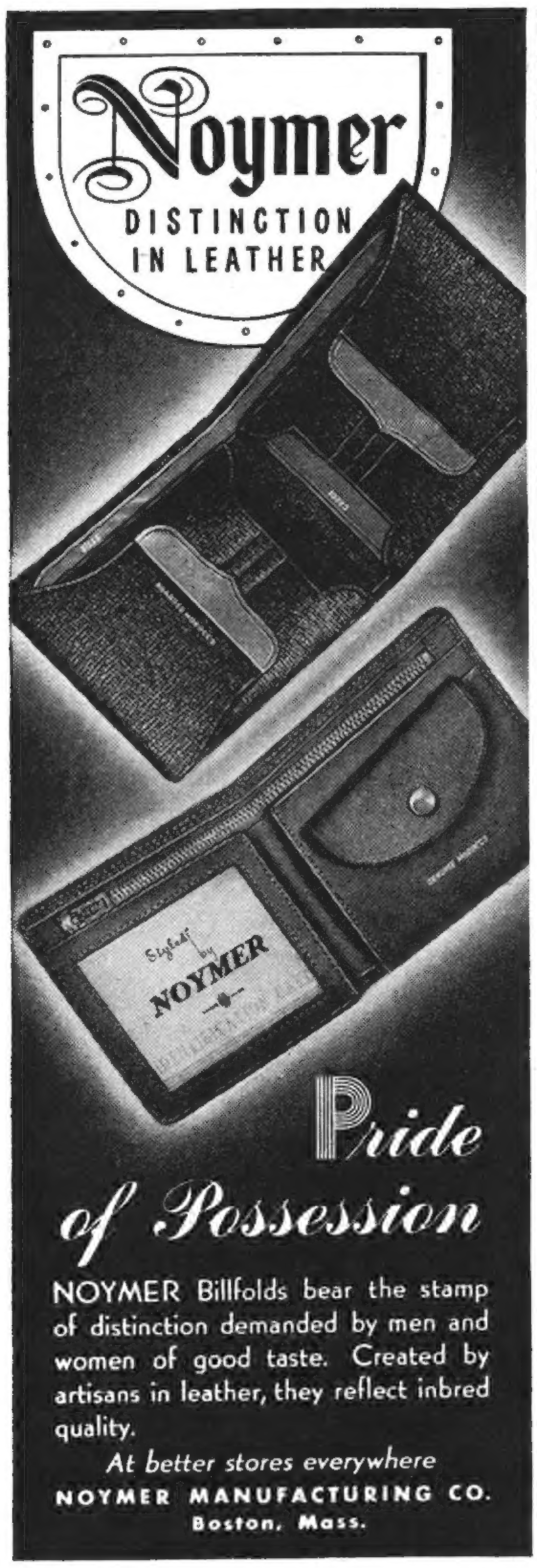

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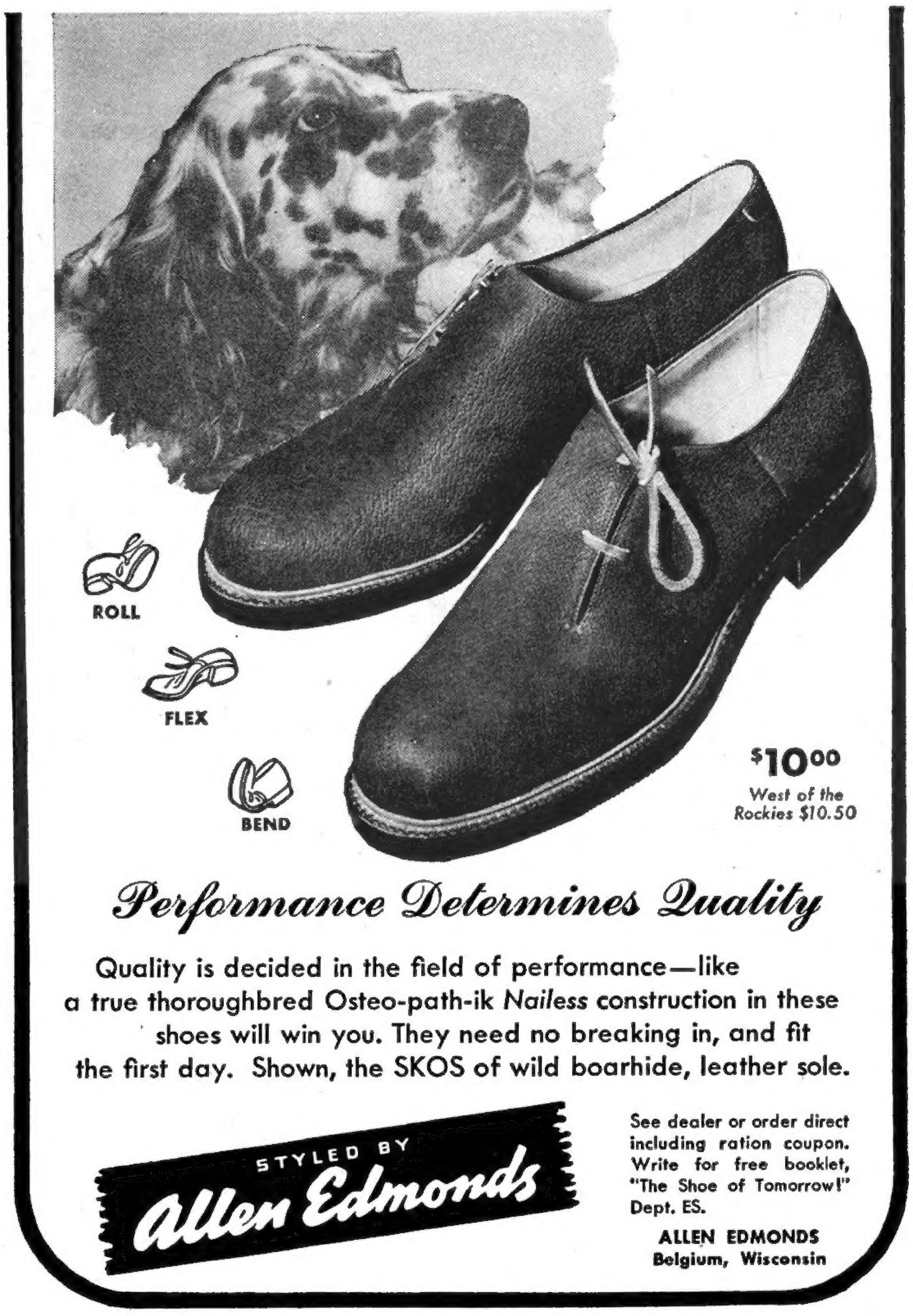

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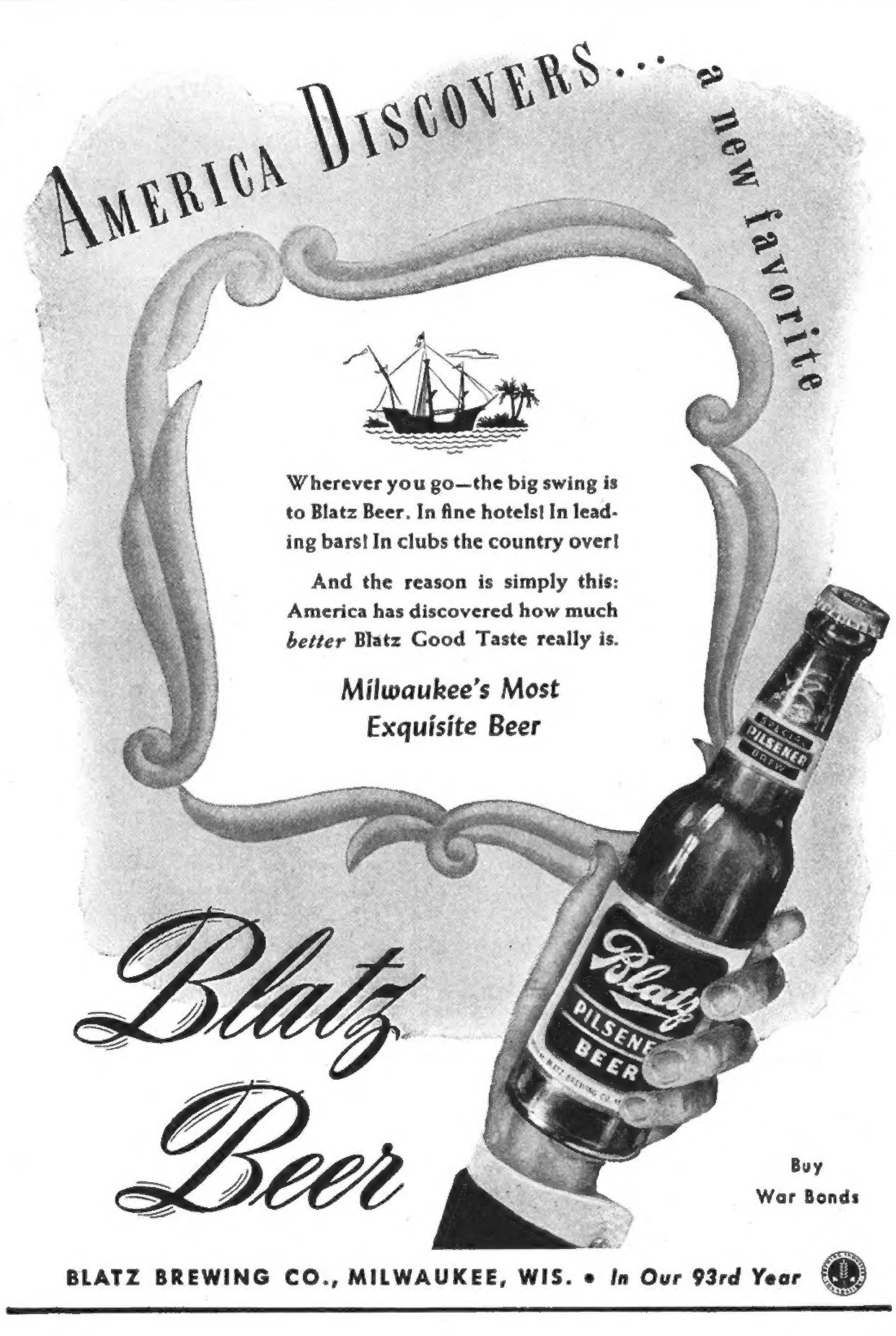

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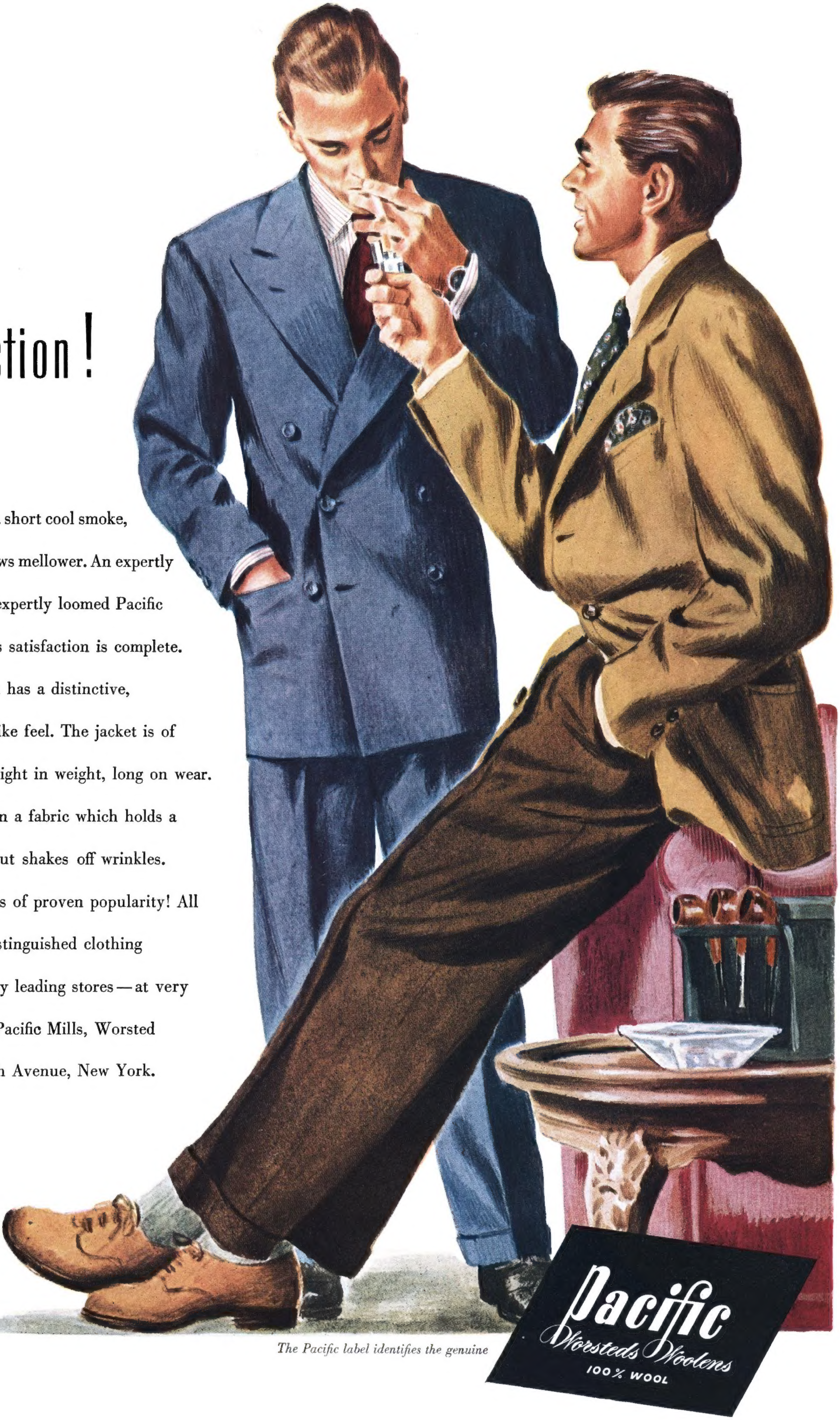

The Pacific label identifies the genuine

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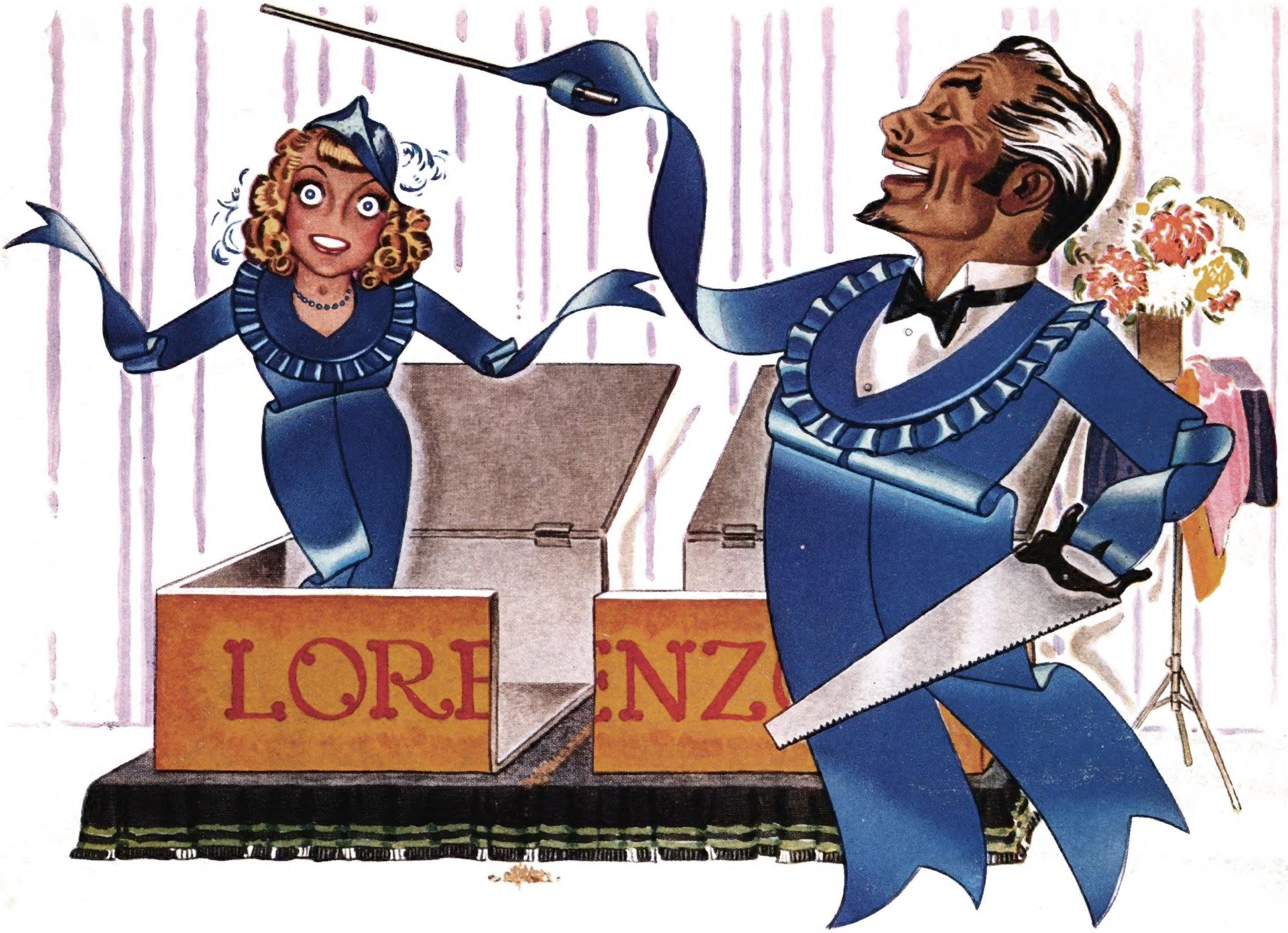

Lorenzo, the wizard—a famous magician

Came to Blue Ribbon Town on a USO mission...

At fund-raising he was a super-success,
His abracadabra astounded the press—
He pulled rabbits galore out of gentlemen's hats
And sawed up the ladies like bundles of slats;

Then up jumped a man with a glass in his hand—
"Here's a sample of magic that I understand—"
Lorenzo took one taste and shouted, "'Tis clear
There's no better magic than Blue Ribbon Beer!"

* * *

There's 100 years of brewing skill in every delicious drop of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. *Full-flavor blending* from 33 fine brews gives Pabst its unchanging *goodness*—its matchless taste and flavor. Order it with confidence . . . serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer

**33 FINE BREWS
BLENDED INTO ONE
GREAT BEER**

**Pabst
Blue
Ribbon**

1844-1944

**AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP**

Copr. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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